




DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF
BIBLICAL TRUTH,
 AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN
 THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		
No. 105.					
NOT DEAD YET: A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE:—		God Cares for Us	48		
Chapter IX. Conversation, and a Little Music.		Memorials of Illustrious Women:—No. 3, Sarah			
Chapter X. A Financial Arrangement	1	Martin	48		
The Rights of Women Rightly Understood	6	Youths' Department:—The Young Philosopher; or,			
Man's Responsibility in Relation to Scripture.—H.	7	Father and Son.—No. 2.	51		
A Voice From the Gallies. By a Descendant of the		The Children's Hour.—No. 3. The Pearl Button	52		
Martyrs. II.—The Unsearchable Cloud	9	Annie's Prayer	54		
The Children's Hour. II.—The Work-Table's Story ..	12	The Student's Column	55		
Thunder	14	Biblical Expositions, in Reply to Correspondents.....	55		
THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:—Chapter IX. At the "Red		Be in Earnest	56		
Lion." Chapter X. A Mouse in the Trap.....	14	The Earthquake	56		
Influence of Accident in Directing Pursuits	17	The Sailor's Wife. From the German.....	63		
The Storm	17	THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:—Chapter XIII. Cause and			
Readings for Spare Moments:—Results of Overwork.—		Effect. Chapter XIV. "He being Dead, yet Speaketh"	58		
The Empress and her Gift.—Blessings of Affliction.—					
An Emblem of Charity, &c.	18	No. 108.			
Literary Notices	19	NOT DEAD YET:—A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE:—			
Implied Truths	20	Chapter XIV. A Late Good Night. Chapter XV.			
No. 106.				Wherein Mr. Rupert Smith has a Few Words with	61
NOT DEAD YET: A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE:—		Himself. Chapter XVI. A Quiet Breakfast.....	65		
Chapter XI. Mr. Rupert Smith communes with Him-		The God of the Universe is Jehovah.—I.	69		
self. Chapter XII. Mrs. Mutimer's Granddaughter...	21	The Present Aspect of Paris	72		
Does the Physical Universe Proclaim the Being of a		Memorials of Illustrious Women:—No. 4. Sarah			
God?—I.	25	Martin (concluded)	72		
A Voice from the Gallies. By a Descendant of the		Youths' Department:—The Young Philosopher; or,			
Martyrs. III.—The Blessing. IV.—A Voice of		Father and Son.—No. 3	75		
Gratitude	28	Biblical Expositions, in Reply to Correspondents.....	76		
Youths' Department:—The Young Philosopher; or,		"Thou Maintaineest my Lot"	78		
Father and Son. No. I.	31	THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:—Chapter XV. Who Pleads			
Christ's Golden Rule.—To Children.....	33	for the Prisoner? Chapter XVI. The Narrow Escape			
Christ our Guest	34	—The Verdict.....	78		
Notes from a Pastor's Diary.—No. 3.—"Terror" ..	34	Literary Notices.....	80		
THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:—Chapter XI. Retribution.		No. 109.			
Chapter XII. Guilty or Not Guilty?.....	35	NOT DEAD YET:—A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE:—			
Biblical Expositions, in Reply to Correspondents.....	38	Chapter XVII. Business and Pleasure. Chapter			
The Student's Column	38	XVIII. The New Innmate	81		
Literary Notices:—Japan—Past and Present	39	The Cotton Famine.—Additional Subscriptions	86		
No. 107.				The God of the Universe is Jehovah.—II.	89
NOT DEAD YET: A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE:—		A Chastening Father			
Chapter XIII. Professor Mutimer's Widow	41	Department for Young People:—Zoological Facts' and			
Does the Physical Universe Proclaim the Being of a		Anecdotes; The Young Philosopher.—No. 4.....	89		
God?—II.	46	The Student's Column	92		
One Sin Leads to Many	47	The Sufferings of a Mormon Family.—A True History	93		
Fidelity.....	48	THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:—Chapter XVII. Inside the			
Treasures in Heaven.....	48	Gaol. Chapter XVIII. The Leaven Works	95		
		The Progress of Truth	99		

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN,
 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

THE FAMILY PRAYER BOOK is now complete in One Volume, price 7s. 6d.

 **GRATIS** with No. 318 of CASSELL'S FAMILY PAPER, ready December 18th, the First Map of

CASSELL'S GREAT FOLIO ATLAS.

It having been represented to the Publishers that, in order to afford the general body of their Subscribers the privilege of possessing a copy of the most magnificent Atlas ever published, it would be more convenient that the Maps should be issued in SINGLE SHEETS, at ONE PENNY, than in Double Sheets, at Twopence, as previously announced, they beg to announce that

CASSELL'S GREAT FOLIO ATLAS,

Embracing the BRITISH ATLAS and the GENERAL ATLAS complete, will be issued in

WEEKLY PENNY MAPS,

Commencing with the North-Eastern portion of England and Wales, and that every individual Subscriber to CASSELL'S PAPER may enjoy the opportunity of judging for himself of the excellence of this truly valuable Atlas, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin have great pleasure in adding that

THE FIRST MAP WILL BE GIVEN AWAY

With No. 318 of CASSELL'S FAMILY PAPER, which will be published on December 18th.

N.B.—To prevent any misunderstanding, every purchaser of No. 318 of CASSELL'S FAMILY PAPER, price One Penny, will be entitled to receive from the Bookseller or Newsvendor from whom the Number may be purchased a copy of the First Map of CASSELL'S GREAT FOLIO ATLAS **FREE OF CHARGE.**

Now ready, price 6d.,

THE FIRST MONTHLY PART

OF THE NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF

CASSELL'S POPULAR

NATURAL HISTORY,

Which contains, in addition to the numerous Engravings printed with the text, a

SEPARATE COLOURED PLATE.

** Each Monthly Part will contain a separate COLOURED PLATE.

NOTICE—Those Subscribers who are taking in this Work in Weekly Numbers can, if they desire to possess the Coloured Plates, purchase them separately at a Penny.

Now Ready, Price 6d.,

THE FIRST MONTHLY PART OF

CASSELL'S

ILLUSTRATED ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Printed on Toned Paper, and Embellished with FULL PAGE Engravings. Uniform with CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED BUNYAN.

** **GRATIS** with this Part a Large Engraving measuring 16 inches by 21 inches, "Hunting Wild Animals," forming a Beautiful Picture, suitable for Framing.

CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN, LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

THE QUIVER:

DESIGNED FOR THE

DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF BIBLICAL TRUTH,

AND THE

Advancement of Religion in the Homes of the People.

VOLUME V.

LONDON:

CASELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD,
LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

1864.

THE GEM



THE QUIVER.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

CONVERSATION, AND A LITTLE MUSIC.

"THEREFORE, Ned, although I kept the secret of your brilliant *coup* to the Buckmaster lads, I could not refrain from communicating the glad tidings to the patriarch himself. I therefore penetrated into the private dungeon of the old bear, and said, 'Rejoice, for our particular friend has found a purchaser,'" observed Rupert, when he had received a detailed account of his friend's adventures, and had been enjoined to tell all that had occurred to himself during the afternoon and evening.

"And did he rejoice?" inquired Edward.

"With deep and unfeigned regret, my dear boy," was the answer, "I find myself compelled to say that the wicked, cynical, sardonic old tippler gave no sign of satisfaction; and instead of complying with my reasonable and most Christian invitation, indulged in a strain altogether uncongenial to my exuberant gladness. In my youth I was taught that good news invariably makes a welcome messenger; but it appears that the ancient maxim is not universally true. The very wicked old tippler——"

"Suppose, Rupert," interposed Edward, with a smile, "we speak of him as Mr. Buckmaster. I had rather not hear you speak of him with levity—not even with harmless levity. You and he don't hit it off; but I have a genuine affection for him, and he has a right to my gratitude as well as my respect."

"Quite right. The sentiment you express may be misplaced, Ned; it is even open to me to regard it as exaggerated and highflown; but in the main it is honourable, and you shall not again have occasion to ask me to consider it. Henceforth I will either speak of him as Mr. Buckmaster or as the teacher. To that sacred title no objection can be advanced. Shall I continue my report?"

"Go a-head."

"Umph," said Mr. Buckmaster, in reply, with apparent carelessness, when I expected to see him throw his cap up to the ceiling; 'you seem surprised because my pupil has sold his pictures. The affair seems to be quite in the ordinary way of business. When an artist paints a picture, he expects to sell it, doesn't he?' Whereto your informant answered, 'I have painted a good many pictures, and never sold one, Mr. Buckmaster.' The teacher's rejoinder was sarcastic and insulting; 'I was speaking of artists, not peddling amateurs.' They were his words. He threw an accent

of scorn into the two last words that really astonished me, and roused my admiration. I had no notion it was in him to express scorn, except on canvas. With unabated suavity and good-humour I replied, 'True, sir; and I am both an amateur, and a peddling amateur; but still I hold in my breast the remains of a heart which was originally warm and capacious—a heart that in the outset of its career did not dishonour my species—and I can still experience joy at the success of a friend. I apologise for troubling you; but I thought you would like to hear of your favourite pupil's good fortune.' 'Who,' gruffly interposed the old ruffian—pardon me, I meant to say the venerable teacher; 'who told you that Mr. Edward Smith was my favourite pupil?' To which I responded that I had been led to regard you in that light, because, in the confidence of intimate friendship, you had often expatiated in glowing terms on the pains he had taken to advance your artistic proficiency. 'Umph,' retorted the venerable teacher; 'you are his intimate friend, are you? I shouldn't have thought it. I have been told it's only birds of a feather who flock together.' The significance of his glance as he uttered these words was the reverse of complimentary to myself. It implied, my dear Ned, that if my outward habiliments were in some respects superior to yours, your moral plumage altogether surpassed that of your humble servant; that I was no better than a paltry, gaudy, chattering parrot, whilst you were a monarch of the eagles. He wished me to understand all this, and I understood it."

Edward Smith was neither a frequent nor a noisy laughter, but he now indulged in an uproarious outburst of merriment, asking, as his mirth subsided, "And what next? Did my informant put his hat on his head, and bid Mr. Buckmaster good evening?"

"Surely not, Ned."

"You didn't stay to bandy words, and quarrel with him?"

"I stayed to bandy words, but not to quarrel. I never quarrel with any one. I would not even pay you the compliment of a quarrel. If you told me that our friendship was at an end, and ordered me to leave these chambers, I should be sad, not quarrelsome."

"Well?"

"It behoved me," continued Rupert, when he had taken a bottle of eau-de-cologne from his pocket, and moistened his forehead with the scented water, "both as a philosopher and a man of gentle breeding, to show the teacher that, though he might occasionally amuse, he could not irritate me. So I held my ground for five minutes longer, chatting with my customary affability, and using my scent-bottle, as I have used it just now, partly because the ludicrously foppish and effeminate proceeding would tend to impress him with an erroneous belief that I felt no concern at his disapproval, and partly because I knew the mere sight of a scent-bottle in a man's hand would ruffle his equanimity. For five



minutes I held my ground, informing Mr. Buckmaster that the name of your purchaser was Harrison Newbolt, telling him that Mr. Newbolt was in Parliament; assuring him that Mr. Newbolt had for years been a picture-buyer; letting him know that Mr. Newbolt was very rich, and maintained a good establishment at Muswell Hill; and causing him to see that my complete knowledge of town, and all things appertaining to town, embraced the domestic arrangements of a radical member of Parliament. Then I took my departure, smiling courteously at my adversary, and in the foolishness of my simple nature thinking that Mr. Buckmaster had never heard of Mr. Harrison Newbolt as a patron of artists until my lips had taught him to regard the capitalist in that character; whereas, it appears from your statements that the teacher has for years had transactions with the patron, and actually told him to buy your works. The teacher most unquestionably got the best of me in the encounter. It is very clear, Ned, that while I regarded myself as playing a clever and subtle part, I was making an egregious booby of myself. While I was prating away, the venerable teacher doubtless chuckled in his sleeve, and thought me a contemptible ass at all times, as well as on that particular occasion. But in so thinking he was wrong; for though I am a donkey sometimes, I am not always a donkey. Therefore the venerable teacher misjudged me, and was guilty of a mistake not less laughable than my own blunder. He made an error, I made an error; so after all we are even."

"You'll never be better friends," observed Edward. "He heard you mimicking him in the pupils' room, and the laughter of your auditors stung him, so that he can neither forget the offence or forgive the offender."

"Very strange! very sad!" rejoined Rupert, with a droll smile. "Very strange! for I bear him no ill-will. I forgive him entirely, and from the bottom of my heart."

"You forgive him!"

"Ay, they were my words. And do you think I have nothing to forgive? Why, Ned, that heartless, unfeeling man has struck my most tender point, given me a wound that causes me intense anguish, to his equally intense delight. My vanity and kindliness, the good and evil of my generous, though imperfect nature, inspire me with an ambition to please all men, make me yearn for the affection of my fellow-creatures. As soon as I am brought in contact with a human being, I experience a craving for his sympathy and approbation, and forthwith set to work to win them. It is my nature to do so, just as it is the nature of the nightingale to sing, and of the eagle to follow prey. And circumstances made me especially anxious to gain the teacher's kindly regard; but he will have nothing to do with me in the way of friendship. 'You're a poor coxcomb and prattling ne'er-do-weel, not worth a snap from five honest fingers;' that's what his manner says to me, who would fain excel in the arts of fascination. How I strove to make him mine, when I first knew him! The forbearance I have exercised, the consideration I have displayed to that man, cannot be measured by words. I have overheard him tell good stories in wrong ways, and never set him right; I have

forborne to over-top his long-winded anecdotes; I have laughed at old epigrams, when they have come pointlessly from his lips; and I have always feigned consent to his opinions on art, when they have been utterly at variance with great principles. These are some of the sacrifices of inclination and honesty I have fruitlessly made to win him; and yet I forgive him, and still wish to make him my friend."

"You had better relinquish your ambition, Rupert, and withdraw your forces from his impregnable affections."

"So I would, Ned, if he didn't care so much for you. But how can I be indifferent to one who loves my dearest friend? He has done me much wrong; but I could bear much more from a man able and willing to help you. Bah! the subject is full of annoyance. Let me smile on it, as I am wont to smile on my enemies, and dismiss it with music."

As he uttered these last words, Rupert rose from the lounge-chair in which he had reclined, whilst speaking sentences in which honest truth and playful exaggeration were whimsically combined, and having drawn from the middle to a corner of the studio an easel supporting an unfinished picture, quickly seated himself at a piano, previously concealed from view, and in a trice was rattling over the keys of the instrument with the precision, lightness, and force of an accomplished performer. The piano was placed in the room by Rupert, not Edward, who, though he delighted in listening to music, could not play on any instrument. Two years before the time at which this tale commences, Rupert had moved the piano to Farnival's Inn from his Temple chambers, because he discovered that his friend greatly enjoyed the melody he could not create, and was coming to the Temple for musical entertainment more frequently than was agreeable to the performer's wishes. "Ned likes music, and he shall have it," observed Mr. Rupert Smith to himself; "for the diversion will do him good, and he'll prize me all the more for giving it to him; but I won't be his musician in the Temple. Something—Heaven knows what—may come of my intercourse with him, which will possibly turn out better for me, if we have no common friends who are closely intimate with both of us. I can't see far before my nose (who does?), but this is clear, that I am playing a game with my dear friend Edward (how long, fruitful of what results, the game may prove, I leave it to the Fates to decide); and as the chief of the two players, I prefer that the game should have as few spectators as possible. So I won't have him strolling up here night after night, allying himself with my hangers-on. No, I'll have the piano moved to Farnival's Inn, and make Ned's studio my music-room. The arrangement will have two good consequences: he'll care less to come to my chambers; I shall be more welcome in his. We shall grow closer together, with the least possible embarrassment to myself."

To Edward, the piano question was put in a slightly different manner by the schemer, who settled with his friend in the following fashion:—"Ned, my piano is going to make its appearance in your chambers some time to-morrow, and it will remain in them till you take it to pieces and fling the parts out of the window,

into the court, to the great consternation of the guests in Wood's Hotel. It is clear you enjoy music, and ought to have the refreshment of it. Equally clear is it, my dear boy, that you ought not to waste your time evening after evening at the Temple, with company who can't appreciate you, in dense clouds of tobacco-smoke, which you don't relish, and in a very Bedlam of row, which gives you head-ache and unfits you for quiet work in your studio. Don't tell me that you never suffer from head-ache; I know better. Don't trouble yourself about the sacrifice you think I am about to make for your delectation; for the fact is, my rooms are continually so full of idle fellows, that I can't enjoy half an hour's music; no, not once a month. I hate playing to a roomful of jabbering men, who don't value the harmony more than they would the creaking of a door; moreover, I don't altogether enjoy music without company. What I do thoroughly enjoy is, to play in a large, lofty room, like yours, to one appreciating listener. Therefore, let me have my way. The piano shall be placed under your charge, and I'll come up to you two or three times a week, and feed your soul with strains harmonious. We shall both be gainers by the plan." Whereupon Edward acceded to the proposal, and in the summer of 1844, just two years before the opening of this history, and when the friendship of the two young men was not many months old, the piano was placed in the artist's studio, and had remained there until the time now under the reader's consideration.

"Ned, what are you thinking about?" asked Rupert, when he had spent three-quarters of an hour, playing passages from Mozart and Mendelssohn's compositions, and had allowed two minutes of silence to pass after the dying out of the last soft note.

"Not of the music."

"I know that. If you had been under the influence of the music, I would not have disturbed you. Something more than half a minute since, you said 'Good bye' to the music, and began to think of me; but what about me, I can't say."

"You know half my thought, so I'll tell you the whole. Yes, Rupert, I was thinking about you, and in a fashion not altogether flattering to you. I was saying to myself, 'What a pity he is such an idle fellow.'"

A pleasant smile—a smile of surprise, amusement, and whimsical gaiety—passed over Rupert's face at his friend's reply. It was new for Edward to assume the office of Mentor; and it was clear that the novel assumption tickled Mr. Rupert Smith's sense of the humorous.

"How comes it, Ned, you have never said as much to me before?" asked the dandy, showing his white teeth, and rising from his seat at the piano. "It can't be the first time you've felt what you now say."

"I never felt it so strongly. You see, Rupert, I have made to-day a long stride in the direction of success; and my good fortune has, perhaps, set me comparing myself with you."

"And you've summed up the differences between us in the following fashion:—Edward is a worker, Rupert is an idler; Edward has perseverance, Rupert is as

frivolous as a Frenchwoman; Edward will have pie, Rupert will have none; Edward will ride in his coach, Rupert will never pay tax for carriage or cart. Ay?"

"Not exactly, man," answered Edward, with a blush. "The first instalment of good luck has not made me quite so insolent as you imagine."

"Why do you want me to work?"

"Because work in the long run would ensure you worldly success."

"Possibly; but have you nothing better to say in favour of work?"

"I did not urge the best considerations that can be advanced in its favour, because I should not like to catch myself preaching to you."

"Exactly," rejoined Rupert, with a laugh, pitching into his hat the pink kid gloves which he had taken up a minute before from the table; "I know what you would say in the earnest line. Work is the process by which man's intellectual and moral faculties acquire perfect development and harmonious completeness; exertion, strenuous and constant, achieves for the mind what regular physical training accomplishes for the body; steady application to an honourable pursuit secures the respect of the world, and that which is far more precious—self-respect; moreover, it places, in due course, the honest labourer in possession of means whereby he may benefit others, and influence his fellow-men. Briefly, work brings wealth and power, which the owner thereof may, according to his pleasure, use or abuse. Do good unto thyself, and men will speak well of thee, not merely because you are prosperous, but because you are really stronger and sounder than men who have been less resolute and brave in life's battle. There, that's about what you would say. If you said it, you'd of course pad out your maxims with more words than I care to deluge you with. Still, though it is concise, my statement of the case in behalf of industry is fair, and sufficiently comprehensive."

"You remember I declined to preach to you."

"I won't forget that; but let me suppose you have uttered the words I put in your lips."

"By all means. And what have you to object to the doctrine?"

"Nothing, my dear boy; absolutely nothing. The doctrine is sound and wholesome doctrine for those who can receive, digest, and thrive upon it; no teaching can be better for those to whose constitutions it is suitable—that is, for the hardy, self-dependent, firm, far-seeing men, who, in this strange scheme of life, are designed by their Creator to be successful workers. I don't quarrel with the statement of the case, but with the use to which you would put it. Like all the strong, sturdy, close-knit men of our plodding race, you are an egotist, my dear boy, and forget that what is meant to you, and those who resemble you, may be poison to others. Nature intended you for a worker, and without the means for constant work you'd be nothing. Persistent effort is the law of your existence. Obey it conscientiously; but don't fall into the mistake of thinking that because work is good for you, it must be the best medicine for me."

"And for you the best thing is—"

"Idleness; not the dull sloth of a pig grunting about in the sty of Epicurus, but the polite, luxurious indolence of an observant, highly-cultivated Englishman of the nineteenth century. The same power which made you a worker made me a butterfly, saying, 'Flutter about the bright, sunny gardens of life, sip the sweets of their flower beds, and leave others who are stronger and less beautiful to toil and moil.' Don't judge us butterflies harshly. The world without us would be a far less pleasant world than it is. Why, Ned, you wouldn't like me or life half so well as you do now, if I were to follow your advice—work hard at law, toady solicitors, take my eye from the beautiful and fix it on the main chance, and be a rising member of the profession to which I am nominally attached."

"Still, Rupert, you pretty butterflies require some of the vulgar consequences of labour. After you have sipped the sweets of flower beds the morning through, you need mutton chops wherewith to stay your hunger."

"Life bears upon us hardly at times," returned Rupert, lightly; "but still the world is not so stern and cruel as you practical men deem. There are those who see the value of us butterflies, and provide for us; those also who cannot be happy without our society, and wisely take care that we may be able to contribute to their pleasure. Not seldom we loiterers by the wayside outstrip you trained runners in the race after fortune. You practical men are very narrow. However grandly you may talk, the main object of your lives is worldly success—wealth; and you are so blind as to think that wealth must necessarily be won by labour, and is never thrown into a pauper's hand by a caprice of fortune. Monstrous error! Why, in nine cases out of every ten, the workers grind, and strive, and hoard for no other end than that we butterflies may re-distribute their wealth. Thank God, I am hopeful, and am buoyed up with an exhilarating conviction that though I am an idler, I shall have a strong account at my bankers one of these days. Fortune's wheel has many turns for me, before I go under the water. If I fall in love with an heiress, I shan't, from a perverted sense of personal dignity, abstain from marrying her simply because she has money as well as merit. A murrain may strike off earth's surface the strong regiment of distant cousins who stand between me and a family inheritance. It is my rule always to be very polite to old men. He who entertains the aged with courtesy often meets with substantial reward. Why, Ned, only yesterday a friend of mine came in for a legacy of a thousand pounds, and how do you think he got it? Six years since he was walking up Regent Street, and saw a piece of orange-peel lying on the pavement. In pure idleness he struck the peel into the gutter with his cane, when he was accosted by an eccentric veteran, who said, 'Sir, I am delighted to see a young man so careful for others. Eight years since I was tripped up at this very spot by treading on a piece of orange-peel, and my leg was fractured. If that piece of peel had been struck off the pavement by one as thoughtful as yourself, I should not have suffered from a broken limb. Sir, allow me to make your acquaintance.' My friend was a butterfly, the elderly gentleman was a capitalist; and

when the death of the latter terminated their friendship, my butterfly friend was down in the worthy capitalist's will for a thousand pounds. That's how butterflies and capitalists pull together. From this time forth I never mean to pass a piece of orange-peel lying on the pavement without striking it into the carriage-way."

Whereupon Edward Smith laughed heartily.

There was such freshness in his friend's perversity, such piquant waywardness in the levity with which he set aside the gravely proffered advice that he should prefer industry to idleness, and such genuine, unaffected merriment in his eyes, lips, countenance, as he buried the good counsel under absurd extravagances of speech, that listeners more morose than the young artist would have been overcome by the talker's flippancy.

"Rupert, Rupert," exclaimed Edward, as his laughing subsided, "why do you always make yourself appear so much worse than you are?"

"Artifice, all artifice, Ned," responded the other, drawing on his gloves. "I do it, so that you may think me much better than I am."

In saying which, Mr. Rupert Smith spoke the truth, though his friend was not aware he did so.

CHAPTER X.

A FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENT.

HAVING drawn on his gloves, Rupert Smith said, "Now, Ned, ta, ta! as the baby observes. It is late for an engagement I have; so I must be off."

To which announcement Edward answered, "An engagement thus late? Where are you going? to smoke and gamble, when you ought to be asleep? There's nothing going on in your chambers, or you wouldn't have stopped so late here."

"No dissipation, on my honour, dearest Mentor, who would have me pure as snow, and chaste as ice, as well as industrious and prosperous. Don't laugh at me: I am going to sit up for an hour or two with a sick friend, who can't rest before sun-dawn."

"You can be a good nurse, I know by experience," rejoined Edward, following his guest through the chief door of the studio into the little lobby which opened upon the staircase.

"To those I love, Ned; but, on my word, I fear it is not in me to give a cup of cold water to my enemy."

They stood close together in the small, dark vestibule, as this reply was made. There was no light in the entrance, by which the two friends could see each other.

"None of that nonsense to me, Rupert," answered Edward, bluntly. "I shan't think you better because you make yourself out worse than you really are. Ah, to be sure—you don't know the way of the new latch, I thought the outer door was not secure, and had it altered yesterday. Here, I will let you into the secret; where is your hand?"

"Take it; but hadn't you better fetch a candle? You'll never enlighten me in this darkness."

"Pshaw! there's no need of a candle. There," said Edward, as the outer door flew open in obedience to the movement of his left hand, whilst with his right he caught hold of Rupert's out-stretched fingers, and made them close on a paper enclosure dexterously introduced

to them. "Take that, to oblige me—to make me grateful to you. You'll see what it is, when you get home, old boy. You know I can afford to help a friend: and you can't refuse to let me take the privilege of a friend. There, be off; don't be angry with me. I know you want it?"

"What on earth is it?" replied Rupert, raising his voice, and, without making any noisy commotion, holding his ground against Edward, who was trying to push him over the lobby threshold, so that he might shut the outer door upon him.

"That you can find out when you reach your sick friend's rooms."

"I prefer satisfying my curiosity now."

"I protest you shan't!"

"I protest I will!"

Strengthened by this assertion, Rupert pushed past his opponent, and re-entering the studio opened the letter which had been placed in his hand.

"I wish you had let me have my own way," observed Edward, blushing with confusion as he followed his friend back into the well-lit room.

"It isn't good for youngsters like you, Ned, to have their own way," replied Rupert, coolly, resuming occupation of the easy chair, and betraying no sign of excitement. "If they are not met with judicious opposition, they grow self-willed, arrogant, opinionated, obstinate. Now then for the budget: two notes for £10 each, crisp, clean, bearing date of the month just past. So far so good. And now for the brief letter. What can it be about? I suppose, Ned, you are (though I never suspected it) one of those eccentric and benevolent creatures who like to do good, but would blush to find it fame. You must want me to convey these crisp and musical notes of promise (promises made by the Bank of England are never broken) to some impoverished widow, who is not to have the luxury of knowing and thanking her benefactor."

"Don't make such a fool of yourself, Rupert," roared out Edward, writhing under the torture inflicted by his pleasant friend. "You know what I am after, well enough, without reading that scratch."

"Tut! tut! I may not jump at conclusions. Either as trustee, or involuntary borrower, or in some more mysterious but equally agreeable character, I am for the present moment in possession of two valuable papers issued by that important power who, in the discourse of the irreverent, is frequently called the 'Old Lady,' the street in which said power's town residence is placed being affixed to that disrespectful designation. In some way or other, therefore, I am a capitalist, holding in my hand wealth, and all the potentialities and possibilities attached to wealth. This is no laughing matter, Ned: it is not merely a question of £20, and all that may be bought therewith, but a question of £20 and the vast sum to which, by scientific plutoculture, it may be raised. One of the chief living capitalists of Great Britain began his career with a fund of somewhat less than thirty shillings; with less than thirty shillings he bought a machine, familiar to us in these days as a potato-cart, but then a novelty in this metropolis. Starting as the proprietor of the first baked potato-cart ever seen in London, this itinerant vendor of a not repulsive esculent, by the end of one calendar month, had, over and beyond paying his way,

quadrupled his original capital. He invested his gains in more machines, stocked them, and let them out to subordinate vendors. Ere two years had elapsed he was no longer an obscure personage, but *the great potato-cart proprietor*. Even while I speak, he has a seat at the East India Board, another in the House of Commons, two more (seats, not potato-carts) in the country, and a mansion near Hyde Park, where he recently permitted so humble an individual as myself to dine at his table, and drink wine with him. The honest man is not without a touch of poetry in his nature. At his grandest dinners (and lords and ladies of high degree dine with him), conspicuous in the middle of the table always appears a dish of baked potatoes; and as he takes one of them on his plate, he invariably mentions his debt of gratitude to the useful but somewhat plebeian vegetable. But I am wandering from the point, Ned. Let me read your note:—

'Dear Rupe' (to be sure, short for Rupert)—'Dear Rupe—Do make use of the enclosed, and repay me at any time. You know that I have a little money at the Union Bank, and am free of debts. You are 'hard up' just now, I am not. What need is there to say more? Do oblige me.

'EDWARD S.'

"And you will take it; won't you, Rupe?" broke in Edward, once again blushing, and speaking with unusual quickness. "Although you haven't said anything to me about the matter, I know you are just now pressed for money; and I took those notes from my bank last week with the intention to force them upon you; but I have not, before this, had courage to ask you to take them. Some men are very sensitive and proud about such trifling services as—as—you understand me, Rupe, old fellow. I was afraid of somehow or other hurting your feelings; but now that I have received a hundred pounds in one day, you know that I shan't be pinched by making over that small amount to you for a time; and so you'll oblige me by using it. If you don't comply, I shall think you are offended. And you wouldn't pain me by allowing me to think that?"

"What a dear fellow you are!" ejaculated Rupert, with an appearance of enthusiasm.

"Then put the notes in your pocket," urged Edward.

"Like an obedient child, I do as I am bid," rejoined Rupert, putting the notes in one of his waistcoat pockets.

"Thank you," exclaimed Edward, with an air of relief; "now that business is over, and we need say no more about it."

"Pardon me, Ned," returned Rupert; "we must say something more about it. The interesting drama in which we have this evening borne parts, alike creditable to both actors, would be incomplete if it terminated at this particular moment. Hitherto we have been friends, and our relations have been those merely of friendship. Now, however, I am your debtor; you are my creditor. It is incumbent on me, as moralist and philosopher—we of the butterfly order can be moralists and philosophers when it suits our purpose to be so—to make a few remarks on this remarkable change which has come over our hitherto most pleasant relations. At the risk of being tedious, I will proceed to expound. It

won't take me long to say what I have to say; so I won't insist on your sitting down during my exposition."

"Expound away; but I had rather you'd hold your tongue, and smoke a cigarette."

"You have generously conferred on me a pecuniary obligation; I as generously have accepted it," sentimentously proceeded Mr. Rupert Smith, raising his right hand, once again encased in its glove of pink kid. "Pecuniary service has been proffered by you—received by me. Now, it has been frequently remarked by men who at least have some superficial knowledge of human affairs, that it is impossible for two men to maintain an intercourse altogether free from embarrassment when the one has through his purse become the benefactor of the other. However resolved they may be to shut their eyes to the services rendered, a recollection of them must necessarily recur to both. It has even been maintained by shrewd thinkers that no man can place himself under money debt to a friend without sustaining a loss of self-respect—without experiencing a sense of wounded dignity, for which he will, sooner or later, show resentment by suspicion and irritability towards the man whose money he has taken."

"Fudge! if this is a fair sample of your exposition, I have had enough of it."

"On general grounds," continued Mr. Rupert Smith, without noticing the interruption, "I am inclined to agree with these views; but I am far from thinking them of universal application; and I do not anticipate any unpleasant consequences from the transaction of this evening, because, in the first place, we are not an ordinary pair of friends, and in the second place we will (with your permission) treat the matter in an unusual way."

"I think we had better forget all about the trampery matter," interposed Edward, smiling, as he saw a smile on his friend's well-looking face.

"That would not be a bad plan, if it were possible; and what I am about to say will enable us to carry out as much of that impossible plan as is possible. 'If a man wishes to be rid of a needy friend, that he should lend him money,' is a sound maxim, for reasons which the expounder will put before you. When the rich man (let us call him A) lends money to a poor friend (whom it will on the present occasion be convenient to designate as B), he does so on the understanding that the loan is at some uncertain period to be repaid. Now, Ned, it is this demoralising understanding, far more than the loan, which makes B shy of A, and speedily terminates their familiarity. Whenever B proceeds to call upon A, this understanding makes him think, 'When A receives me, he'll think I have come to repay him, and will be disappointed when I leave him without liquidating the little debt.' Consequently, out of respect to his friend's feelings and his own sensitiveness, B calls less frequently than heretofore on A—in the course of time avoids him in society. In like manner, A says to himself, 'It's no use my looking in on B this morning, and saying a friendly how-d'y'-do, for he'll only think I've come to remind him of that little sum. So I'd better keep away.' Thus, through this wretched understanding, introduced in most cases under the

mistaken notion that it tends to lighten the weight of a pecuniary obligation, two men who may have been friends in early youth work apart, each avoiding his heart's best brother, although neither may ever find another to free the hollow heart from paining, and though neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder, will never completely obliterate the evidences of a diametrically opposite state of affairs."

There was such playfulness in the countenance of the speaker as he uttered these last words in pleasant, musical tones, that Edward would have responded with hearty laughter, even if he had been less desirous for the discussion either to cease or to take a comical turn.

"So, Ned, we'll have nothing to do with any such mischievous understanding," added Rupert. "You have given me your money without any condition, expressed or implied, that it is to be repaid; and I shall walk off with it, not weighed down with the embarrassing knowledge that you regard it as a loan, or a gift, or as anything else but a sum of the *irritamenta malorum* which you have thrown away. You may see it again at some distant date—for your sake, I sincerely trust you will. At some far-away point of the distant future I may possibly refund—for my own sake, I sincerely hope that it will be so; for, in that case, I shall be a very far richer man than I am at present. Anyhow, till such an agreeable conclusion to the business arrives, the demoralising understanding shall not trouble us; cherishing in your breast hopes not to be fulfilled—embittering my own peace of mind with the consciousness that I am a cause of continual disappointment to you. And now, Ned, I'll have that cigarette you recommended a few moments ago."

Taking a roll of tobacco from a packet of cigarettes which at an early hour of the evening he had rolled and placed on the table, Mr. Rupert Smith lit it at a candle, and forthwith sent up towards the ceiling curling wreaths of smoke.

The cigarette consumed, (Mr. Rupert Smith rose, shook his friend's hand warmly, and having crossed the threshold of the outer door, went off to keep his engagement.

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN RIGHTLY UNDERSTOOD.

THE rights of women—what are they?

The right to labour and to pray,

The right to watch whilst others sleep,

The right o'er others' woes to weep,

The right to succour in reverse,

The right to bless whilst others curse,

The right to love whom others scorn,

The right to comfort all that mourn,

The right to shed new joy on earth,

The right to feel the soul's high worth,

The right to lead the soul to God,

Along the path her Saviour trod—

The path of meekness and of love,

The path of faith that leads above,

The path of patience and of wrong,

The path in which the weak grow strong.

Such, woman's rights; and God will bless

And crown their champion with success.

MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY IN RELATION TO SCRIPTURE.—II.

IF, as stated in a former article, darkness has so overtaken human perceptions that man cannot apprehend truth, even when he has it, and even when it is set forth to him in the page of inspiration, of what practical use or benefit is it that he should have the right of private judgment? It is, no doubt, important that this objection should be met; and so far as the objection seems to favour the bondage of the Romanist to human authority, it may be enough to say that where all are on the same level of ignorance, none can claim authority to teach. Besides, this ignorance, in its most obstructive character, lies beyond the range of man's effort to overcome it. The question is not one of intellect, but of feeling. Truth, as a mere system of ethics, is before us, and may be mastered, in the theory, without the aid of an interpreter. Incompetent as is man, his incompetence does not extend to prevent this, and the grand impediment to the reception of the truth is where neither eloquence, nor earnestness, nor even demonstration can penetrate. It may be said, and very often is said, with great confidence of assertion, that wherein we lack faculty, we are not chargeable with fault; and that if born without light, we ought not to be burdened with liability. But is this plea admissible? Do we lack either faculty or light in the sense in which we excuse our want of them? Unquestionably not. "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world; but men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." The mischief is, that they "hate the light, and will not come unto the light, lest their deeds should be reproved;" and yet they disallow their criminality. But their pleas are in vain—they imply "they see, therefore their sin remaineth." They are responsible, and deeply responsible, because there are many things in Scripture, ratified by conscience and attested by experience, which they can readily understand and act upon; and as for the rest—as for the saving apprehension of other truth, and the saving application of *all* truth, God has promised his Holy Spirit to them that ask him. If, then, men do not receive what they *can* receive, and seek not the help which is graciously offered them, who so responsible as they? Who so unlikely to "escape if they neglect so great salvation?"

We must distinguish here between *mental* and *moral* power—between what is simply intellectual and what is spiritually influential. Abstract truth is one thing, and actuating truth is quite another thing. Theory, in respect to the highest interests of man, is a mere exercise of the head; whereas, it is the *heart* which is the seat of all saving effect and saving experience. Indeed, as it is amongst the affections that the truth has to prevail; as it is "with the heart that man believeth unto righteousness;" and as it is with the movements, the motives, and the mainsprings, that the Gospel has to deal, it is obvious that where these are not included and affected there can be no knowledge whatever—none, that is to say, which is profitable unto salvation.

Nor is this all. So far as the wisdom which is from above is concerned, not only is the spiritual perception blunted, and the moral sense marred, but the intellectual faculties themselves are essentially perverted. In all that relates to the knowledge of God—his character, his rights, and his requirements—the human mind is in no condition to judge aright. This is what the Apostle emphatically calls having "the understanding darkened," and being "alienated from the life of God through the ignorance" that is in us; and assuredly, until this ignorance is removed by the teaching of the Spirit, until this darkness is dissipated by a light from on high, we shall know nothing as we ought to know. No doubt, the mind of man is capable of great things and great realisations. The present age especially is an age of enlightenment—an age of discovery, of thought, of varied acquisition. As the prophet expresses it, "Many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased;" the intellectual powers are in wondrous activity; inquiry is rife, and is earnestly prosecuted in every branch of physical science and abstract philosophy. "The march of intellect," as it is called, is in stately and triumphant progression; indeed, it takes very rapid strides, and the human mind betrays no symptoms of faltering or of decay. Nevertheless, amid all its soarings and all its achievements, it is in spiritual things as ignorant, as infatuated, and as incapable as ever. The "natural man" is both corruptly infected and corruptly infatuated. Sin has so weakened and warped his moral perceptions, in respect to the highest interests of his immortal being, that he sees truth through a false medium; and in spite of conscience, of fact,

of experience, and of revelation, deems it his wisdom to distort the truth and disallow it. He is prone to substitute philosophy for faith, argument for Scripture, and "the oppositions of science, falsely so called," for the authority of the Divine Word. He thus makes human wisdom his consulting oracle, and is false to the very principles which ought to govern and direct him. Reason, if conscious of anything, ought to be conscious of this—that it is a very incompetent guide in the way to heaven; that neither through its own unassisted processes, nor with the materials furnished by the world around it, can it reach to any satisfying convictions, nor attain any saving apprehensions of the character of God and the redemption of man; nevertheless, it is continually constituting its own decisions the arbiters of truth; and the wisdom of the flesh is so biassed and befooled by the lusts of the flesh, by the promptings of corruption, and the blinding influences of self-esteem and self-vindication, that principles are established and perversions are effected that would convert truth into a fable, justice into connivance with error, and the denunciations of righteousness into mere empty threats.

Nevertheless, perverted as it is in its responsible exercise, and, to some extent, blinded as it is by the plausibilities of sin, the human mind is quite able to cease from prevailing follies, to rectify its wilful delusions, and to compass sufficient truth to dissipate complacency. The statements of Scripture are plain statements; and in all that relates to sin and salvation, to our danger and our remedy, are quite within the scope of ordinary comprehension. They are intended to be so; and the Bible, under this aspect, can be read and interpreted like any other book. Theology, so far as it is derived from the infallible Record, is no occult science, and needs no new faculty or gift to apprehend it. It is for the learned and the unlearned, the wise and the simple alike; and to elaborate systems is only to waste time. We are not called upon to be philosophers in matters of faith, nor to speculate on mysteries that baffle and elude us. The essence and being of God, the origin of evil, and the matter or constitution of evil, the nature of the soul, the indwelling of the Spirit, the operations of grace, and many other relations and conditions of redeemed existence, are utterly out of reach of our apprehension. "Such knowledge is too wonderful for us; it is high, we cannot attain unto it." But, happily, we are not required to attain unto it; and though these matters may be referred to in Scripture, they are not intended so much to supply information as to suggest inference; they are to be entertained relatively, and not absolutely, in their bearing on ourselves, and not in their abstract character. They are matters of fact with which

faith alone is competent to deal. They are not for us to comprehend, but for us to consent to and to apply—to apply in connection with those paramount and personal interests that affect us so nearly, and which we are quite able to estimate and understand. What the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity is, we cannot know; but we know what he is to *us*, as our Creator, Preserver, Governor, and Judge. What Christ is, in the mysterious union of the Divine and human natures, we cannot know; but we can know (for we are told so) that there is salvation in none other, and that reliance on him is the only title to heaven. We cannot know how our bodies are made the temples of the Holy Ghost; but we can know that a great change has to be wrought within us, and that we are at liberty to pray for it, and have assurance of securing it. We can know that we are lost and undone, for we are solemnly assured of it. We can know all these things; and it is not because reason fails, but because resistance frustrates; not because comprehension is difficult, but because corruption is determined, that truth is ever deprived of that mental assent which its plain declarations ought to command and constrain. Indeed, none would reject it as a mere creed, were it not for the uneasiness that it occasions. It is hence that men work out their special theologies, that they adapt their tenets to their tendencies, and that they rear those refuges of lies wherein they cry, "Peace, peace, where there is no peace." This stills remorse, however it may outrage reason; and it is only where the film has been removed from the *moral* eye, where the affections have been touched, and vital emotion has been awakened, that the intellectual power will be allowed free action, and that the mind will be responsive to the wants of the soul.

It is on this account that, whilst the right of private judgment is a solemn trust and a solemn responsibility (to be individually exercised, as it will be individually accounted for), the assistance of that great Interpreter must be sought who alone can rectify the judgment and renovate the heart. The Scriptures have a relation to man which no other writings have—a relation that affects the experience as well as the apprehensions of the reader. The mere "letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." There is a spiritual application and transmission of the truth to the secretaries of the inner consciousness, without which all its utterances would be but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. They may be, as they sometimes are, retained in the memory, and accepted by the judgment, and appreciated by the understanding, whilst, at the same time, they are barren of effect in the heart and in the life. In this case, they could not be thoroughly understood, for it is of quickened feeling and actual-

ing influence, of the fight of faith, the patience of hope, and the movements of love, that they speak. They would be read without profit, except only as testifying of danger to be avoided and deficiency to be supplied. The Bible has the truth—this is unquestionable, for it is the "Word of the Lord that liveth and abideth for ever;" but it has not godliness—it has not life. These are realisations that belong to the reader, and not to the record. Neither are they transmissible by it, and the mere perusal can but convey to us doctrine and fact. In this sense there is no religion in the Bible, neither is there salvation in it, any more than there is distance in a milestone, or a road in a sign-post. It gives rules and directions, it points out the way; it says, with a distinctness of index that cannot be mistaken, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." It does this, and does it by inspiration of God; but the apprehension of the Saviour by the conscious soul—the seeking, the securing, the serving, the salvation—are otherwise derived. They stand connected with the discoveries of the pious Ethiopian, with the understanding of what is read; and the understanding can only be effected by the light of that inner revelation which is developed through "Christ in us, the hope of glory." Man needs the internal witness that vindicates the external testimony; at the same time that, as equal to a knowledge that may be savingly exercised, he is entirely responsible for his moral decisions.

A VOICE FROM THE GALLEYS.

BY A DESCENDANT OF THE MARTYRS.

A HUGE pile of buildings, called Bicêtre, may be observed on the road from Paris to Fontainebleau, not far from the former place. It stands on the ruins of a noble castle, erected in the thirteenth century by John, Bishop of Winchester, and which, after a succession of changes, was finally appropriated to the reception of convicts of the worst description. These convicts, however, were not allowed to remain there more than a year. At the expiration of that period they were drafted off to one or other of the galleys lying in the sea-port towns.

The day of their departure was truly sad and melancholy: all work, all labour ceased throughout the building. Each prisoner was confined to his private cell. No noise, no bustle, not even a foot-step was heard resounding through the sonorous halls and corridors; the funeral silence was only broken at intervals by the hollow pealings of the chapel bell, as it tells the unfortunate inmates that the *chaîne*, or gang, is about to be formed.

A myrmidon of the prison-house enters each cell, and shaves the convict's head. He then applies to his naked shoulders a red-hot iron, which leaves upon the lacerated place the two letters, T. F., and dresses him in the repulsive costume of the *galérien* (galley convict).

While this is taking place, one of the interior

courts of the prison is opened; and large carts are dragged in, bending beneath their loads of hammers, screws, iron balls, and chains.

A somewhat stiff and consequential captain follows with his soldiers (*gendarmes*) and turnkeys, each of whom carries in his right hand a short, flexible piece of rope, dipped in tar. An officer of the superior court of law stands by their side, dressed in the black robes of his office; and while the chapel bell tolls slowly and sadly, these men, with rough and unfeeling looks, prepare iron collars and chains; and the convicts are brought from their cells in small bands, and compelled to sit in rows of fifty on the cold pavement of the court.

And who and what are these convicts? Why, the very dregs of French society, the worst felons in the land. Look at them! Do not their wrinkled features and looks of stupid daring tell a heart-rending tale of vice, guilt, and degradation? Look at that hardened old assassin, whose sunken eyes are glassy with fiend-like cruelty. Not far from him sits a desperate young highwayman, careless and merry. See close beside him the ruin of an educated man, once the joy and pride of his social circle, now a cause of lasting shame and reproach to his broken-hearted family. The scene is sad, indeed; the more so that most of them are so utterly unmoved, so unfeeling, so unrelentably lost. They laugh, look, and chat as if the hand of Justice was not weighing heavily upon them—as if they were not branded with lasting guilt and infamy!

A harsh, loud voice grates on the ear. It is an order from the captain, and a blacksmith comes forward with his two assistants, dragging a long, heavy iron chain, on which narrow iron collars are screwed at regular intervals.

And now the degrading preparation for the journey begins. The first convict is called. He comes forward, and one of the collars is riveted to his neck; a cannon ball of thirty pounds' weight being, at the same time, fastened to his ankles by a smaller chain. On the other side a second convict undergoes the same humiliating operation. They are, therefore, two abreast. Fifty of these poor fellows, thus bound together, form what we call, in French, *une chaîne*, and in English, a gang.

Has the blacksmith's duty been well performed? Is the long chain safe? Are the iron collars tight enough? In order to ascertain this, the captain orders the gang to walk three or four times round the yard. If he is satisfied that all is right, he shouts, "*En avant*" (forward); the massive gates are thrown open by the gaolers, and the wretched prisoners, under a large escort of soldiers and *gendarmes*, begin their toilsome march.

And on they must go. Neither age, nor disease, nor infirmity can protect them. True, they are allowed a few hours' rest in the court-yards of the prisons they pass on their way; but their hopeless and desolate journey will begin again with the returning day. If one of them, exhausted by fatigue, parched by the fierce rays of a summer sun, or starved by the winter frost, seeks a few moments' rest, he is soon reminded, by the cutting strokes of his keeper's lash, that there can be no repose for the poor wanderers till they reach the white barren shores of the distant sea-port.

I shall not ask my readers to follow them any

further. Scenes of revolting and unnatural mirth, of filthy obscenity and blasphemy, are not fit objects of description. I have only thus hinted at them in order that you may, to a certain extent, imagine the incessant moral torture which pure, high-minded men would have to suffer in the daily and hourly contact with these depraved convicts.

Let us now proceed to Marseilles, a thriving sea-port town, washed by the sparkling waves of the blue Mediterranean; there we shall have a nearer view of the institution of the galleys.

John Evelyn, in his Diary, gives the following description of them:—

We went there to visit the galleys, being about twenty-five in number. The spectacle was to me now and strange, to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons—their heads being shaved close, and having only high red bonnets, a payre of canvas drawers, their whole backs and leggs naked, doubly chained about their middle and leggs, in couple, and made fast to their bench, and all commanded in a row by an imperious and cruel seaman. . . . The rising forward and falling back at their oars is a miserable spectacle; and the noise of their chaines, with the roaring of the beaten waters, has something strange and fearfull in it to one unaccustomed to it. They are ruled and chastized by strokes on their backs and soles of their feete, on the least disorder, and without the least humanity.

A galley is a long, flat-built vessel, furnished with one deck, and propelled by sails and oars. It was 162 feet long and 32 feet wide. It had three short masts and thirty-two benches of oars. Each oar was managed by two convicts, chained to the bench on which they sat. These boats, which I dare say would call up a smile on the faces of our Brunels and Stephenson's, were considered very convenient for bombarding and making a descent on the coast, because they drew very little water. They generally kept close to the shore, though they now and then ventured out at sea.

The discipline on board was at all times exceedingly hard and severe. The convicts were constantly at work, with their long, heavy oars. A gallery extended across the benches, from stem to stern, on which the guards walked to and fro, with thick ropes in their hands, ready at all times to lash unmercifully whoever showed himself idle or insolent. The convict spent his life on the bench, having no shelter against the sun, the rain, or the cold, but a piece of canvas, called *taud*, which was hung over their heads while the vessel was in port. Though their work was hard and incessant, their food was, in truth, but a poor and scanty pittance; it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that disease and death made fearful havoc among the half-fed, half-clothed felons.

Their guards were either convicts or Moorish slaves. The former, as a matter of course in such fallen and degraded creatures, endeavoured to obtain the good-will of their chiefs by a frequent use of the rope; and the latter were glad enough to wreak against the infidel convict the spite which they felt against their infidel master.

Our visit to the galleys ends here. It is a fit place neither for the delicate ear, nor the pure eye, nor the sound heart. Why? Because a galley was a floating pandemonium; in it sin ruled as an uncontrolled conqueror, breathing death to every nobler faculty of the soul, and spreading over all who came within its influence a fetid atmosphere of hopeless corruption.

II.—THE UNSEARCHABLE CLOUD.

You feel inclined to ask, What has this to do with a brave old baron and his noble colleagues? What connection can there be between these galleys and those whose moral character was never questioned even by their judicial assassins? Was there ever a government in our civilised Europe base and foul enough to chain the pure and holy side by side with the very vilest of mankind, the refuse of the earth?

I answer, Yes. For years and years, thousands and thousands of the pious and heroic French Protestants were doomed to suffer, rot, and die in these dens of sin!

And what was their crime? We dare history, even when written by the misguided pen of Jesuitism, to cast the shadow of a blame upon them. They were in truth the purest among the pure, the bravest among the brave, the truest and most devoted among Christians. Why, then, were these children of God cast among the lowest felons of France?

Why? Merely because, as pilgrims hastening to eternity, they chose rather to obey the God of their Bible than to obey the Bishop of Rome, a sinner like themselves.

Every one knows that in the year 1685, Louis XIV.—a king whose memory I and every Christian hold in abhorrence, and whose reign every true-hearted Frenchman abhors—rendered, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, every act of Protestantism a social and civil crime.

From that day—a day joyfully welcomed at Rome, and no less joyfully welcomed in the world of lost spirits—from that day the axe was raised against every French Protestant temple, and ere a few weeks had passed, a thousand churches had been levelled to the ground; from that day the once happy homes were polluted by lawless dragoons, whose whole aim was to force the Huguenots back to Romanism; from that day, even those rights which are held sacred in the wilds of Africa were set at nought, and their sons and daughters, torn from their parents' bosoms, were thrown into convents and monasteries; from that day, to kneel in sweet and solemn prayer at the pillow of a dying Christian was made a crime, and to give a shelter for a few hours to a weary, wandering pastor, was made a violation of the civil law; and from that day to gather round a Bible, even in the solitary holiness of the everlasting hills, was a sure road to the scaffold and the galleys. Thus it was by the order of that king, whom some call great and glorious, but whom History calls a slave to his passions and an unfeeling despot.

Let us now return to one of the galleys, which bore the name of *La Superbe*; but let us approach with feelings of awe and reverence, for, in that pandemonium, there is to be seen a sight worthy of God and his angels.

There toil, and pray, and live a holy life of faith, brave Christians, who have chosen that path of torture and agony, when, by one single word of retraction, they might obtain all the blessings of home, comfort, and repose.

From what we have already said, you have guessed what kind of treatment these precious martyrs received in that floating prison. The following lines, extracted from a petition they sent to his Royal Highness of Brandenburg, and his wife,

the Princess of Prussia, when these royal travellers visited Marseilles, will give you a few further particulars on the subject:—

"We, the Protestant galley-slaves, chained to the benches of *La Superbe*, for the cause of our Saviour, would bless the day when your royal highness would condescend to take our cause in hand. No condition can be worse than ours. Your humble petitioners are treated as rebels, though guilty of no other crime than that of rendering to God what is due to God, and to Cæsar what is due to Cæsar. We are honest people, and yet we are compelled to live with bandits and murderers. We are often deprived of even the necessities of life. We are not allowed to protect ourselves against the heat of a scorching sun nor the cold of the winter nights. These sufferings are but a few of the numerous trials of our condition."

Thus speaks, on behalf of his brethren, a noble, grey-haired man, who, chained to the first bench of *La Superbe*, moves, with great difficulty, a long, heavy oar. Something in his whole bearing fills me with respect and veneration. I very soon come to the conclusion that he does not belong to the labouring ranks of society. Surely his white hands have never been inured to the heart-ennobling toils and labours of the poor. His eyes have not the haggard and coward look of guilt. On the contrary, they tell the tale of a stout heart, suffering, without shame, in the cause of his conscience. Who is he? What is his name? What can be his crime?

A small placard, nailed to the end of his bench, bears this inscription:—

Baron de Maroles, age sixty-four, from the province of Normandy, sentenced to the galleys for life, for having attended Protestant worship.

What! a noble in the galleys! in that century, when the French aristocracy, in the heyday of its pride and insolence, was invested with the highest privileges, and considered to be almost above the reach of law. Why, to clothe one of its scions in the costume of a galley-slave was far more than a personal disgrace or dishonour—it was insulting the whole nobility of the land. It was no stain to the family name when the head of a baron was severed by the axe of the executioner; but a sentence to the galleys was a disgrace to the escutcheon for ever.

But what of this? Does fanaticism care for the dignity of rank when its own grandeur is at stake? Not only was the pride of a whole caste humbled in the person of the Baron de Maroles, but the claims of a long and virtuous life were totally ignored.

When the Edict of Nantes was revoked, one-third of the inhabitants of St. Menchould, in Normandy, emigrated. The baron, whose high intellect and pure life were known far and wide, went with them. But before he could reach the frontier and pass into Germany, he was arrested and thrown into prison at Strasburg. Chamilly, the governor, out of pity for the old man, tried hard to convert him to Popery; but in vain. All the Jesuit's subtle reasoning only the more deeply impressed him with the truth of his faith. Once, however, he was shaken—by the prayers and tears of his own family. The dark prospect of the bitter evils and social tortures which the profession of his religion was going to entail on those dear to his heart, passed like a vision of death before his eyes;

he shuddered and hesitated, but suddenly he recovered himself, and our brave warrior came forth from that cruel conflict firmer than ever in his devotedness to his God.

From Strasburg he was conducted to the prison at Châlons, where, he says, in one of his letters, "I was just six weeks in a dungeon without being seen of any one, unless it were once or twice by my wife. True, many priests, even the bishop himself, visited me. They used every means to convert me—kind offers of services, promises of the favour of my king, and, at last, harsh words and threats. The grace of God having made all that ineffectual, the court sentenced me to the galleys, and declared that all my goods and chattels were forfeited to the Crown! Two days afterwards I was removed to Paris. There the President of the High Court sent for me. I answered all his arguments according to the light granted to me. He left me with the kindest expressions of sympathy. No less affable and courteous was the first judge. However, I fear these civilities had a design: they were utterly powerless. God had put it in my heart to be faithful unto death, if there should be any occasion for it."

The resources of his assailants were not yet exhausted; with fresh arms they began a new campaign. The celebrated Bossuet, who would, of course, have been delighted to make such a convert, tried to convince him. One of his friends, in high favour at court, suggested some half-and-half adhesion to Popery. The unbending uprightness of the martyr could not brook any such contemptible subterfuge. "My lord," said he, "I am past deliberation in this case. I am ready to suffer all the penalties to which my judge will please to condemn me. However hard they may be, they will be less troublesome than to act against my conscience, and play the part of a hypocrite!"

When the would-be converters saw that their efforts were useless, they delivered him up to the hand of justice. From his dungeon he was conveyed hand-cuffed to the prison, where, as you know, the convicts were taken preparatory to their being sent to the galleys.

There, at first, on account of his age and station of life, the iron chain was only fastened to one of his feet. Informed of this, Louis XIV. ordered that it should also be fastened round his neck. This foul despot, it seems, had taken the conversion of Maroles into his own hands. To succeed was, in this case, a personal glory. He was used to meet with no resistance, no opposition. He anticipated, I dare say, that the noble convict would lower the heaven-like standard of his faith at the feet of his royal will. Could he understand the strength of an honest Christian's conscience? The martyr, though humble and gentle, was unmoved, and the sovereign was defeated. Was not this enough to irritate the proud despot, at whose feet all Europe was prostrated? Also, when the judges begged for leave to soften the tortures of the baron, Louis XIV. was deaf to their entreaties. The verdict was executed in all its harsh and cruel severity. Nevertheless, the manly Huguenot, in his frightful condition, amidst the oaths and blasphemies of the felons, composed his able pamphlet on "Providence."

Exasperated by his gentle resignation, and fearing, perhaps, that such an example might prove a dangerous contagion, the priests spread the rumour

that our noble martyr was mad. To refute this vile calumny, he entered, from the straw of his cell, upon a most profound mathematical discussion with the learned men of his age,

On the 20th July, the gang left the prison. The streets were thronged with large crowds, anxious to see the noble convict whose courage and resignation were on every tongue. Brave martyr! This was the hour for him to gird his loins and nerve his heart; for the fiercest trial was there in wait to rush upon him. Scarcely was he out of the gates when his two sons, whom he had not seen for many months, fell in his arms. And they could not speak! Their noble father looked so altered, pale, worn out, and they cried and sobbed, and with tears in their voice they conjured him to give up his faith, and return to his happy home! And I can well fancy that a brave heart, though he had before won the most gallant moral victories, might give way in this struggle of affection. But, no; our martyr, agonised with grief, tore himself from his children's arms, blessed them, and went on his glorious way.

Scarcely had he left Paris when a violent fever seized him. When he reached Marseilles, he was so exhausted, so consumed by disease, that he was sent to the Convicts' Hospital. There the Popish bishop was soon in attendance; but as he could not convert him, he proved a fresh instigator of the life-wearing persecution which assailed the Huguenots, or French Protestants. As soon as the sufferer's health was improved, he had to take his place on the cheerless bench of the galley. Almost immediately he was seized again by fever, and sent back to the hospital more dead than alive.

Of his last hours we have no record, except the bare fact in the dry ledgers of the hospital, that one day, half-starved, he fell upon the pavement of the ward and died. But what does it matter? Do we not know that, whether the solemn struggle takes place at home or on the cheerless stones of an hospital, God, our heavenly Father, is by the side of his dying saints to cheer them, bless and comfort their spirits, and open before their weary feet the gates of his glorious heaven?

(To be continued.)

The Children's Hour.

NO. II.—THE WORK-TABLE'S STORY.

"MAMMA, we are quite ready for another story, please; and Herbert and I want to know if we may not choose something in turn every afternoon?"

"Well," was my reply, "I cannot promise always to have a story ready for whatever you may decide upon, Lily; but I will do my best. What shall it be to-day? Lily is the eldest; she must have the first choice, I suppose."

"Oh, something pretty, mamma, to-day." And my Lily sat considering, while Herbert and little Cecil distracted her by various suggestions, and so much time was likely to be lost, that I desired in future the children must come to me with the article of furniture or dress agreed upon, which was to be the subject of the fire-side story for that day. At last Lily, despairing of success in pleasing both her brothers, sud-

denly discarded the pretty and merely ornamental, and decided "*The Table, mamma.*"

"There are several tables in the room, Lily, and each may have a different story, I dare say."

"Your little work-table, mamma, please."

"Very well. I think you have chosen the one which will suit me best, as its mouthpiece, Lily. So we will listen to my little work-table this afternoon. You all know it has not been in this room very long, don't you?"

"Yes, mamma," said Herbert; "it was bought for you at poor Mr. Nelson's auction, you said."

"But I am afraid," said Cecil, rather ruefully, "this won't be a funny story either, mamma."

"Well, Cicy, when your time comes to choose, you can fix on something funny, you know; be quiet now, there's a good boy." And Lily's elder sisterhood was deferred to; both brothers being as quiet as brothers can be immediately.

"So it is my history you wish to hear, little people," began the work-table. "I must say I think you show your good taste in choosing me before that heavy oval table in the window, or that conceited writing-table out yonder. But my dear, my life did not begin as a table, as you very well know."

"There was a hill-side far away, where I grew up to strength and (pardon the seeming conceit) great beauty; for I was as pretty a little walnut-tree as you could see. In spring, when all my branches were clothed in their fresh green dress, and the birds sung in them merrily, while the glad sunbeams danced in and out amongst my tender young leaves, I used to think this world an uncommonly nice place, and my life, as a walnut-tree, as pleasant as could be wished. I grew, as I have said, on a hill-side, or rather, just on the rising ground behind a pretty white house, the garden of which crept up nearly to the spot where I stood. Here I used to hear the happy voices of childhood, and sometimes little feet would come scampering through a gate near, and pass me on their way to the lovely country stretching beyond me. Now and then the children would all dance under my shadow, and before my sad fate came, these children's children had played in the flowery garden close by."

"The poor old walnut-tree must come down; I am so sorry!"

"These words startled me one morning, just when my branches were beginning to tingle, as the sap ran through them, and I was thinking of the pride and glory of another summer in store for me, after a long, cold, and dreary winter."

"Yes, I am sorry, too; we played under it when we were children; but you see it stands awkwardly here, and I want to open up the ground, and extend the gardens."

"The speaker was master of the property now, a fine, handsome man, and his companion was his gentle wife, who, as his little cousin, I had often seen talking by his side when they were boy and girl together. I think she was really sorry that my fate was fixed; but no one ever disputed the will of her husband, and that she knew better than I did, I dare say. She said no more, and, after a few minutes' silence, moved away."

"Well, I came down—a painful process. I will not dwell on it, nor tell with what dire force I fell, as the final tug was given. I was sold to a timber-mer-

chant, my trunk was sawn asunder, and the veins and marks in me pronounced first-rate. A high price was put upon me, and this was some comfort to my wounded pride; for we all like to be valued, and set store by; and it is very natural we should, I must say.

"I fell into a cabinet-maker's hands next, and, in a room at the top of his warehouse, I lay, cut up into thin planks or blocks for some time to season. I got heartily sick of this, and pined for fresh air, and the song of the birds, and the bleating of the sheep, and the sighing of the wind, as it wandered through my branches. My poor branches! where are they now? They had never borne much fruit, it is true; perhaps, if they had, my fate might have been different; but this by the way.

"One day the cabinet-maker came into the store-room, as he often did, followed by one of his workmen. I had been so often overlooked, that I scarcely expected to be noticed now, when suddenly I was dragged to light and professionally examined.

"This is as nice a veined bit of wood as you'll find, sir."

"The speaker was the funniest figure you can imagine; thick, short, stout, and high shouldered, with a head of thick, reddish hair, a pair of twinkling, deep-set eyes, and a mouth which was perpetually smiling, and perpetually showing a set of very white teeth.

"May I take him, sir, this here nice veined piece of walnut?"

"Yes," said the sharp, cross voice of the master, in reply; "but you'll not make much of a fancy thing like that, depend on it."

"Try me, sir," said the first speaker again; "try me; and if I don't give you satisfaction, why, I shan't expect full pay, that's all."

"You'd better not, for you won't get it. It is contrary to my rules to allow work to be done by the piece; but as you say the money would come handy, and your apprenticeship is nearly up, I don't wish to be hard on you, Dan; so look sharp, and be off."

"Dan needed no second bidding. He shouldered me, or rather two blocks of me, in a twinkling, and away we went, and never stopped till we reached Dan's home—a very poor home it was—and we went up many pairs of stairs, till we reached the top, where, in a poor but clean room, a woman sat. Her face was wan and thin, and she seemed oppressed by the rays of the hot July sun, which came pouring into the little close garret. 'Why, Dan,' she said, half querulously, half sadly, 'what have you got there?'

"Only a block or two of walnut-wood, mother," and he disappeared with me into a still smaller room, hotter and closer than the first, which was nearly filled up by a turning-lathe, and where Dan's bed had retreated to the corner, and consisted, in truth, only of a mattress on the floor, and a counterpane thrown over.

"There," said Dan, "one and one makes two—first the lathe, by screwing and pinching, and trying and striving—now, the wood—and next, the pay—and then—"

"Dan disappeared through the doorway, and I saw him presently setting out tea with his rough ungainly hands, and speaking cheering words to his poor complaining mother every moment.

"'Tis been awful hot to-day, Dan," said the poor creature; "I've pined like for a breath of air, and the sun on these leads has nearly melted me."

"Ah, I know it has been hot enough, mother; but it's good weather for the corn, you know."

"Very good weather. That's just like you, Dan," said his mother, peevishly. "What's the corn to me, a poor cripple, sitting up here till I am well nigh suffocated in summer, and frost-bitten in winter?" and the poor creature began to cry.

"Well, well, mother, don't take on; you see things will brighten, take my word for it. Now, here's a cup of good tea, and a bit of toast, done to a turn;" and he set both before his mother with a gentle forbearance that was very pretty, I thought.

"Then, very soon, he came back to me, examined me, and tapped me, and measured me, and talked to me, just as I used to talk to the daisies and buttercups, and ferns, and moss, as I waved over them in that far-off home of mine on the hill-side. 'Yes,' said Dan, 'I'll turn you out into as nice a little table as ever stood. I'll carve a little edge of ivy-leaves round the edge, and then mayhap old Screw will help me out a trifle more; but first I must draw the pattern, and design all square and proper. If I can get poor mother to the sea-side out of this here oven before August sets in, won't it be jolly, old fellow, eh?' and Dan gave me a smart rap with his knuckles, by which I inferred he meant to call me 'old fellow'—a bit of impertinence I forgave him.

"Well, I have not time to tell you all the shavings, and trimmings, and twistings I went through under Dan's fingers, till at last the proud day came when I stood complete, as you now see me. When the world was asleep, Dan worked at me; and while his poor mother was tossing in troubled dreams in the next room, Dan would be busy carving the ivy-leaf edge, and all the little details which made no noise with the lathe to disturb her. Good, honest Dan! who shall say how carefully he carried me, when polished and complete, to the shop, and setting me down there, awaited his master's verdict. Mr. Screw was a man of few words; and as Dan stood, with beating heart, wiping his red, good-tempered face, with the cloth which he had thrown over me in our passage through the streets, there was silence. It was early, and no customers were in the shop. It was a moment of suspense—it seemed an age to Dan, I doubt not. At last, Mr. Screw moved a pen up and down behind his left ear, and said—

"It is a good job—a very good job, indeed. Your apprenticeship is over at Christmas, aint it?"

"Yes, sir," said Dan, doubtfully.

"Well, this here little table looks well for you as a workman. I'll give you wages you won't sneer at, after Christmas, and as much piece-work till then as you can get through. Will that suit you?"

"Thank you, sir," said Dan. I felt for him, for I knew it was ready pay he wanted, and Mr. Screw was a long time coming to that part of the business.

"And," Mr. Screw went on, at last, "I'll give you one pound for this job, and it is well earned."

"Dan's exultation burst forth. "Thank you, sir, and kindly too. I have a poor crippled mother depending on me, and it has been a hard pinch

while I've been serving my time with you. She has been very faint and weak of late, and the doctor said she wanted more air. I've an aunt down at Brighton, who'll be glad to have her; and now I can afford to pay her journey, and send a trifle for her board too, sir."

"Mr. Screw paid the sovereign as a matter of business. I perceived Dan's mother was nothing to him, and I saw he hurried away with an expression on his face which seemed to say, 'That's your concern, not mine.'"

"Poor Dan! I was throbbing in every vein with pleasure at his success. I only wish I could have told him so. When I see people grieving over their work, I think of Dan and the smiling, cheery face which bent over me for so many hours in the close, hot garret, where I took my present shape. When I hear a little impatient voice say, close to me, 'I can't hem this handkerchief; I hate plain work,' why, then I think of Dan. Sometimes a small hand opens my drawer with a twitch, and shuts it again with a rough snap. I know what that means—that the work her mother wishes her to do is distasteful to her, and so she vents a little ill-temper on me—ah! and on the poor needle, which was just now quiet in the work in my drawer; and cotton too; though I don't see the good of it, I must say. The cotton only breaks, and the needle comes unthreaded, and so the little lady makes double trouble for herself. I did not stay long in Mr. Screw's shop. I was selected by a bright, pretty young lady one morning, and carried to a house opposite this. There I lived four years, and was received here when all my companions were sold with me, as Mr. Nelson is gone to live in another country. There were many troubles in that grand house, and I used to stand in my corner and hear sighs and weeping, and sometimes angry and unkind words. I thought of Dan then also, and have decided that it is better to work for love, and to do good, and be ever so poor, than to sit idle and self-indulgent, and think only of ease and comfort."

"Good-bye, children," said the work-table, in conclusion; "I hope you won't have thought me long and prosy—or worse, personal in my remarks. I am very happy here, on the whole, and am quite ready to forgive the little lady a few snatches and a little rough treatment. We live and grow wise—we live and grow wise." And with something of the old sing-song tone of the walnut branches swinging to and fro in the wind, my little work-table finished its story.

There were some murmurs of applause from my hearers, and then Herbert said—"It is fair that the next thing should have a hit at the boys, mamma. Lily has come in for it from the coal and the table, so let me have it to-morrow." I smiled approvingly as Herbert said this, and putting my arm round my thoughtful Lily, whispered as I kissed her—"We live and grow wise—we live and grow wise."

G. M.

THUNDER.

LOUD o'er my head what awful thunders roll,
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole!
It is thy voice, my God, that bids them fly;
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky.
Then let the good thy mighty power revere,
Let hardened sinners thy just judgments fear.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY AUSTYN GRAHAM.

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE "RED LION."

It was ten o'clock at night. A dark, gloomy November fog hung over Redstone, shrouding everything and everybody in heavy damp. The "Red Lion" in King Street presented an inviting aspect to the wayfarers and street-loiterers. The cheerful blaze of a glowing fire flickered quite across the road, throwing its bright lurid glare upon the opposite houses.

A man came bustling along the street, and, without hesitation, entered. He was no casual dropper-in, tempted to exchange the wretched chilliness of the outer air for its genial warmth. He had reached his destination, and his entrance into the sanded tap-room was greeted by a rough murmur of satisfaction.

There were already about a dozen men seated around the fire, or leaning with their elbows upon the tables. All had glasses of steaming grog before them, and, with two exceptions, pipes in their mouths.

The landlord, a swarthy, square-built man, with a humorous twinkle of the eye, and an unmistakable dash of the "Yankee" about him, stood among them. He stretched out a hand to the new comer.

"Dan, my boy, how are you? And how's the missis?"

"As well as starvin' folk can expect to be," growled rather than spoke the last arrival, disembarassing himself of his outer coat, and hanging it over the back of a vacant chair.

"Well, well, Dan; they say as when things is at their worst they must mend; so keep a stout heart, and belike fair weather aint far off you, my lad. Well, which is it to be—red or white? Here's a pipe, and there's the 'baccy."

"Give me a go of what you please, Bob; beggars mayn't be choosers," replied Daniel Pearson, bitterly.

"You're welcome to your drop here, Dan, as long as I am master of this place," replied the landlord, whose mistaken kindness was helping to ruin his less fortunate brother.

"Here's better customers to you, Bob," said Pearson, as he drew a chair up among his comrades, and lifted the hot mixture to his lips.

His face at that stage in the evening bore as little evidence of systematic hard drinking as any around him; for until lately his excesses, though heavy when they did occur, had not become habitual. Since his dismissal from Farmer Sandford's, he had suffered the incipient vice completely to overmaster him.

It was not that he took more than many others—indeed, not so much as many; but he had a weak head. One glass of diluted spirits would make him excited and merry beyond the bounds of prudence; after two, he would become quarrelsome and abusive; a third, and he was vindictive to a dangerous extent; beyond that, he became a degraded, insentient thing, as we saw him under the farmer's lash.

Had Daniel Pearson been a water-drinker, he would have been a superior man in his class—a good husband, a kind father, and a faithful and efficient servant. His wife and child would never have been brought to poverty through him; and yet, here was he drowning remorse in the indulgence of the very vice which was working his ruin!

"Arn't things no better wi' ye, Pearson?" asked a stout, white-faced man, emitting a puff of smoke from between his thick lips.

"No, nor likely to be, as I sees, while the masters is all cut out o' the same model. I bin to Farmer Greaves to-day. Says he, 'Be you the man as Sandford threw off for drinkin'?' I couldn't say 'no,' for if I had, ten chances to one I'd a' had to eat my lie; so says I, 'I was a bit overcome once or twice with liquor, but taint my habit, and the master was very hard upon me. I've a wife and child'un to support, and they must starve if some one won't gi' me another chance.'"

Here Pearson paused, and strained his eyes at the fire to keep back something that would force itself into them.

"Ay, and wouldn't he?" asked a red-haired man, with an evil eye.

"Not he; he said he'd plenty of hands; or he's not partickler as to character, isn't Farmer Greaves," answered the other, with a careless jerk of the head. "They're all alike, the hard-hearted brutes; they've got our lives, our bread, in their hands, and we may starve for aught they care."

"There'll be a heavy reckoning one o' these days," growled the red-haired man, whose love of drink had long been his bane. "Ay, a heavy reckoning, and I for one don't care how soon. By dickens, only grant I live to have a finger in it."

"Coom, coom, lads," put in the stout man, pacifically (who was only an idle sensualist), "don't 'ee be brewing mischief now atween ye. The masters has power and money, and ye'll only swing for it if ye raises your hand again 'em."

There was a murmur of dissent from half the party, and an acquiescent "True, true," "Ye've the rights of it there, Forman," from the other half.

"What I say," continued the stout man, encouraged by his supporters, "is this: ye're fools to get a drinkin' till your day's work is done. Look at me: don't I like my grog as well as any on you? But never a drop touches my lips till night-time. The master never catches me out o' my sober senses. I sleeps it off, and if my head feels a bit muddier next day, why I e'en bears it, and it comes all right again."

"Ay, and you've no child'un to swallow up the best part o' your wages, Forman," said a mean little sallow man with a peevish face; "and your wife don't grudge you your evening's pipe and glass among your friends here; always a throwin' it in your teeth as you robs her and them by takin' of it, as mine does."

"Nay, Benson, she likes the bottle too well herself," replied Forman, with a coarse laugh. "She don't interfere wi' me nor I wi' her."

"Then you're a lucky chap," said a good-humoured, foolish young fellow, who had not before spoken. "The parson's been at my wife, a

makin' her forswear all drinks but water as if they was pison. He caught her one day a givin' the little 'un a drop o' gin to quieten its colic, or somethin'; he read her such a lecture then and there, as she won't forget in a hurry; she's never touched a drop o' nothin' but water herself 'sin'; and I don't know but what, for the sake o' peace and quietness, I shan't have to give up my glass."

Groans and cries of "Shame! shame, Weston! petticoat government!" followed this honest speech; but the young fellow, as yet far from a hard drinker, only laughed, and mixed himself another tumbler, with a wink, to show that he was not yet a henpecked husband.

"Is that parson a teetotaler, then?" asked one of the party. "He looks as if he'd water instead of blood in his veins."

"He's a good man; he's a right kind heart, as wants nothing stronger than water to warm it," said Pearson, stoutly. "He come to our place t'other day, and give my wife ten shillings to buy us coals and such things, because he heard I was out o' work; and I'd like to hear any man say a word agin him."

He struck his fist violently on the table, looking round at his comrades with bloodshot eyes. The third tumbler was beginning to take effect.

"Nonsense, Dan'l; no one wants to quarrel about him," said Forman, soothingly.

"If Pearson wishes to fight about that lily-livered chap or anything else, I am ready for him," sneered the red-haired man, with the eye ten times more evil for every drop he swallowed.

A blow was struck. Who struck it, no one knew. All were too excited or stupefied. The room was in an uproar.

The landlord burst in. The combatants were separated. Miles O'Connor, the man with the evil eye, and the least liked by his companions, was forcibly ejected, and Daniel Pearson "soothed" by another tumbler of the fiery cordial; but this time powerfully diluted by the host, to avert, he hoped, further excitement.

But now Dan would talk; nothing could stop the malignity and braggadocio which flowed from his mouth. The other men fell asleep, or silently puffed their pipes and grumbled out curses upon his incessant chatter. On he went.

"What were the masters to him? Wasn't he as good a man as they any day? He'd have work; ay, if he fought for it over their dead bodies. Let 'em look at home afore they called him a drunkard. Wasn't young Master Roger—old Farmer Sandford's son—as big a drunkard as he, any day, and didn't his father wink at it? He'd have his revenge for all, that he would; ay, before long, if he swung for it."

"Hush, hush, man!" said one.

"Who says 'hush' to me? Am I a brat, to hold my tongue at the bidding of any one of you?" he shouted, savagely. "No," with an oath; "I'll—I'll—Pass the bottle."

He mixed a quantity of the spirit recklessly. In another minute his head was on his breast, and he was snoring heavily; but though consciousness had deserted him, there were several present who remembered his revengeful words, uttered in the unpremeditated violence of drunkenness, and brought them up against him subsequently when all desired to recall the events of that night.

CHAPTER X.

A MOUSE IN THE TRAP.

"WELL, young lady," said Lawyer Sharpe, patting his daughter's cheek, as she stooped to give him a morning salutation; "you must have an extra knife and fork laid, and put on your best bib and tucker, for I've asked a gentleman to dine to-day."

"Have you, papa?" she answered, languidly; for she was thinking more of meeting young Roger Sandford on the Upper Road that afternoon than of the expected guest."

"Why, Evy, it doesn't seem to excite you much—my piece of news; yet I'm blest if I think you've ever done the honours to a stranger at the table in your life before," said her father.

"Is it no one I know, then, papa?" she replied, trying to get up the interest she saw she was expected to evince.

"That, little puss, I expect you to tell me when the guest arrives; and now give me some sugar in my coffee—it has none. Most people would tell you you were in love, my dear; for see, you have emptied the grounds into the sugar-basin; but as your only companions are Mary, the kitten, and your old father, I must exonerate you. Or stay—there's that rogue, Curtis, below; well, he's a good-looking, steady lad, Evy, and—"

"Papa! That boy!" interrupted his daughter, scornfully, as her mind's eye dwelt on young Roger's stalwart form. "How can you be so ridiculous! I should as soon think of Betty Beaumont's baby as of him."

Mr. Sharpe laughed, and forebore further teasing throughout the meal; but a wicked twinkle lurked in the corners of his eye.

Evelyn was a good housekeeper, and sufficiently alive to subliminary matters and her father's credit (notwithstanding the little heaven of her own in which she was now living) to order such a dinner as would give him and his expected guest satisfaction. Then she donned her silk dress, and, with a quiet, lady-like demeanour of perfect apathy, took up a book and awaited the stranger's arrival.

Her father was dressing, and she was just conscious of a hope that he would make his appearance down-stairs before the gentleman arrived, and not leave her to introduce herself to the unknown visitor. Once, her father's mysterious innuendoes had given her a minute's trepidation, lest, as Mary hinted, he might have taken upon himself the selection of her future husband, and be about to present her to the object of his choice; but she lulled this odious fear to rest, and contented herself with imagining it would prove some old legal chum of her father's, who might have known her as a child in London, where Mr. Sharpe had lived during the six years of his wedded life; he not having come to reside at Redstone until after the death of his wife.

To Evelyn's annoyance and discomfiture, a double knock at the street door, followed by a man's footstep on the stairs, heralded the visitor's approach. She rose, and stood beside the table, leaning her hand on the now-closed book, as Mary flung open the door, and, with an air of smiling triumph, announced, "Mr. Roger Sandford."

In an instant her lover's arms were round her, and she looked up blushing from his embrace to say—

"Oh, dearest, what does this mean? Why are you here? Papa will be so angry. Some one is coming to dine, and he will be down-stairs directly; you must not stay."

"Must not stay, Evelyn? What, not when he has himself invited me? Though, I'll be hanged if I know what to make of his grace's unexpected favour myself. I'll tell you all about it. You know that my governor and yours have been laying their heads together about a piece of land mortgaged to my father by old Smith, who died last year, and which the son now disputes. Well, I've been to and fro upon the business a good deal lately, as you may remember the day I first saw you at your window, though you must know I had admired you in silence a long while, for I could see you as you sat in church, and—"

"Well, never mind, dear Roger; go on," whispered Evelyn, with a rising colour.

"Ah, yes, by the bye; where was I? Oh, I know. So, once or twice your father's been to the farm, and the day before yesterday he came down, and, as he spoke upon the business, I thought nothing of his call; but as he was going away, he said, eyeing me from head to foot—we were alone, Evelyn—'You're a fine young fellow, and I'll be bound you know the way to steal a girl's heart; but don't you think it would be better to ask boldly for what you want, and try fair means before you come to foul?' and then he held out to me the very note I'd wrote to you. How in the name of wonder did he get hold of it, my dear?"

"He must have found it in my work-box," said Evelyn, not thinking it necessary to add the kitten's share in the matter. "So he had not burnt the note, after all," she murmured, aside.

"Go on, Roger."

"Well, then he alluded to our meetings on the Upper Road, and, of course, Miss Sharpe—I mean, Evelyn—I was astonished. I couldn't fail to see that the old fellow—I beg pardon; that your father—had scented the whole matter, though how the plague he found all out I can't tell; the note said nothing about our meetings."

"I know, Roger. Don't you remember Curtis that day?"

"By the powers, yes! When he gave me that letter for my father. The young rascal peached. Well, if it hadn't turned out so favourably, I'd have thrashed him within an inch of his life."

"You've not told me, dearest, how you answered my father."

"Oh, I thought it best to put a bold face on the matter; so says I—"

"For shame, Roger! How often am I to tell you not to speak in that common way?"

"I forgot, dearest; you'll soon learn me better."

"Worse and worse! 'Teach,' not 'learn,' you naughty boy! Now go on in your own style, and I'll not interrupt you any more."

"So I spoke out bravely. 'Mr. Sharpe,' I said, 'will you give me your daughter if I ask for her?' He only laughed, and said, 'You're an impudent fellow! Come and dine with me to-morrow at five o'clock, and you shall have your answer; so here I am.'"

"But, Roger, you never told me all this when I met you this afternoon."

"No; because I wished to surprise you."

"It is all so very strange, Roger; I can't understand it. I feel so nervous. There is papa's step on the stairs!"

She fled from her lover to the shelter of the window-curtain as Mr. Sharpe entered the room.

"Ah! Sandford, how d'ye do? Evelyn, where are you? Come away from that window. Let me introduce you: Mr. Roger Sandford—Miss Sharpe; shake hands. No humbug! Can you look each other in the face, and say you've never met before? It's not the first time your fingers have touched each other's. Girls and boys that go a-courting on the sly have no business to affect modesty!"

He had roughly crushed their hands together.

"Oh, papa, spare me!" cried Evelyn, in tears.

Young Sandford was mute and sheepish.

"Spare you! you young reprobates! I think I do spare you in not giving one a good horse-whipping, and the other solitary imprisonment and water gruel for a month, instead of setting you down to a good dinner, for trying to hood-wink me as you have done!"

At this moment Mary announced that the table was ready, and, her eyes beaming with pleasure that her young mistress had got "a beau at last, and a smart one, too!" she prepared to wait on them with alacrity.

During the meal, the maid's presence restrained the lawyer from any allusions which could be painful to the young people. Indeed, Mr. Sharpe appeared desirous to atone for his cruel teasing, and to restore them to composure.

He led young Sandford to discourse on general topics with Evelyn and himself, and was apparently unmoved by the coarse phraseology of the untaught youth, which, in spite of her affection for him, often jarred painfully on the refined ears and cultivated mind of his daughter.

Perhaps never had she felt so sensible of her lover's lack of culture as on this day, when she saw him seated a guest at their board. It required all her fortitude to recall his outward kindness, his handsome exterior, his passionate love for herself, when she had to forgive his uncouthness in using a knife to his fish, and putting the same implement into his mouth, his disdain of a dinner-napkin, and, in fact, total disregard of all the proprieties of the dinner-table.

Over their wine, the gentlemen began to discuss the law business which engrossed them, and then Evelyn, with a heavy heart, though why she carried it she scarcely knew, thought fit to retire.

The trap had been well baited, and the moment Evelyn closed the door it fell upon its victim.

(To be continued in our next.)

INFLUENCE OF ACCIDENT IN DIRECTING PURSUITS.

It was the accident of the roof of his father's cottage coming down, while he was a child, that first turned Ferguson's attention to mechanical contrivance. The late eminent engineer, John Ronnie, used to trace his first notions in regard to the powers of machinery to his having been obliged,

when a boy, in consequence of the breaking down of a bridge, to go one winter every morning to school by a circuitous road, which carried him past a place where a thrashing machine was generally at work. It was the appearance of the celebrated comet of 1744 which first attracted the imagination of Lalande, then a boy of twelve years of age, to astronomy. The great Linnæus was probably made a botanist by the circumstance of his father having a few rather uncommon plants in his garden. Harrison is said to have been originally inspired with the idea of devoting himself to the constructing of marine time-pieces, by his residence in view of the sea. It was a voyage in view of the Mediterranean which first gave to Vernet his enthusiasm for marine painting.

THE STORM.

The night was wild, and the storm raged fierce,

As far as the eye could see,
And the great waves rose, and recoiled, and broke;
Alas! what an angry sea!

It burst 'gainst the rocks, and then yelled to heaven;
It sheeted, and broke in spray;
And many a sailor's anxious wife
Kept watch, that she might pray.

"Oh, mother! what is that light at sea?"

"A phantom lure; no more."

"Oh, mother! that sound of a minute gun?"

"The breakers against the shore."

"Oh, mother! since out of the harbour bar,
We watched the good ship sail,
Carrying him who is life to me,
At all sights and sounds I pale.

"I hear a knell in each breaking wave,
A dirge when the wind is loud,
And I see a pall in the black sea-weed,
And in the white foam a shroud."

The morning came, and the calm came too,

But alas! that plank and spar!

For many a gallant life was lost

In sight of the harbour bar.

And women are wailing, and men are pale,

And a maiden is white with woe;

For he who went forth in the pride of his strength,

Is now at her feet laid low.

His tangled hair is all hid in sand,

His face still set in death;

And the foam and weeds on his bloodless lips,

Are unmoved by any breath.

A tale is still told how a maiden poor

So pleaded with men in power,

That on those cruel rocks at sea

There stands a lighthouse tower.

And ever as ships come sailing in,

Unharm'd through the mist and sleet,

And she sees the meeting of mother and son,

Of lover and true love sweet—

Of friend and friend, and bridegroom and bride,

Safe home from the wild sea's wrath,

She finds in their joy peace, calm, and hope,

To illumine her lonely path.

Readings for Spare Moments.

RESULTS OF OVERWORK.

ONE of the bad results of overworking the brain in any exclusive direction, is that it tends, when it does not absolutely break down that organ, to produce mental deformity. As the nursery-maid, who carries her burden with the right arm exclusively, is afflicted with spinal curvature, so the thinking man, who gives his intellectual energies to one subject, or class of subjects, gets a twist in his brain. Those, therefore, who are chained to mental labour, and cannot give the brain rest, should try to vary their labours, which is another form of repose. Intense and prolonged application to one subject is the root of all the mischief. As your body may be in activity during the whole of the day, if you vary the actions sufficiently, so may the brain work all day at varied occupation.

THE EMPRESS AND HER GIFT.

ON the marriage of the Emperor of the French, the municipal council of the city of Paris voted a sum of money equal to £25,000, for the purchase of a set of diamonds for the Empress. But when the intention was made known to her Majesty, she was pleased to request that the city authorities would appropriate the money to the foundation of some charitable institution for the poor and destitute. It may well be imagined with what enthusiasm this amiable suggestion was received by all classes of people. Accordingly, the sum was devoted by the city council to the establishment of an institution for the maintenance and education of sixty young girls, chosen from among the working classes.

BLESSINGS OF AFFLICTION.

THE effects of affliction were manifested strikingly forth in the person of Richard Summers, a Yorkshire collier. Careless and reckless amongst those who were most so, he lived entirely "without God in the world." The ready oath was ever on his lips, and he had always a curse and a sneer for those who spoke of better things. The Sunday was his especial day of wickedness; for as manual toll was then suspended, and his wages had recently been paid, he had both time and means to gratify his depraved passions. In the midst of his sinful career, he was one day seized with a violent illness, and became so alarmed that he sent for a neighbour, whom he knew to bear a religious character, and entreated him to pray for him. His sickness, however, soon left him, and in a very short time he had returned to his old ways. He now seemed worse than ever; his jests were more blasphemous, his impiety more open than before. One fine, calm autumn evening, while the sun was sinking to rest on a pillow of golden, fleecy clouds, Summers and his companions were drinking together in the public-house; a dispute arose as to which of the party was the swiftest runner; heated with drink, each loudly asserted his own claim, and none more loudly than Richard Summers. Bets were made, and it was agreed to decide the question at once by a race. So the group adjourned to a neighbouring meadow, and the race commenced. Summers, who really was a good runner, had distanced all his competitors, when he fell at a small ditch which lay in the way, and it was found that his leg was broken. Once more he was laid upon the bed of sickness; and again the fear of death and judgment to come hung like a dreary cloud before his eyes, while behind him rose up in ghastly distinctness the sinful acts of his past life. Again he sent for his pious neighbour to pray with him; and he came, though Richard had much feared that he would refuse, as he had cursed him bitterly during his relapse into sin. But charity "suffereth long," and the

neighbour came; and God was pleased in the hours of pain and sickness to touch the hard heart of the sinner, and turn it unto himself. Richard Summers vowed that if God were pleased to spare him yet this once, he would lead a very different life, and consecrate his energies to the service and the glory of his Maker, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. And he kept his vow; nor was there known in all that part a more sober, quiet, well-conducted man than the former riotous, swearing drunkard. "Ay, sir," said he some time afterwards to the clergyman of the neighbouring church, "God is merciful indeed. Them as he loves he chastens, just like the kindest father, only much more loving. I bless him," he continued, with tears streaming from his eyes, "every day for that there broken leg. If it hadn't been for affliction, I might have died in my sins." And so may many of the servants of God say, with the poor collier, "If it hadn't been for affliction, I might have died in my sins."

AN EMBLEM OF CHARITY.

THE Egyptian hieroglyphic of charity is very striking—a naked child, with a heart in his hand, giving honey to a bee without wings.

1. A child, humble and meek (Matt. xviii. 3).
2. With a heart in his hand, because the heart and the hand of a charitable man must go together—he must be a cheerful giver.
3. Giving honey to a bee—not a drone.
4. To a bee without wings—help such as would work, but cannot.

LOOK WELL TO THE END.

LOOK to the end of worldly ambition, and what is it? Take the four greatest rulers, perhaps, that ever sat upon a throne.

ALEXANDER, when he had subdued the chief nations of the known world, wept because there was no other world to conquer, wantonly set fire to a city, and afterwards died in a scene of debauch.

HANNIBAL, who filled three bushels with the gold rings taken from the slaughtered knights, died at last by his own hand, unwept and unknown, in a foreign land.

CÆSAR, having conquered 800 cities, and dyed his garments with the blood of one million of his foes, was stabbed by his friends, in the very place which had been the scene of his greatest triumph.

NAPOLEON, after being the scourge of Europe, and the desolator of his country, died in banishment.

GREAT EVENTS ARISE FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

A TRACT brought in a pedlar's pack to the door of Richard Baxter's father was blessed to the good of the son.

The "Saint's Rest," written by Richard Baxter, was instrumental in bringing Doddridge to rejoice in Christ as his Saviour.

The "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," written by Doddridge, led to Wilberforce's reception of the Gospel.

Wilberforce's "Practical View" was blessed to the spiritual welfare of Legh Richmond.

Legh Richmond's "Dairyman's Daughter" is said to have been the means, by the Holy Spirit's influences, of creating in the mind of the Emperor Alexander that reverence for Divine things which marked the latter days of the Emperor's life; and thousands of men in humbler stations have rejoiced in God their Saviour in consequence of the perusal of the "Dairyman's Daughter." Who is able to compute the amount of spiritual good conferred upon the world by the writings and the teachings of Baxter, Doddridge, Wilberforce, and Legh Richmond?—and this vast aggregate of good may be traced to one little tract, accompanied by the Divine blessing.

Literary Notices.

How to Farm Profitably; or, the Sayings and Doings of Mr. Alderman Mechi. London: Routledge and Co.

[Second Notice.]

As many of our readers who live in agricultural districts must feel an interest in whatever relates to the profitable cultivation of land, and the employment of labour, we quote three Tables, which will impart some useful information, and give an idea of Mr. Mechi's mode of farming, at the same time referring them to the previous number of THE QUIVER for additional remarks.

TABLE I.

TABLE, SHOWING THE ESTIMATED VALUE OF THE MANURE OBTAINED FROM THE CONSUMPTION OF ONE TON OF DIFFERENT ARTICLES OF FOOD; EACH SUPPOSED TO BE OF GOOD QUALITY OR ITS KIND.

Description of Food.	Value of Manure.
£ s. d.	
1. Decorticated Cotton-seed Cake ...	6 10 0
2. Rape Cake ...	4 13 0
3. Linseed Cake ...	4 12 0
4. Malt Dust ...	4 5 0
5. Lentils ...	3 17 0
6. Linseed ...	3 13 0
7. Tares ...	3 13 6
8. Beans ...	3 13 6
9. Peas ...	3 2 6
10. Locust Beans ...	1 2 6(7)
11. Oats ...	1 14 6
12. Wheat ...	1 13 0
13. Indian Corn ...	1 11 6
14. Malt ...	1 11 6
15. Barley ...	1 9 6
16. Clover Hay ...	2 5 0
17. Meadow Hay ...	1 10 0
18. Oat Straw ...	0 13 6
19. Wheat Straw ...	0 12 6
20. Barley Straw ...	0 10 6
21. Potatoes ...	0 7 0
22. Mangels ...	0 5 0
23. Swedish Turnips ...	0 4 3
24. Common ditto ...	0 4 0
25. Carrots ...	0 4 0

It will be seen by the above Table how enormously the value of the manure from one ton of different food varies according to the composition of the food itself.

TABLE II.

GROSS EXPENSES PER ACRE ON THE WHOLE FARM.

	£ s. d.
Tithes, great and small ...	0 5 0
Church rate ...	0 0 2
Road rate ...	0 0 3
Poor's rate, including Police and County rate ...	0 2 3
Manual labour, including engine driver and bailiff ...	2 0 0
Horse labour (fed from the Farm) ...	1 0 0
Seed ...	0 8 6
Depreciation, or wear and tear of implements ...	0 2 0
Steam power ...	0 5 0
Blacksmith, Wheelwright, Cooper, Founder, Saddler, Basketmaker, Bricklayer, Carpenter, and Veterinary ...	0 5 9
Thatcher ...	0 1 0
Depreciation of horses ...	0 2 0
Artificial Manures ...	0 10 0
Wear and tear and loss of sickle ...	0 0 3
Bean tithes ...	0 0 3
Loss of stock and casualties ...	0 1 0
Loss of land by roads, buildings, fences, and waste ...	0 2 0
Road mending, ditch cleaning, fence trimming, &c. ...	0 1 0
Miscellaneous petty expenses ...	0 1 6
Malt and hops used for brewing beer for men ...	0 2 0
Purchased food for Stock ...	3 0 0
	27 9 8

These items, and also the sum total, are accurately extracted from Mr. Mechi's published account, but they amount to £8 9s. 11d. per acre, which would make an error of £1 0s. 3d., or £172 2s. 6d. on the farm of 170 acres. We presume, therefore, that in the estimate the horse labour ought not to appear, as the horse was fed on the farm, and consequently diminished the value of the produce to the extent of the food consumed.

Judging by another table, threepence should be deducted from the blacksmith and wheelwright's charge; and these allowances would rectify the error.

TABLE III.

EXPENDITURE ON 170 ACRES.

	£ s. d.
General expenses, £7 9s. 8d. per acre ...	1,272 3 4
Rent at 42s. per acre (including 6s. per acre for irrigating apparatus) ...	£357 0 0
Tenant's profit on farming capital, £2,880, at £10 14s. 1d. per cent. ...	251 16 8
	611 16 8
	£1,884 0 0

INCOME ON 170 ACRES.

	£ s. d.
310 quarters of wheat, the produce of 56 acres at 42s. ...	651 0 0
40 quarters of barley, the produce of 6½ acres at 39s. ...	78 0 0
110 quarters of beans, the produce of 19½ acres at 34s. ...	187 0 0
80 quarters of oats, the produce of 11½ acres at 16s. ...	61 0 0
(The oats a failure, being laid early and much injured).	
6 acres of white clover seed, and 1 acre red ditto ...	65 0 0
Sundries, roots, &c., sold ...	30 0 0
Clover hay sold ...	55 0 0
Grass hay sold ...	20 0 0
Ment, wool, dairy produce, and poultry sold ...	£1,279 0 0
Deduct lean stock purchased ...	645 0 0
	734 0 0
	£1,834 0 0

Gross produce sold, £11 1s. 1d. per acre.

Mr. Mechi entitles his book, "How to Farm Profitably;" and as the author says, "I pledge myself to the correctness of the items in the balance-sheet," we must refer our readers to the balance-sheet above quoted, as an answer to the inquiry, Can gentlemen and amateurs farm with a profit? We wish that men with well-filled purses and unoccupied days would make the experiment, for we believe they would find it beneficial to health of body and of mind, and a thorough cure for the wretchedness arising from having nothing to do; and we heartily desire prosperity for every man, let him farm for pleasure or for profit, who is ready to say, "If I can make my farm pay me for my capital and care, then every biped and every quadruped connected with this farm shall have a portion of the benefit, and every labourer on the farm shall have a fitting habitation." This is a "consummation devoutly to be wished;" for in vain do pastors preach and schoolmasters give counsel, while the moral lessons which they inculcate are nightly counteracted by the defiance to decency and the disregard to propriety that is allowed to prevail in the cottages of the farming men. Scenes exist which are unfit for the public eye, and which might be removed, were the owners of estates as anxious to promote the welfare of the cottager as they are to protect their partridges; or did the farmer manifest as much interest in the morals of his labourers as he manifests for the health and comfort of his cattle. Where the evil is so great, let every farmer become a reformer, and his tenant cottagers will bless him.

English Roots and the Derivation of Words from the Ancient Anglo-Saxon. By the Very Rev. the Dean of Waterford. Third Edition. Dublin: Hodges and Co. London: Parker and Son, West Strand.

The subjoined extracts will best explain the nature of the work, and we are of opinion that few persons can read the book without gaining some useful information:—

The word "deal" we find used in various senses, but all may be traced to the same origin; the Anglo-Saxon verb *dealan* signifying "to divide." Thus a deal board is a board dealt or divided; to deal in any commodity means to divide the goods by retail; and when we say we deal with any person, it means that we go to him to *dealt out* to us. To "deal" with people after their desert, means to divide or measure out to them recompense (reward or punishment) according to their deserving. A pack of cards are "dealt" out, when divided amongst the players; and a "deal" means a share, now only used to mean "a great deal" or a large share. "Dale," a valley dividing two hills, is also derived from *dealan*, "to divide." "Heal" is to cover, and a sore is *healed* when well covered over; while "health" is from *healeth*. From *heal*, "to cover," comes "hell," or the unseen place, corresponding to the Greek word used with the same signification; and the "hull" of a ship is the part covered by the water. The "earth," so called from *erean*, "to plough" (whence comes "arable," that may be ploughed) was worshipped as a goddess by the pagan Saxons; and in honour of her they called the fire-side, around which the family assembled, the "hearth," which, by a figure, is applied to the whole house and home, as the Romans called their homes *laræ*, from their household gods.

We quote from another portion of this useful and at the same time interesting book:—

"John" has always been a very common name in England. "Jack" was also usually applied to lads, and especially to servant boys; and these having been employed to pull off their masters' boots, and to turn the spit for the cook, when machines were invented for these purposes, they were called by their name, as *boot-jack*, *kitchen-jack*. A boy who rides the horses at a race is also called a "jockey" or *jackey*. "Kith" and "kin" are words of similar meaning, signifying relations well known to each other, from *cythan* and *cennan*, "to know or make known." The adjective "kind" is derived from *kin*, meaning "natural," having natural feelings—feelings belonging to our common nature or *kind*—like "human" and "humane" from the Latin *homo*—that is, of feelings becoming man.

IMPLIED TRUTHS.

GENESIS VII.

1. OBEDIENCE has ever been attended with a blessing, ver. 1.—R. G.

2. God's protecting hand is over them that desire his protection, ver. 1.—G. P.

3. Punishment pursues the wicked, and even in this life often overtakes them, ver. 4.—G. P.

4. The good man's faith ensures a blessing upon his household. Ten righteous men would have saved a whole city, ver. 1.—M. R.

5. God is an ark to the righteous when the storm prevails. He is a tower when enemies threaten, ver. 16.—O. U.

6. Punishment delayed is not to be regarded as punishment averted, ver. 10.

7. A rule of right and wrong must have existed before the giving of the Law. The distinction between the clean and the unclean existed before the Mosaic law was enacted, ver. 2.

8. The righteousness of faith was evidenced by obedience, ver. 5, and ver. 1.—M. R.

9. Three and seven were regarded as perfect

numbers, possibly because *three* was emblematical of the Trinity, and *seven* emblematical of the Sabbath, ver. 2.—G. H.

10. Philosophers and chemists assure us that there is a chemical process in nature by which the very gases of the atmosphere might be converted into water.—R. B.

11. When we are in earnest in seeking our own spiritual safety, we shall be instrumental in promoting the safety of others.—W. C. H.

12. The waters covered the loftiest mountains, teaching us that there is no place so high as to set men out of reach of God's judgments.—B.

13. Men reflect too little upon the self-denial, the labour, the expenditure, and the insults which Noah was called upon to endure in urging, for 120 years, repentance upon an ungodly people, and in constructing a vessel of 80,000 tons burden.

14. Sin hardens men's hearts, and renders them unwilling to believe, however solemn the message, powerful the arguments, or perilous the refusal.—E.

15. The overthrow of the impious teaches us that there is a way which seemeth right to men who rely on their own wisdom, but the end of that way is death, ver. 21.—S. R.

16. A majority in number is not always a proof that what is said is correct, or that what is done is praiseworthy. The minority in the ark were better advocates for truth, good morals, and obedience, than the majority that the world could boast of when the deluge came.

17. As God was not honoured on the Sabbath-day, on the Sabbath-day their chastisement commenced.

18. If the deluge were not universal, why preserve the fowls? why take heed of the raven? and why imprison Noah and his family with wild beasts, when some of the wild beasts were not imprisoned? and if only a portion of the animal world perished, why is it four times said in this chapter that *all* died, fowl, cattle, beast, creeping thing, and man, and Noah and his family *alone* remained alive? vs. 21—23.—R. F.

19. In the destruction of the antediluvians, we see the consequences of turning a deaf ear to the voice of admonition, ver. 22.—M. S. B.

20. The "clean" and the "unclean" among animals must have been a distinction that had reference to sacrifices, ver. 2.—W. T.

21. The beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, and the very elements obey the Divine command. It is man only who rebels, ver. 15.—A. H.

22. Men may be engaged in a work of God, and yet not be God's servants. Many, no doubt, helped to build the ark; but only eight persons sought the security it was designed to afford.

23. We call upon the geologist, the astronomer, and the historian to prove the truth of the Bible. Whereas we ought to regard the Bible as the source of truth, and then demand of these wise men that all they utter should be in conformity to that standard of truth.—E.

24. The sum total of a Christian's life is embodied in two lines of Noah's history. "He did according unto all that the Lord commanded him."

Will our readers favour us with their inferences drawn from the ninth chapter of Genesis, from the 1st to the end of the 15th verse?

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. RUPERT SMITH COMMUNES WITH HIMSELF.

LONDON had not gone to sleep, but the streets were momentarily becoming less noisy with the rattle of carriages and the hum of foot-passengers, as Mr. Rupert Smith, after leaving Furnival's Inn, walked up Holborn, and, diverging to the right by way of Hand Court, made a short cut to Bristol Street, Tottenham Court Road.

Time was drawing close to one o'clock a.m., and there were the usual signs in the public ways that the brief two hours of comparative quiet which every night covers the vast city ere early risers resume their appointed work, were close at hand. Omnibuses had for nigh two hours been off the road; day-cabs had gone home, and night-cabs, creeping out from stable to rank, were looking for fares that should take them to the neighbourhood of Piccadilly. Drawing-room windows of party-giving houses were still cheerfully illuminated, but in most cases the lights visible in such houses as were not composed for rest, sent their rays down to street or square from the windows of uppermost floors. Mews and livery stables were alive with carriages and servants just dismissed by pleasure-loving owners. Gas-jets flared in the parlours of gin-palaces, but all other houses of business were barred up, and cased with shutters. Candles flickered over coffee-stalls at the corners of thoroughfares, but their proprietors dozed behind them, having made up their minds that few customers would appear till (after the lapse of three hours or more) artisans and labourers (whose unskilful labour does not give them rank amongst the humblest of art's followers) should be trudging through the town to distant scenes of industry; wretched women, for whom sin had lost its nine days' tinsel, sat here and there upon door-steps, or congregated in companies of eight or ten, querulously muttering to each other tales of wrong and suffering, or singing snatches of flash songs; slip-shod beggars were shuffling along kerb-stones, seeking from those whom they encountered a few pence for a meal and a bed; ragged, half-starved children had said farewell to the open ways for a brief while, and had wandered off to rest under any arch, or in any hole, where miserable experience taught them they might slumber undisturbed; and as the minutes passed, the tread of policemen on night duty became more and more audible.

"What a charming, guileless fellow he is!" mused Mr. Rupert Smith to himself, as he walked with leisurely paces and in meditative mood, enjoying, after the hot day, the coolness of the summer night. "It was really beautiful to see him blush when he insisted on my taking the double tithe of his £100. He imagined I was cruelly pressed because he was with me when that intrusive tailor, Mumford, stopped me in Bond Street, and reminded me that I had forgotten to pay him the sum I promised him weeks since. I did not care to tell the dear boy that I had come into funds, and have five

times £20 available for immediate use. It is just as well that he should think me poorer than I am: for poverty would never lower a friend in his estimation—indeed, it would only place him more deeply and securely in his affections. And Heaven knows I am poor enough. It's true my dear friend, Miss Guerdon, of Hampton Court, has, with her usual generosity, made me once again experience that most delicious sensation, pecuniary 'flushness'; but if I were to strike a balance between my assets and liabilities, there would be a very handsome preponderance on the part of the latter. What a generous, imaginative, confiding creature the British tradesman is! There is nothing that he is not ready to do for me! I walk into a hatter's shop, and say to the honest man, 'My good friend, send me hats;' and he sends them. I say to a tailor, 'My dear sir, I am Mr. Rupert Smith, of the Temple and the Rhododendron Club; clothe me sumptuously, as such a man ought to be clothed;' and forthwith I am arrayed without regard to cost, or any considerations but those of sartorial taste. I go to Fortnum and Mason, making my prayer, 'Gentlemen, feed me with pâtés, fillip my palate with pickles, pamper me with the choicest luxuries;' and without demur or unworthy curiosity about the extent of my private resources, they feed me, fillip me, pamper me. Truly civilisation has many advantages. It has also its disadvantages; but, fortunately, I up to the present date have no personal knowledge of those disadvantages. The day is very likely coming when I may have reason to think less favourably of the British tradesman; but while the present is sunshine, he is no philosopher who would trouble himself about the coming storm.

"Yes, I did right to take his money: for I wish to draw him closer to me, and he is one of those generous creatures who love those whom they oblige all the more for benefits conferred and services rendered. Regarded with the eyes of the moralist, of course my attitude towards my dear friend Ned is reprehensible, contemptible, odious. A man of my age, well educated, and endowed with faculties by which I might easily earn an honourable independence, ought of course to blush at the bare thought of taking money from a simple boy, who is dependent on his own exertions for the means of living. A gentleman of no mean degree, such as Rupert Smith, Esquire, who moves in good society and is allowed to be the best whist-player at the Rhododendron, ought to cut off his right hand sooner than use it to pick the pocket of a raw, green stripling, with whom he lives on terms of closest friendship. But I may safely allow myself considerable latitude in deciding how far I should regulate my conduct by considerations of morality and honour. The nature of an act is seen by its consequences. If the consequences are good, in my view, the act is good; if evil, the act is evil. Again, the consequences of an act may be divided into its consequences on the actor, and its results upon others. Now, with regard to others, it is clear that my acceptance of Ned's money will effect much good and no harm, since it tends to place me in a position to satisfy the not unreasonable expectations of those vendors of commodities of whom I was thinking just now, and will cause the refining fire of enthusiastic friendship to burn yet more brightly in dear Ned's breast. So one, and the more important, section of results is disposed of. As to

the other division of the consequences, I may possibly be the sufferer; it may be that the act will be fruitful of a certain amount of moral deterioration in myself. Granted: but then, against my own loss I may put Ned's gain—his gain in increased ardour of affection for me, and in the consciousness of having done a generous deed. Also against my own loss, is to be put the improved position of my commercial creditors. Thus, I am the only loser by the transaction, and am simply sacrificing myself for the good of others. Consequently, I may credit myself with the virtue of self-sacrifice: and must acknowledge that I just now misjudged my attitude to Ned, which is neither reprehensible, nor contemptible, nor odious. And now let me cease straw-splitting, and make my way over Tottenham Court Road."

On reaching the opposite pavement of Tottenham Court Road, Mr. Rupert Smith did not resume the subject, thus dismissed on the eastern side of that thoroughfare, but went northwards with a brisker step and lighter air, twirling his cane round every six paces, glancing at the faces of those who passed him, and once or twice satisfying himself, by the light of a more than ordinarily brilliant tavern window, that his polished boots were free from dust, and that the skirts of his blue frock-coat fell away from the side seams of his trousers at the right angle. At the opening of Maxwell Yard, a miserable woman, whose tawdry attire and thin, sharp features, told the story of her life, begged of him in the name of Christian charity; and taking a silver coin from his waistcoat pocket, he threw it to her. Heeding the gift more than the manner in which it was made, the poor creature caught the coin in her fingers, directed at her benefactor more than one extravagant expression of gratitude. Whereto Mr. Rupert, in dainty and ironical fashion, replied, "Tut! tut! don't thank me, daughter of sorrow. I did not give you that sixpence because I pitied you, but because I cared for myself. It is less painful to me to throw away a trifle, than to have a wretched voice whining at my heels for a hundred yards. Make good speed, my dear lady, to the nearest tavern."

Upon which, the outcast, without another word noiselessly glided away into the darkness of Maxwell Yard; and Mr. Rupert Smith turned into Bristol Street, complacently observing to himself, "There, I have yielded to a generous impulse, and declined payment in thanks. I have conferred transient happiness on one of my species. Of course I have done wrong in giving to a supperless sinner; for, as all the clever gentlemen who explain charity to us now-a-days have agreed, to relieve the poor is only to encourage improvidence, and to encourage improvidence is to create human sin and wretchedness."

Thus philosophising, Mr. Rupert Smith paused before the door of a house, situated at the western end of Bristol Street. On the door was a large brass plate, having "Mrs. Mutimer" engraved upon it in imposing letters. There was no light or sign of life in any of the windows.

Mr. Rupert Smith, however, clearly felt certain that his arrival was expected in the house, and that some one was waiting in the parlour to give him admission; for

when he ascended the steps, he gave three light taps with his cane to the nearest pane of the nearest parlour window.

In a trice there were sounds of movement in the room, a rattling of shutters, a gleam of light across the area, and then three knocks with a little knuckle on the interior side of the same pane to which the three preceding taps had been administered.

Signal having been thus answered with counter-signal, Mr. Rupert Smith tapped the pane again, and then, taking off his hat, made a courtly bow.

In less than half a minute, candle-light broke through the window over the street-door, bolts were drawn, key turned, and chain unfastened. Then the door itself was opened a few inches, and a girl's soft voice inquired from within, "Is it you, then, Mr. Smith, after all?"

"Certainly, Kitty; who else should it be?" was the answer. "Let me in."

The owner of the girl's soft voice complied, admitting the visitor, and allowing him to close the door after him, and follow her into the parlour.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. MUTIMER'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

SHE was young—certainly not more than sixteen years of age; small in stature, perhaps five feet and one inch high; perfect in form—so graceful that no sculptor's eye could have rested on her, dressed as she then was in a dingy morning costume, which concealed the whiteness of her shoulders and arms, without discerning the rare beauty of her figure; winning, but not faultlessly beautiful in face, too prominent, if not too plump, as to the curves of her bloodless and almost tawny cheeks—somewhat over large in chin and lower jaw; a twentieth part of an inch too short as to her straight and rather broad nose—but still in every line of her countenance piquant and striking. Her lips were small and well-formed, pouting slightly when they were at rest, and displaying an excellent set of white, even teeth, when they were in motion; her eyes were large and dark, by their varying brightness singularly expressive of merriment, anger, mischief, but in no way indicating, as many eyes do, the higher qualities of intellect or moral disposition; and her fine, rich, black-brown hair was drawn from an ample but not obtrusive forehead in soft theady skeins into a crop of ringlets. This was Kitty Kent; and readers, although they may find it difficult to comply with the request, are asked to accept this rather minute description of her far from common-place appearance, and at the same time to recollect that in the summer of 1846 she was not a young woman, not even "a girl," as that term is applied to young ladies just emancipated from the school-room, but merely a gay, forward, precocious, talkative child, whom no one would have thought of addressing or regarding as anything but a child. A very knowing, a fearfully worldly-wise child she was.

"Where is grandmamma, my peerless Kitty?" inquired Rupert, giving the girl a kiss on her forehead, when they stood together in the parlour—a long, ill-shaped, dirty room, badly furnished with an antiquated dining-table, eight or ten shabby chairs, a dilapidated horse-hair sofa, evincing unmistakable symptom of

paralysis in the legs, and collapse in the seat; a carpet whose Kidderminster basis was so overlaid with patchings of drugget and felt, and coatings of oil-cloth matting that the most experienced appraiser of upholstery would have been unable to classify it accurately; two water-colour pictures of cathedrals (names unknown), which must long since have tumbled to ruins, if the artist may be credited with having done justice to their architectural features; a portrait, in oils, of the late Professor Mutimer, M.D., of Heidelberg, and Anatomical Lecturer at the Bristol Street School of Medicine; and a straight, high, lean, rheumatic hybrid article of furniture—composed of a cupboard at the bottom, wherein Mrs. Mutimer kept her current gin, lump sugar, tea, and other domestic necessities; and of half a dozen shelves above the cupboard, stored with two dusty peerages of the last century, a dog-eared and incomplete set of the Waverley Novels, and a brilliant, bran-new, super-gilt volume, which two days before had made its first entrance into a circulating library not far from Tottenham Court Road. Shall mention be made of a certain square foot of looking-glass over the fireplace, on the dull surface and tarnished yellow frame of which flies of countless generations had left evidences of their existence? Is it necessary to put in the inventory a lacquered card-tray, full of uncanceled milk-scores; a grubby album, containing the poetical outpourings of Mrs. Mutimer's long-lost admirers; a pile of old piano music, for her rendering of which Mrs. Mutimer had, half a century before, earned applause, still remembered by herself; and divers other items of rubbish which a scrutinising visitor might have noticed in the room?

"Grandmamma has gone to *lay down*," replied Kitty, receiving her visitor and her visitor's kiss with composure, as she answered his inquiry with a noteworthy offence against the English language. "She had almost given you up, it is so late; but I said I would give you another half-hour's law. But sit down, Mr. Smith. I'll go fetch her; for it will do her good to see you."

"Be quick, Miss Kitty, I have some medicine that will do her good."

"She isn't ill," returned Kitty with a look of surprise, raising the long-lashed lids of her dark eyes; "she's only worried."

"Kitty mine, you're mistaken, your dear grandmamma is ill, very ill. Breaking away from a friend half an hour since, in order that I might call on Mrs. Mutimer, I said I was going to sit an hour with a sick friend. So Mrs. Mutimer must be sick. Anyhow you must regard her as an invalid, or think of me as one who has slightly deviated from the path of truth. There's your alternative, my charming infant. But the simple fact is, your grandmother is very ill."

"What's the matter with her?"

"A malady which afflicts me also; only in my case it is intermittent, in poor grandmamma's remittent. In nosology, my pet, intermission signifies a complete though temporary cessation of morbid action; whilst remission signifies a periodic abatement, nothing more than a diminution, of suffering. Your friend Rupert for months together enjoys the sensations of perfect health, whilst your poor grandmamma is continually

more or less on the rack. My paroxysms are very severe whilst they last; and, unfortunately for me, they have during the last three years increased in frequency. I had an unusually sharp attack on the 26th of May last, which has lasted almost to the present time. Natural chagrin, not to say disgust, at the success of a man on Epsom Heath, laid me prostrate for many days; but thank Heaven, I am myself again. I procured recently a liberal supply of the only medicine which gives repose to those afflicted with my complaint, and I shall dine to-morrow with a good, though fastidious, appetite."

"You are *queering* and quizzing me, I suppose, Mr. Smith," answered Kitty angrily. "Why should you laugh at us, if we are poor? It's true you help us."

"*Queering*, Kitty, is not pure English: it grates upon my refined ear; dismiss it from your vocabulary. And why, I pray you, shouldn't we poor people laugh at each other's poverty? The amusement is cheap (at most, it only costs a little pain, which, in the nature of things, the jester doesn't pay), and the subject is fruitful of topics for jest. What better field for humour is there than the shifts of genteel penury? If I see a man enter a drawing-room with muddy boots, and I know he would have ridden to the party in a cab, could he have afforded to hire one, of course I smile, and say, 'Then it is wet out of doors!' Why shouldn't I, since I have all the fun, and he pays all the pain? Why, missy, when they had the wedding at No. 22, and kept a livery servant for at least ten hours, didn't you burst out laughing at discovering that the feudal retainer was the greengrocer from round the corner? I remember your laughter, and very sweet music it was!"

"I wouldn't have laughed if they could have heard me, and known that I was laughing at them," was Kitty's answer, made with equal earnestness and truth.

"Well, well, Kitty," replied Mr. Rupert Smith in a more endearing tone, "I am not the most cruel fellow in the country, although I sometimes make fun of my friends' troubles, when I can lighten them. I am playful about grandmamma's illness, because I alleviate it for a few days. I wish I could make a perfect cure of her, but that can't be; she's too old and had a subject for that. To the end of her days she must endure her paroxysms, and betwixt them drag on existence under an unpleasant certainty that the worst of them may be upon her without a minute's warning. Now it'll be the grocer paroxysm, now the baker paroxysm, now the butcher paroxysm, and in turn every paroxysm that occurs in the frightful malady, known as *chronic impecuniosity*. At present she's groaning under a spasm of taxes, the paroxysm which, of all paroxysms, demands instant and sovereign remedies. But why should I talk of taxes to you? What can a child know about them?"

"More than you think, or care to think," answered the child quickly and bitterly.

The large dark eyes flashed, and then burned with a steady brilliance, as she continued, "Grandmamma's wretched, painful, sickening poverty is mine as well as hers, and I can feel it as any child can feel disgrace, as any grown woman withers under shame. Since she was a lady and Grandpapa Mutimer a gentleman, since my mamma was a lady, and the wife of a gentleman, why am I not a lady?"

The child shut her right hand into the prettiest imaginable little ball of a fist, and jerked it forward with a quick, impetuous demonstration of vehemence, as she put the question. The display of emotion was at the same time comical and pathetic; and as Mr. Rupert Smith lolled back on the rickety sofa—of which he had taken possession during the foregoing conversation—he was surprised and pleasantly entertained.

"Why are you not a lady? For one reason, because you are not old enough," he observed coolly, with the amiable intention of provoking her still further.

"I am older than you think, much older. A life such as I lead is enough to make any girl a woman," replied the girl, breathing fast, but speaking distinctly, though she was nearly crying from excitement. "What am I to do when grandmamma dies? for though she rarely talks of dying, and doesn't like to talk about death, and won't even look out of the window when a funeral passes down the street, she can't live long. People of her age don't live for ever. Well what am I to do, when she is gone? Starvation and rags may be very good fun for gentlemen to laugh at, but you wouldn't have me laugh at my own rags, would you?"

As she uttered the last words, the child glanced down contemptuously at her own dress, which was of an old fashion, much worn, too short for her (although by the candle-light it was discernible that it had been, on two occasions, "let down"), by no means such a dress as a vain girl (and Kitty Kent was almost as vain as Mr. Rupert Smith) would find pleasure in wearing.

"Wait a wee, Kitty," answered Mr. Rupert Smith, "and you'll find plenty to do one of these fine days. By my word, you are older than I took you for; but you can still wait a little longer."

"I say," continued Kitty; "what can I do? I can't play, or read French and German, or even dance, as the girls in the houses opposite, and in novels, do. I can't draw or paint. It would be simply ridiculous in me to try and be a governess; I am fit only to teach the very littlest of children, for I can read nothing but English; and if I offered myself as a nursery governess, I could scarcely engage to mend the children's clothes; and, moreover, it would kill me to be a governess."

"Clearly you've troubled yourself about this before?" inquired her companion.

"Of course, of course, I have."

"Perhaps, Kitty," rejoined Mr. Rupert, speaking in his kindest manner, and without any apparent touch of irony or levity, "you'll not have to earn your own living at all, but will find some rich man to marry you, or at least a man who knows how to earn a good income. I have heard of girls who had no fortunes, and yet found gallant knights. Such a girl as you, even without fortune, may say 'No' to impertinent wooers, with the full certainty she'll encounter a suitable lover before she has travelled far onwards on life's journey."

His words, as they appear on paper, seem jocose and trifling—the language of an insolent flatterer; but as they came from his lips, uttered in a voice of gentle, cheering, but grave persuasion, and sank into the heart of a silly, quick-witted, precocious, and very vain girl, to whom flattery was a delicious treat, they were the first seeds of that pernicious influence which the

speaker subsequently exercised over the simple, foolish listener.

"But how should I marry, Mr. Rupert," inquired the child, greatly delighted, and strongly disposed to protract conversation on so agreeable a topic, "when I have no toilette, no maid, no carriage, no chaperon, no *entrée* into society? Who is there to take me about? You wouldn't have grandmamma introduce me? Poor old granny!"

Mr. Rupert Smith smiled, as he well might, at the magnificence of this last speech, in which he recognised a droll though unintended imitation of the venerable Mrs. Mutimer's high and lofty style, and marked the extent to which Kitty trusted novels for her knowledge of life. It is note-worthy that though Kitty could not read French, she had achieved a close approximation to the right pronunciation of various French words and phrases with which inferior novels of a "sensational" character are liberally garnished.

"Well, you certainly are not quite ready for fashionable life yet," continued Mr. Rupert, speaking more tenderly even than before, and very much more impressively. "But mind me, dear, when I promise to be a good friend to you. I knew you first when you were a little, grinning, mischievous elf; and I seem to have grown old, when I recall what you were eight years since, and compare the recollection with the fine girl who stands before me; though, after all, I question if I am much more than ten years your senior. Perhaps you question Mr. Rupert Smith's power to help you?"

He gazed keenly into her eyes as he put the question.

"No, no, I do not; indeed, I do not. I know you are somebody more particular than ordinary," the child blurted out. "Grandmamma has often told me you always were altogether above such people as live in Bristol Street, and that you are quite a fashionable, and may be a much greater man still, only there is some mystery to be cleared up first."

"Indeed; grandmamma has told you that, has she?" asked Mr. Rupert, drily. "Did she tell you anything more?"

"No, no, Mr. Rupert; and what she did say was no more than what she fancied and believed; not what she knew," answered Kitty, blushing with confusion as it suddenly occurred that gratitude might have betrayed her into an excess of communicativeness to her patron.

"No matter, Kitty; don't be frightened. You've not said too much," returned Mr. Rupert, discerning the cause of her confusion, and at once removing it; "and that you may see I did not speak too fast, let me tell you what I have done this very day. I was walking up Regent Street this very afternoon, when I saw a bonnet and walking-dress, and a few other little trifles, which I thought would exactly suit you. So I bought them, and ordered them to be sent here to-morrow. I thought it better that they should not arrive in Bristol Street, till I had asked Mrs. Mutimer's permission to make you the little present."

"Oh, how very, very kind!" cried Kitty, clapping her hands; "tell me about them. What are they? what's the bonnet like? what's the colour of the walking dress? Do tell me."

"Not now; it's time for you to call Mrs. Mutimer."

"I'll be off," cried the girl; and then reverting to the gifts which would arrive on the following day, she exclaimed exultingly, "It'll be delicious. I shall be able to go to church next Sunday."

"You like to go to church, then?"

"All girls like to go to church," was the answer, made in pure sincerity and without any irreverent intention; "and I dare say I like to go as well as any of the rest of them. But I do declare to you, Mr. Rupert, I haven't been able to go to church for weeks, because I have had no new summer things this year, and so I haven't a strip of anything decent to show myself in."

"All right, Kitty; it's my opinion that many pretty damsels and splendid ladies attend church for the sake of showing themselves. I wonder if they remember to say their prayers."

"Of course they do, Mr. Rupert. We look at each other as we walk out, and down the street. And you can hardly believe how I tremble in my shoes when I am an object not fit to be seen, though hundreds of eyes are staring at me. If a girl goes to church dressed like a poor child, instead of a young lady, no pew-opener ever dreams of giving her a seat till she has stood out both lessons; and that isn't exactly pleasant. I can tell you when a lady stands, waiting to be shown to a seat, with all the gentlemen looking at her over their prayer-books, she thinks very lowly of herself."

"Charmingly expressed, Kitty. There, you nut-brown minx, be off for Mrs. Mutimer, or I won't kiss you when I go away."

Whereupon Kitty tripped away laughing joyously—having completely dismissed the cares which weighed on her so heavily a few minutes before. What was it to her how she should get a living after her grandmother's death, now that she had a new bonnet and walking-dress put before her in the nearer future?

And when the door had closed on her light, nimble little person, Mr. Rupert Smith—still lolling upon the rickety old sofa—mused with anxious tenderness, almost amounting to parental solicitude, on the unfavourable circumstances that surrounded the volatile, frivolous girl, whose very peculiar style of beauty he had been watching for several minutes past with artistic judgment and critical satisfaction.

"If I had the forming of that young piliat creature," thought the graceless Mr. Rupert Smith with his usual self-complacency, "I would make of her something out of the ordinary way. She has come on prodigiously of late; and 'tis a thousand pities that her education has been so neglected. Something must be done for the aesthetic side of her nature. Of course the time has passed for teaching her to sing, or making her a musician; still she ought without delay to be instructed in dancing, and her taste in dress should be judiciously fostered and directed. A few pounds spent on French lessons would not be thrown away: and I might personally render her some assistance in directing her what books to read. She ought to make acquaintance, through translations, with certain French writers; and I don't doubt I could lead her on to appreciate Byron and Shelley. This matter must be looked to, and looked to

by me; for somehow or other I feel as though I stood to her *in loco parentis*."

By this time my readers will have formed their opinions of Mr. Rupert Smith's *fitness* to mould an English girl's mind!

(To be continued.)

DOES THE PHYSICAL UNIVERSE PROCLAIM THE BEING OF A GOD?

If we examine the globe we inhabit with any degree of attention, we perceive its mighty surface diversified with mountain and plain, with ocean and forest, and teeming with animal and vegetable life; its exterior surrounded with an atmospheric envelope of subtle character, in which and by which all life is sustained, and without which universal death would reign upon the entire surface of the earth.

We find our globe accompanied in its flight through space by another of smaller dimensions, and that each is related to the other by bonds which are never severed. These associated worlds are in their turn linked to a vast central orb, from which they derive their light, and heat, and life. Conjoined with these, and linked to the same grand centre, we behold a great multitude of orbs, vast in their proportions, diverse in form, differing in mass—all, however, obedient to one all-pervading law, and all moving, with the most astonishing harmony, within the regions of space prescribed by this all-prevalent law. Lifting our eyes above this mighty scheme of revolving worlds, we behold the starry heavens. Each glittering point is doubtless but a repetition of the system with which we are specifically allied. These by aggregations again form grander cycles: clusterings of suns and systems which people the boundless regions of space, ranging in wonderful and overwhelming perspective, as far as human vision, assisted by the most powerful optic aid, can penetrate the unmeasurable domain of space. Throughout this boundless universe we perceive that the most perfect harmony prevails—each one of the countless myriads of worlds moving with swift velocity in its appointed circuit, swaying and being swayed, but ever keeping its appointed orbit, and performing with strict precision its admirable revolution. There is no confusion, no jarring of contending worlds, no collisions of flying orbs to disturb the harmony of heaven.

Such is the celestial mechanism; admirable in its perfection, boundless in its dimensions, overwhelming in its diversity, countless in its

myriads of parts, and yet one mighty unit, for whose structure and being we are called upon to account.

The human mind has, thus far, framed but three hypotheses, to resolve the enigma of this stupendous universe:—

1. It has been conceived that the universe is eternal, without beginning and without end.

2. A second hypothesis demands the eternity of matter, and attributes the laws of the universe to blind fate or chance.

3. A third hypothesis ascribes the universe to the creation of an Eternal Mind, omnipotent, omniscient, filling with his presence the universe, and upholding all things at every instant by his almighty will.

These three hypotheses now demand our careful philosophic and unprejudiced examination. Let no one be startled at the boldness of this discussion. Truth is mighty and must prevail.

We commence, then, with the first hypothesis. It is asserted by some that the universe is eternal; that the same sun which now vivifies the earth has ever poured upon it its flood of light; that the same moon which now sways the ocean tide has ever circled round the earth; that the same heavens which now blaze upon the sight have ever shone with the same effulgence, and shall ever shine throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity; that the generations of earth perish, and are reproduced, and have been ever perishing and being reproduced from all eternity. If the earth be eternal, then is its physical constitution eternal, its animal and vegetable life eternal in series, and man in his generations must in like manner be pronounced eternal. In the decision of these fundamental questions, we are not left to mere conjecture. It may be asserted that the planets are eternal, and reason may fail to disprove the bold assertion; but science has read, with keen and penetrating glance, the past history of the revolutions of the surface of our globe. Go to the naturalist and the geologist, and they will unfold to you the rocky leaves of the earth's primeval history. They will carry you backward by slow degrees, through a vast series of vegetable and animal existence, until a point is reached, in this grand investigation, where science plants her foot on the primitive rock, and declares that here is an existence anterior to every form of animal or vegetable life. This planet, indeed, then existed; but on its surface surged a boundless, interminable ocean, without shore, without life. Here, then, we reach a most wonderful era. After the deposition of these primitive rocks came a series of phenomena more startling and stupendous than even the generation of the orbs of heaven. Life—that mystery of mysteries!—bursts upon the universe. Life is the offspring of time. In the fulness of

time, the tender plant, the drooping flower, a teeming vegetation, burst upon the world. These are not eternal; backward we trace their sources from age to age remote, until we stand at a point anterior to all such existence, and pronounce unhesitatingly, Here is the beginning. If this be true of vegetable life, it is more emphatically true of animal existence. This, too, in all its classes, orders, species, and generations, is the offspring of time. Deeply bound in the solid rocks of earth, we trace its existence from age to age, until the series is exhausted, and we again pronounce, Here is the beginning; at this point sentient being first inhaled the breath of life; at this point the eye first beheld the beauties of primeval Nature, and the appetite first sought to satisfy its cravings from the luxuriant bosom of the mother of all life. Once more we pronounce positively, that man is the offspring of time. He cannot assert the smallest claim to an eternity past.

No matter, however, where or in what point we place the beginning of our race, this beginning occurs within the period we call time, and after every other form of life which marks the surface of our globe.

But all life is linked with the physical constitution of the earth. The atmosphere is as much a portion of the planet as the solid parts. This atmosphere is the vital fluid on which all animated Nature depends. Sweep this covering from the earth, and universal Death sways his empire over all things.

Again, life depends on organic condition, and the productions of earth give life to the myriads which inhabit her surface. Strike these laws of vivified production from existence, and all animated Nature dies. But life is linked, in like manner, to the sun. Shut out his beams, the source of all heat and motion, and life soon languishes; decay, darkness, and death are again triumphant.

Thus it will be seen that even in the order of Nature, as exhibited in one single dependent world, it is utterly impossible to assert an eternity of being, or an endless and interminable succession of events. Man is not eternal; animal life is not eternal; vegetable existence is not eternal. These all had a beginning, and we, therefore, are driven from our first hypothesis.

We now reach the consideration of the second hypothesis: That the matter of the physical universe is eternal, and that the existent organisation is attributable to *fate* or *chance*. We shall, therefore, examine this hypothesis, that the existent order of things is the offspring of chance.

The organisation of the universe is exceedingly complex, although subjected to the action of one universal law. No one body in space is isolated or independent; each and every one is linked to

all others, and a reciprocal influence is exerted through the boundless regions of space. Even the subordinate organisations are complex. Take, for example, the system of planets and satellites dependent on our sun. Here is a celestial mechanism of astonishing complexity, yet of admirable order and beauty. Examine, for a moment, the multitude of concurring accidents required to produce one such system, and to hold it steady in all the innumerable configurations of its revolving orbs. We call on accident or chance to account for the selection of the law of universal gravitation, of the laws of motion, of the figures of the planets, of the direction of their motions, of the courses of their orbits, of their relative positions, of their relative masses, of their relative distances. We call on chance to adapt the physical constitution of our globe, to the sustentation of animal and vegetable life. We are obliged to demand of chance the structure of the human frame, and all its multiplied adaptations to the circumstances by which it is surrounded. But this is all demanded in one single system. But we rise still higher to the contemplation of double and multiple suns, and yet higher to the mighty clusters of stars, and these, remember, are all to be regarded as brought into being by chance, and all of them accidentally arranged for a perpetuity.

Let us admit, for the sake of the argument, that by chance the orbs of heaven were formed, by chance they assumed their present figure, by chance they came to attract each other, according to the inverse square of their distances, by chance the subordinate planets are hurled into space, by chance these planets select their present beautiful orbits, by chance these orbits are so located as to exclude the possibility of interference—by chance, in short, all the subordinate organisations are completed around the innumerable suns, which now, by chance, fill the capacious domains of space. All this is admitted, and now we demand of this same chance to account for the present distribution of these stars of heaven. Are they the result of accident, or does mathematical demonstration show them to be grouped by some power superior to accident or chance?

The demonstration is clear and positive, that these groupings of stars cannot be the effect of accident, but must be the result of some superior overruling law or power. The universe is not, then, an accidental arrangement of matter. Reason forbids the adoption of such an hypothesis. There is, therefore, but one remaining hypothesis for examination.

To this we invite your attention—the most sublime, the most comprehensive, the most dignified and far-reaching of the three. What, then, does this third hypothesis affirm? It affirms that the existent universe, in all its

diversified and multitudinous parts, is an effect dependent upon, and deriving its being from, a great First Cause. That this cause is external, pre-existent, sentient, and omnipotent, competent to call into being the universe of matter, to endow this created matter with certain qualities and properties, to select with wisdom from among an infinity of laws those alone adequate to the government of a universe, with power to enforce eternally the administration of these laws. In short, this hypothesis asserts that this primeval cause is an infinite and eternal order-loving, ever-active God. Such, then, is the amazing proposition we are called upon to discuss.

Let us, then, if it be possible, permit our imaginations to wander backward through the silent ages of the past, until we reach an epoch so remote that we stand in the midst of untenanted space. The wide universe is nothing but unbounded, limitless vacuity. There is room for a universe, but as yet no particle of the myriads which are to people space have any existence. And now conceive, if you can, of the generation of the first particle of matter; there it is in the midst of darkness unfathomable, surrounded by boundless vacuity. Left to itself, what is to become of this solitary particle? Shall it remain for ever fixed, immovable in the same absolute point of space? Shall it move when there is no motion? Shall it sink when there is neither height nor depth? Whither shall it go? Or, left to itself, what mind can conceive the destiny of this primeval atom of infinity? Here it would seem that in the very outset, in the very birth of matter, mind is imperiously demanded to endure matter with the attributes of existence. Look at this inert, lifeless, senseless, motionless particle of matter; surround it by myriads on myriads as dull and insensate as itself, and how utterly inconsistent is it, with all the attributes of reason, to conceive that such a mass can of itself give to itself qualities and properties; construct itself into complex schemes, and flying worlds, and wondrous systems; fill these worlds with life, and light, and beauty; and, above all, people them with intelligences, capable of penetrating the profound mysteries of the universe. We are forced away from such an absurdity: against it reason rebels. Matter, then, has no power. In vain do we seek within it for the secret of its existence. To the inquiry, Whence come its attributes? it yields no response, because it has no response to yield; and the fact of motion imparted to matter, which must arise from an extraneous source, at once proclaims the being of a God.

In vain, then, do we seek any organisation, however defective, without a God.

(To be continued in our next.)

A VOICE FROM THE GALLEYS.

BY A DESCENDANT OF THE MARTYRS.

III.—THE BLESSING.

WE know of old that the ways of our God are mysterious ways, and that he, though wise and merciful, often baffles all our thoughts. And truly the pages of history are like a grand drama of his unsearchable dealings.

On a brilliant throne, surrounded by a gorgeous court, sits a king whose heart, whatever deceiving or deceived writers may affirm, is cruel and profligate; and yet his life is a rich feast of human bliss. Victory goes hand in hand with his armies. Science and poetry, with unparalleled beauty, reflect upon his brow the rays of their glory. Throughout his realm, improvement, steady in its march, sheds on every side its blessed benefits.

In the length and breadth of his kingdom, noble-hearted Christians show forth in their life the sanctifying power of our faith. They are so humble, though so grand in their integrity and moral worth—these children of the French reformation. Their homes are embalmed with the fragrance of high tone and affection. In their intercourse with their fellow-creatures, uprightness is their unswerving rule of conduct.

And how are they treated?

Their homes are turned by merciless dragoons into scenes of disgusting mirth. Their wives, when they are not called upon to weep tears of despair over their lost chastity, are insulted, pelted, thrown into dark and noisome prisons, and their very children are snatched from the bosom of their parents. And I affirm, from the most accredited records, that in the persecution of the French Huguenots one would almost fancy that all the vials of persecution, trials, and desolation are poured out upon these holy disciples of Christ.

And what a contrast between these pictures! That wicked tyrant, successful, prosperous, happy; these brave Protestant subjects of his, loaded with chains, racked, burnt, tortured. But these are the secret things of God; and if that secret is not uncovered here below, I know that one day, glowing with light and love, it will tell a tale of supreme wisdom and mercy.

Often, in this moving world of ours, the sky at once becomes stormy and dark. Over our heads, clouds—fantastic, frightful clouds—unfurl their black mantle. On the far horizon, peals after peals of thunder break upon the mournful silence of the earth. From south to north, and east to west, the bright blue lightning lashes the rolling clouds, and we anticipate, in breathless awe, the desolations of a terrific tempest. But awhile, and the thunder seems to grow fainter and fainter in yonder realms; the rays of a fresh light, here and there, peep through the deep dark skies, and a gentle, life-giving rain descends upon the parched earth.

And the same it is in the moral history of the world. There, also, the sky is often ploughed by deep, black, unsearchable clouds. We look anxiously for a raging storm, and in silence and fear we bow our heads; perhaps we whisper murmurs of despondency and irritation against the ways of his wisdom and his dealings with his people.

But what of God and his never-failing power and mercy?

Behind the unsearchable clouds, he is at work at his plans of supreme goodness. And when the hour is come—the hour best fitted for the display of his glory and the welfare of his Church—he comes forth in the majesty of his love, to revive and crown his truth with new victories.

At the beginning of this recital, you were, gentle reader, so kind as to come and visit with me a wretched French prison. No doubt you will find it more pleasant to follow me to Chelsea, the once fashionable suburb of your never-ending metropolis.

There, in former days, stood a modest French Huguenot temple. Next door was the humble parsonage. Let us knock—gently, but *sans cérémonie*. A venerable gentleman receives us with that charming cordiality for which, as you know, our French friends are proverbial. His whole appearance speaks the ex-Roman Catholic. However, we both soon feel at home, and chat as if our friendship had been of long duration. I must beg leave, now, to relate a part of our conversation.

"Brother," said the former chaplain of the galley *La Superbe*, "once I was the rector of a country parish. Ardent by temperament, rather eccentric in my views, I exchanged the quiet life of a village pastor for the arduous task of a galley chaplain.

"When I reached my new sphere of duties, I was horror-struck at hearing that most of the convicts were Protestants. Now, don't wonder at this. Brought up, as I had been, with the idea that they were the foes of God and man, the very vermin of the earth, was it not natural that I should thus feel?"

"Most natural," I replied.

"As soon as I was amongst them, I endeavoured, with the best intention and the purest motives, to bring them to the bosom of my Church. At first, my intercourse with them was characterised by great kindness. Convinced that gentle dealings tell more upon the heart than harsh and severe measures, I exerted myself to the utmost of my power to soothe their griefs and better their sad condition. To this day, I remember with thankfulness many instances in which their life, by my interference, was somewhat improved. All this, however, was in vain: the Huguenot convicts remained faithful to their principles.

"I then altered the character of my intercourse with them. Bent upon snatching those immortal beings from their dangerous ways, I entered on a life of constant, regular, and systematic persecution. It became my constant employ to add fresh weight to their chains, make their labours more harassing, and see that our galley discipline was enforced upon them in all its rigour. In fact, I worked with all my might to turn every one, from the captain to the lowest Moorish slave, into a merciless persecutor. But in vain. These manly Christians stood steadfast, suffered, and even died; but, to a man, baffled my cruel endeavours."

"But has a chaplain so much power as all this?" was asked.

"Why, brother, a chaplain, in those days, was invested with a religious *prestige*, which made him the first authority in a galley. An instance will explain to you what I mean.

"On our galley, *La Superbe*, was a Protestant youth called Fabre. Never have I met such a brave and manly heart. Though born in the low ranks of society, his deep blue and keen eye, his large and open forehead, the whole of his demeanour told the tale of a noble soul. He was kind, gentle, steady, but a staunch Protestant. How I like to think now of his sweet and unassuming piety. May God bless him! May God bless him!" said, with great fervour, the Huguenot pastor of Chelsea.

"I felt," continued he, "a peculiar liking for the youth. His history, which I knew, had, I dare say, a good deal to do with these feelings of mine. No crime, no moral cause had brought him amongst the slaves; he was there through mere love for his father.

"One day, as they were both returning from a religious meeting, dragoons, concealed behind the hedges, suddenly fell upon them. They fly at full speed. The father soon is overtaken by the blood-thirsty soldiers. His son sees it. At once he runs to the rescue of his aged parent. But what can he do, he alone, against a company of infuriated armed men? Well, he prays them, he conjures them to take him in lieu of his father. He cannot, he will not consent to his being dragged in chains to the far-distant galleys. This is not the place for the dear, worn-out limbs. His youthful and robust frame is alone fit for the tear and wear of such labour. And he will go. Again he so fervently supplicates, upon his knees, the captain, that, at last, his request is granted. Oh! what a look of proud love and grief must the poor father have cast upon his noble lad, when he saw him carried away by the unfeeling soldiers!

"At Nismes, a town then governed by the execrable Earl de Baviile, he was sentenced, for that crime, to be confined to the galleys.

"That tale of unselfish love I knew, and it inspired me with great esteem and affection for the young Huguenot. My whole heart was bent upon his conversion. I talked to him; I argued with him; I followed him as his shadow, with the most assiduous kindness. I thought of him in my prayers—all in vain—nothing moved him. Though grateful for my trouble and kindness, he seemed, if anything, more imbued with his faith and principles.

"What was I to do? Methought, a kind surgeon, to save a precious life, at times inflicts great sufferings. Why should I not do the same? Is it not better that young Fabre should suffer here below and be saved in the next world? And with these impressions I resolved upon a plan of open and cruel persecution.

"You see, brother, fanaticism is a vampire; it sucks the best blood from our heart, it freezes our conscience, so that we do, under its influence, things of which the mere thought would make us blush, were we free from its satanic fascination.

"The brave lad, as already observed, was a steady, conscientious Protestant. Never, and for no reason, would he do any act which might be construed into a violation of principles. For instance, when the mass was said on the galley, he neither uncovered his head nor knelt, though required to do so by the convicts' discipline.

"One day, while at public prayers, I observed Fabre, well behaved in truth, but not on his knees as the other slaves. When the religious service

was over, I went and complained to the captain, who, at my request, ordered the young Huguenot to be brutally punished. And the cruel deed was done. Two black slaves took hold of the youth, stripped him of his clothes, stretched him on a bench, and then, with a rope dipped in tar, furiously lashed his body, tearing his flesh to pieces, covering him with blood.

"And he, brave lad, he neither uttered a cry, nor whispered a murmur, nor said a word; but, his limbs quivering with tortures, he rose and walked to the hospital to have his wounds dressed.

"On the same night, while the *Superbe* was gliding away on the blue waves of the sea, I tried to look from my solitary cabin to the sky and its thousand glittering stars; but I could not. I fixed my eyes upon my book containing the recital of ancient deeds of faith; but I could not read. I sought to refresh my spirits with the remembrance of the sweet scenes of my home; but in vain. I was uneasy, restless, wretched. Young Fabre was there, always before me, with his quivering limbs, his mangled body, his pale face. Wherever I cast my eyes, I met his; and those eyes had no look of reproach or anger, and they were so gentle, so full of pardon and love. Oh! those eyes, I shall never forget them!

"As awakening from a slumber, the thought rushed upon me: Is this youth a prey to delusion? Can heresy produce so noble a heart, so steady a life?

"And I cried to God for light; and from that hour, brother, my mind was blessed with a new vision of the truth, such as it is in Jesus. Day after day I had a clearer insight into the errors of my own creed, and, by God's grace, I was enabled to give up my position, and enlist under the banner of our Saviour."

History tells us what the pastor of Chelsea could not say. After a few months of anxious and prayerful inquiries, he left the Church of Rome. No longer safe in the land of his fathers, he fled to Geneva, where he followed a course of theological studies, and was ordained. Hence he was appointed pastor of the Huguenot Church of Chelsea, the duties of which he fulfilled with the zeal and devotedness of an apostle.

And there, also, his pen and tongue were busily at work in behalf of our convict martyrs. He laid an unvarnished tale of their trials and sufferings before the horror-stricken public. His voice reached even the ears of kings on their thrones. Ambassadors were ordered to interfere; and, at last, under the pressure of universal indignation, the brave martyrs of the Reformation were set at liberty. But who can say whether the pen of the Chelsea pastor was not the instrument with which God broke asunder the chains of our blessed Huguenots?

IV.—A VOICE OF GRATITUDE.

The Huguenot convicts in the galleys are, I say, the grand preachers of their age.

In that century Europe was a furnace of struggles and wars, amidst which the feeble voice of the Church was lost as the faint murmur of the brook in the roarings of a tempest. But the voice of manly-endured sufferings could not but be heard. And what was the theme of this their voice? Why,

it proclaims loud and wide the power of Biblical faith.

So appalling is their condition that it truly baffles all description. I can understand a martyrdom which lasts from sunrise to sunset. Nay, I do not wonder at the Christian in the arena, or on the burning pile and the scaffold: an hour, one day, is so soon gone! But this martyrdom on the galleys, which begins at morn, goes on to the dusk of eve, continues during the silent watches of night, to commence next day its unabated fury, and this for weeks, months, nay, for years—such a martyrdom, in truth, belies my views of the frailty and weakness of man. And who gave the blessed Huguenots the power to bear this undying agony? Who made them the brave knights of perseverance and fidelity? Who renewed their limbs when they felt harassed, bewildered, almost maddened to despair? Their faith in the truths of their Bible. They received the word as the Word of the Lord, they trusted in him, and took courage.

And this is a precious lesson, gentle reader, which we must cherish and never forget.

The tale of the sufferings of the Huguenots teaches another lesson, which I beg leave to recall to your mind.

In whose hand, I ask, was the pen which signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? who ordered the hammer of destruction to be raised against one thousand temples? who let loose bloody dragoons upon Christian peaceful homes? who severed the husband from his wife, the children from their mother? who dragged to the galleys, or drove into exile, thousands of the best men of the earth?

In whose hands was that guilty pen?

With calm but deliberate conviction, I answer: "That pen was in the hands of Rome."

And Rome is now the same: what it was in those days of torture and blood, the same it is in these days of ours. It does not change, it cannot change, it will never change. It will be always the foe of man, the foe of social improvement, the foe of the press, the foe of freedom, the foe of the Bible.

And it is in the nineteenth century, as in past ages, the sunken black rock which must prove fatal, if not blasted, to modern civilisation. Oh! shame upon that senseless spirit of latitudinarianism which speaks of an improved Popery! No, it is not improved, it cannot improve! And is this lying delusion to be heard in these days of ours—when the child Mortara is stolen from his mother's bosom? and when in high quarters, from the Pope's palace, curses are poured upon the generous efforts of a fine nation who wants to be free, and who, God willing, shall be free? when every fabrication that ingenuity can devise is devised to make the Italians distrust their king? Popery improved! and who dares to say so, with his eyes fixed upon the mean part it *now* plays, and which, in truth, would be a most contemptible comedy if the whole peace of Europe was not at stake?

But, lo! before my eyes passes a sweet vision of days not far distant. The still and small voice of the Gospel whispers its heavenly music amongst the dry bones of Rome's slaves. And, lo! they awaken from their degrading slumber; and they listen, and they think, and, strengthened by God's power, they break asunder their chains; and, glory to the Lord, Popery is no more!

Gentle reader, I ask it with reverence and awe,

shall we forget that it depends much upon us, with the Divine blessing, to hasten and realise that sweet vision? Now, the contest is fairly begun; the enemy has girdled his loins, and proudly defies the children of God. And the Church, leaning upon the Almighty arm, will say, "Lo! we come!" and from her tents I see large bands sally forth to the field of battle. There I see our brave youths, with their stout hearts and generous aspirations; our aged and wise sires, with their mature experience; and our loved maidens, too, with their unselfish affections. They all come, determined but not fierce—ready for the sacrifice, but humble and believing. They are no sneaking marauders, who want to steal other people's freedom. They are not bent upon nailing the awful evils of despotism and superstition upon their neighbour's land. They have neither call nor wish to fasten the chains of deceived nations. They have not sworn to keep Europe upon the blazing crater of fear and anxiety. No; they are a band of peace and love. Their weapons are neither the murderous cannon nor the bloody steel. They will be nothing else but doers of deeds of charity, the gallant knights of prayer; and, as one man, rich and poor, high and low, united in a holy brotherhood, they shall wrestle, in sweet and fervent prayer, till the glory of the Lord covers the face of this earth!

A few words more, and I shall relieve, gentle reader, your patience.

Not far from this city, in a retired spot of the noble Cathedral of Canterbury, lie the bones of many who fled from their country for conscience' sake. At times a modern pilgrim—he, also, far from his father's land—may be seen lingering, on a quiet Sunday's eve, amongst those precious tombs, and his thoughts there are big with the remembrance of a glorious past; of chivalrous deeds of faith, tears of separation, the deeply-felt struggles of home and principle, and the never-to-be-forgotten charity of a generous, foreign people. And there, on that lonely spot, he remembers that, when his heroic forefathers were hunted, persecuted, chased like wild cattle, *here*, in old England, they were welcomed with the tenderness of Christian love; that when their wives and maidens were refused the sanctifying joys of home, *here* they were cherished and comforted; that when their innocent children were, on the other side of the Channel, thrown to the merciless hands of nuns and priests, *here* they were sweetly brought up in the nurture of the Lord; and then he sees a brave Protestant nation, from the monarch in his palace to the humble peasant of that day, rise as one body to lavish upon the sorrowful exiles the treasures of unheard-of philanthropy; and then he fancies that an echo of most fervent prayers, offered on behalf of England by these thousands of Huguenots, falls upon his ear, as the offering of deeply-felt and well-deserved gratitude.

And shall not the poor modern pilgrim be allowed to unite his unworthy voice with the voice of those whose tombs are hallowed with the crown of martyrdom?

And what shall he ask for brave and generous England—the land of religious liberty?

Shall he ask that, faithful to her beloved Queen, rejoicing in her constitution, she may continue the stronghold of liberty, and the faithful defender of the truth?

Shall he ask that, in grateful remembrance of her many privileges, she may, as the honoured pioneer of God, lay at the feet of her Lord, for the conversion of the world, the patient energy of her children, and the boundless resources of her commerce?

Shall he ask that, as in her glorious past history, from the four quarters of the world, the exiles of liberty and conscience may always look to her enlightened shores, as the storm-beaten birds look to the high mountains?

Shall he ask that, steady and progressive in her career of wise improvement, she may show forth the everlasting energy of Protestant principles to protect a country from the evils of despotism, and the frightful disasters of democracy?

Shall he ask that from the south to the north, throughout this favoured land, our precious Bible may remain the cradle of your childhood, the guide of your riper years, the angel of your happy homes, and the pillow of your dying bed?

Yes, as one of the martyr's sons, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, the modern pilgrim shall ask all these blessings, and, more and more deeply convinced that righteousness alone adorneth a people, he will say—

"May the blessing of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit rest upon England's land, upon her noble Queen, and upon her brave and generous people!

"May England rank high among the nations, and may her sons and daughters be numbered among the faithful servants of the living God."

This is the narrative and the prayer of a MARTYR'S SON.

Youths' Department.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER; OR, FATHER AND SON.—No. 1.

"PAPA, will you please tell me *why* the sun and the moon were only created on the *fourth day*, when God commanded *there should be light*, and there was light, on the *first day*?"

"There was a very good reason, my little philosopher, for the sun not making its visible appearance before the time named by Moses," returned Mr. Russell, as, calling his son to his side, he gravely commenced what promised a most important subject.

Little Edward gladly obeyed his father's call, for he never was so happy as when listening to his expositions.

"You can tell me, I suppose," asked Mr. Russell, "what was the order of creation on the second day?"

"God made the firmament," returned Edward.

"Yes; the language of the inspired historian is very full. The waters which were *under* the firmament from those which were *above* the firmament had to be divided; and this gave to our earth the air, or atmosphere (as we call this firmament), for, without the AIR, which is the invisible medium by which light is brought to the eye, we should be enveloped in darkness, even though in the full blaze of the sun."

"Ah! now I begin to understand," returned Edward, with animation; "for without the atmosphere, we couldn't have seen the sun, or moon, when they were formed."

"Exactly. But the firmament had yet to be made bright, transparent, and dazzling, by the gathering of the light formed on the first day into the glorious luminary which is the source of light and heat to our earth, and the principal cause of all vegetation; besides that, it gives light to the moon and planets, which shine upon us during the sun's absence. For, however the light of the first day was glorious, it had no glory by reason of 'this that so greatly excelled,' which was all-glorious, and came forth, as the Psalmist beautifully describes, on the day of its creation, 'as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiced as a strong man to run his race' (Ps. xix.). My son will give me a text which describes the dazzling beauty of this firmament when seen in the light of the noon-day sun."

Edward paused for a minute, and then softly repeated—"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever" (Dan. xii. 3).

"Very well remembered," replied his father; "but in the margin it is, those that are 'teachers;' though in either sense it is very beautiful. The sun has his tabernacle there, and the firmament is bright in His brightness, who is the glory of the heavens. Never, my child, forget that everything created is but a shadow of the beauty which dwells in the Creator."

"I can give you a text which explains what you are saying, papa," returned Edward. "'And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light.'"

Here the little fellow paused, for he was evidently thinking deeply, and his loving father would not interrupt his reflections, which were ever beyond his years, and had obtained for him the name of "the Little Philosopher" among his brothers and sisters, who were much older, but who were proud of "little Edward," as he was familiarly named, for, though nine years old, he was very small; but he had a large and powerful intellect, and his papa, who was a clergyman, delighted to store it with the highest truth.

Mr. Russell had resumed his book some time before Edward spoke; when, seeing his father engaged, he very reverently awaited his looking up, not to disturb him. He had not, however, to wait long. Mr. Russell had no desire to fatigue his son's mind, and invariably allowed Edward to lead the way in all their conversations which had reference to instruction, being persuaded that one word, well digested, was better than many lessons impatiently learned and then forgotten, as was too generally the case. Thus he quietly closed his book, and, with his usual smile of encouragement, asked his son what was his question now.

"Well, papa, I haven't done. It is still about this first day's light. I can't understand yet *how* light, which now depends upon the sun, could have existed *before* the sun."

"And neither can I understand," returned Mr. Russell, looking up devoutly. "There are many things in this world, Edward, which puny man cannot comprehend; but they exist, for all that. We see the grass grow; we watch the growth of children; we sow our seeds; we see them come up, not as we sowed them, but something very different. Now, who ever understood

any of these things? but we are not going to dispute the evidence of our senses because we do not understand these and a thousand other things. We might capiously reason till we puzzled ourselves with difficulties. All I can answer you there is, in the words of our blessed Lord. 'It is written,' he said to the arch tempter. That was enough; and so it is still. What saith the Word? which must be 'as a lamp unto our feet,' to guide us in our way through this world, which is aptly termed a great howling wilderness, without the lamp of truth to guide us."

The child looked admonished, and whisperingly asked had he done wrong to ask the question.

Folding him in his arms, Mr. Russell, with tears in his eyes, said, "No, my dear fellow nothing wrong. Ask as many questions as you please on these subjects; you can never ask them too early, since the earlier you are answered, the better your mind will be fortified to resist the error that abounds on all sides; for the enemy of souls, 'knowing that his time is short, has come forth with power,' seducing by his subtleties the weak and the unwary. And who so proper to instruct your opening mind on these important subjects as your father? Never stifle a difficulty, but bring it to me at once; and if I cannot answer you as fully as I would wish, I will present, as in this instance, what offers, to my own mind, a ready answer to your question."

Edward looked pleased, and his father continued—

"That light can exist independently of the sun is proved by the fact that in the coal-mines near Dresden there is a plant called the *Rhizamorpha*, which is a striking example, for, according to the report of the *Ed. Phil. Journal* (here it is, page 178), 'it gives those places the air of an enchanted castle; the roofs, walls, pillars are covered with these plants; their bright and beautiful light almost dazzles the eye.' Now, this is one among other examples.

"There is the glowworm in our own country; the fire-fly, as it is called, in South America; not to speak of those marine animalcules which are seen in the ocean, and are striking proofs of the existence of light apart from the sun."

"Ah!" interrupted Edward, "I remember seeing a glowworm at my feet one evening, and it was like a bright star glittering. I wonder what makes that light?"

"This I will tell you on some future occasion, as well as give you some interesting account of the fire-flies off the coast of Jamaica, as afforded by a traveller. But let us now go on with our subject, when God gathered the light into its bright and glorious tabernacle, and the sun became the light-reflector."

"You have made me quite understand all you wish, papa," returned Edward; "but please will you tell me what light is?"

"Ah! now you have given me a wide subject, and one not very easy to explain to a little boy; but, by the aid of a glass prism, I dare say I shall manage it," said Mr. Russell.

"A prism, papa; what is a prism?"

"The opinions of learned men on the subject of light are various," resumed Mr. Russell; "but certain principles all agree in, viz., that it is compounded of seven different colours, that is, violet,

indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red; and these, mixed in their due proportions, make that pure transparent light so great a blessing to man."

"But papa, how do people know this?" eagerly interposed Edward, more than ever interested in the subject his papa was taking so much pains to make plain to his understanding.

"That is the question I fully expected would arise," said Mr. Russell smiling, "and why I said I would require a 'glass prism' to make you understand."

"Now, this I don't happen to have by me; but I will provide myself with one the first time we are going out, and meanwhile, I will tell you what a prism is, and for what purpose it is useful in experiments."

"Oh, thank you, my dear papa," said, very feelingly, the affectionate boy. "You are always so good to me, and this is such a nice lesson. I shall never forget it."

"Well, the prism is an oblong solid; having four sides cut in a particular manner, which causes 'refraction' (a subject you will better understand by experiments at a future time), my object now, being only to show you the use of the prism, which separates the different colours in passing through the prism, so as to allow each colour to be seen by itself, and that whereas the light was before composed of the seven colours of the rainbow, mixed and blended together, it has now separated itself in passing through the glass prism, in virtue of their different refrangibilities, and the doctrine this phenomenon is understood to demonstrate is, that colours are original and inherent properties, unchangeable in light. Thus the sun's rays, therefore, when transmitted through a prism on an opposite wall, project an image like a rainbow in a very vivid manner. Or, and this is a simple experiment you can try for yourself, take a round card, and painting on it the seven primary colours; this turned rapidly round, nothing is seen but the one colour, and that white."

"Ah, this I can try for myself, and thank you, papa," said Edward, in an excited tone. Then becoming more serious, he asked timidly, "What were the other opinions with regard to light?"

"Perhaps I should rather tell you, my boy, what each of these rays of light are composed of," replied Mr. Russell; "for it would in no way benefit you to learn what are the mere speculations of the learned with respect to a subject which at best offers but conjecture."

"And I own that this wondrous subject fills my mind with intense wonder and admiration of the great Architect! To think of the countless minute particles which even one ray of light unfolds; and, to remember too, that each of those rays is composed of the seven colours of the rainbow. Why, the mind of man fails to grasp ideas so vast of the never-ceasing miracles which are hourly being displayed in this daily life we lead. And yet, man can forget a world so wonderfully made, passing along without so much as looking at its beauties—a world of which God has made him monarch, for all things serve him, and for which men are for the most part thankless."

"Oh, the patience of God with his rebellious creatures!" exclaimed the pious clergyman, "and if He were not as good as He is great, his power

would have long ago blotted out of creation a world so utterly stained and defiled with sin. But see how his compassions fail not. He maketh his sun to rise all the same, day by day, 'upon the just and the unjust;' and 'He remembereth his covenant with Abraham, and He beareth with the wicked every day.' Who is a God like unto our God; who restraineth his wrath; who for his beloved Son's sake bears long with the creatures redeemed by his own omnipotence!"

"Oh, papa, whenever I forget God, won't you tell me?" said little Edward, afraid he might be among the number of those who, while receiving so many mercies fail to apprehend the Giver.

"The very apprehension my child, is assurance that God by his blessed Spirit is moulding your heart, young as it is, to taste of the blessedness of communion with himself; and if He work in you 'to will and to do,' my son will go on 'from strength to strength,' until, being made strong to suffer the 'whole will of God,' he be translated into the kingdom of his dear Son, there to be ever with the Lord! You remember some texts I am sure, which are very illustrative of our subject of this morning."

"Yes, papa, where Christ is called the 'light of the world,' and that whosoever followed Him should not walk in darkness, but would have the light of life (John ix. 5), and, too, in Christ's sermon on the mount, he said, 'Ye are the light of the world.'"

"And a great thing it was for Christ to say of His disciples, 'Ye are the light of the world,' for it was the very name he gave himself; but it is even so, for his people are one with him; they are partakers of the Divine nature, children of light, children of God; and, as it is said, that God dwells with them, and as God is light, so light dwells within them. Thus," continued Mr. Russell, "wherever the believer in Christ is called to go, he is to shew forth the light of God; he is, in short, to reflect the image of God; and, like as Moses when he came down from the mount, was so radiant with light that his face shone so much he was obliged to put a veil before it (Exod. xxxiv. 29, 30), so must the Christian exhibit in his daily walk that he has been with Jesus (Acts iv. 17), that the world may testify as it did of those of old, 'See how these Christians love one another.'"

"And, papa, I have another text, 'Light is sown for the righteous.'"

"Yes, my child, sublime beyond expression is the harvest of light which awaits the child of light. No more night there! now clouds and darkness surround him; but there all is light! And the scene in Isaiah (chap. lx.) doubtless refers to the conversion of Israel; but in a more enlarged sense, to the whole human family seated with Christ in heavenly places, as reference to Revelation proves. Look to Rev. xxi. 23."

Little Edward opened at once to the passage of Isaiah, and read, "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Thy people, also, shall be all righteous," &c. &c. Then turning to Revelation,

he continued, "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof," &c.

"And what a promise there is for the child of God even here," remarked Mr. Russell, "'his whole body shall be full of light'—light to discern the thick darkness of those who walk therein, and light to avoid being entangled. He will not call darkness light, or light darkness; but by the power of the Holy Spirit he will take to himself the word of the Lord, tried and sure, that it may be a lamp unto his feet, and a light unto his path (Ps. cxix. 105)."

At this point, Mr. Russell was called from his study, leaving little Edward to amuse himself in any way he liked, telling him, however, that at their next conversation on the morrow, he would have more to tell him on the properties of light.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST'S GOLDEN RULE.

(TO CHILDREN.)

"WHATSOEVER ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Who made that rule?

Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Then we may be sure it is a right rule. Have you all got the rule? Have you all got it by heart?

Now, children, what is a rule made for?

To make things right by.

This is what Christ gave us all the Golden Rule for. You have it in your heart, just as the young carpenter had his two-foot rule in his pocket. But I am afraid that a great many of you are so foolish that you don't use your Golden Rule. When some playmate, whom perhaps you do not like very well, asks you to do him a favour, and you say, "No, I won't; you won't do anything to oblige me, and I won't oblige you," that's not going by your rule. Stop, little boy, little girl, take out your rule; here is something to measure. What does the rule say? "Do as you would be done by." Go by the rule. That's what the rule is for. When some boy strikes you, or calls you names, and you clench your hand to strike him in return—stop. Where is your rule. You would be more foolish than the carpenter's apprentice if you were to strike back, while all the time you had Christ's Golden Rule in your mind, which tells you to do as you would be done by.

Remember that Christ's Golden Rule is given to you to measure things by. That rule is always right. If you see a man, or a woman, or a child doing something that is contrary to that rule, you may be sure they are doing wrong. And remember how foolish and how wrong it is for us, who have the rule, to forget all about it and to disobey it.

Let us all, whether children or men, try to make a good use of Christ's Golden Rule.

CHRIST OUR GUEST.

WHEN one of the boys of an Orphans' Home had said the grace, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what Thou hast provided," a little fellow looked up, and said—

"Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask him every day, and he never comes."

"Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure that Christ will be with you; for he does not despise your invitation."

"I shall set him a seat," said the little fellow; and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor, frozen child entered, begging a night's lodging. He was made welcome; the empty chair was given him; every child wanted him to have his plate; and one was lamenting that his room was too small for the stranger, who was quite touched by such uncommon attentions. The little one had been thinking hard all the time.

"Jesus could not come, and so he sent this poor boy in his place—is that it?"

"Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and every cup of water that we give to the poor, or the sick, or the prisoners, for Jesus' sake, we give to Him. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

NOTES FROM A PASTOR'S DIARY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD SPOONER, M.A., VICAR OF HESTON.*

No. 3.—TERROR.

If the last was a sad scene, the next was, in some respects, even yet more sad. Working in the midst of a large town population, in a rough neighbourhood, I was not a little surprised to find that a messenger had come one day to my house with a note, written in a very lady-like hand on pink scented paper, requesting me to come as quickly as I could to see a dying gentleman. The note was directed from a house I had never entered, and about which there had always been an air of great mystery. It was a curious old-fashioned house, standing in a large garden, and had evidently once been a house of importance, but was, at the time of which I speak, surrounded by small shops and clusters of cottages, while the drawing-room windows looked on to an immense factory where hundreds toiled for their daily bread.

No one could ever have supposed that any person who could live elsewhere would, by choice, have lived in such a spot; and yet I had heard that a gentleman-like old man was often seen there, and that, wonder of wonders! he kept a brougham in which he daily took drives! I hastened to the house, and was shown up-stairs into a sitting-room, in which I found a lady and gentleman seated on a sofa. The lady rose, and said—

"Pardon me, sir, for trespassing on your time, but my husband is dangerously ill; the doctor tells him that he has not long to live, and he is in a very distressed state of mind."

I looked at the speaker; she was tall, very handsome, fashionably and elegantly dressed, and had the appearance of one who had mixed much in the very highest society. There was a fascination about her that one could not but feel, and my surprise was deepened by meeting her in such a scene.

I glanced at the husband; and though I looked on a mere wreck, yet I looked upon one who bore about him every mark of a gentleman, both by birth and education. The wife seemed to be many years his junior; yet he must have been, when they married, as handsome as a man as she was as a woman.

I moved towards him; he beckoned to me to sit on the sofa by his side, and, then turning abruptly to me, said—

"Sir, it is many years since I spoke to a clergyman on religion; indeed I do not remember that I ever did so before; and now that I am dying and frightened, what am I to believe?"

His look told me that he was dying, but it told me far more clearly that he was indeed frightened, terribly frightened. His was not the deep repentance of a child who feels that he has transgressed against a most loving father; it was rather the abject fear of a slave, who had been just discovered by a master from whom he has been for years hiding himself, and whose anger he dreads. I pointed out to him the nature of true repentance, and the promises of pardon given to sinners in Christ Jesus. He listened eagerly, and then, like many another person in the same frame of mind, burst out into invectives against the inconsistencies of professing Christians. For some time all sense of the beam in his own eye was lost in attempts to point out rather than pick out the mote in his brother's eye; and I have often noticed that while the true repentance of awakened love is the humblest, and therefore the most charitable feeling in the world, the remorse of fear is the proudest and most uncharitable of all mental sensations. It was long ere I could stem the current of his invectives and bring him back to himself; but at last I succeeded in doing so; and after reading some portions of Scripture and praying with him, I left him, his last words being—

"Come again to-morrow, sir, for I am very frightened."

When I left the room, and got down stairs, I was waylaid by a stout, housekeeper-like looking woman, who asked me what I thought of his state. I told her I thought he was dying. She seemed much distressed, and said she feared so too. Several children were playing in the garden, and one fine girl was in the drawing-room. I asked her whose children they were; she answered, "All mine, sir."

I left the house completely puzzled; for I had ascertained that the old gentleman was a man of very high family, and that his wife had only come to him the night before I was sent for. Every visit served to deepen the puzzle; the wife seemed to confine herself entirely to the upper rooms, the stout housekeeper to the parlours and lower rooms, and my poor patient's mind was evidently extremely agitated; but as I was never allowed to be alone with him for a moment, he did not seem able to unburden his cares, but always met me with the one cry, "I am frightened, I am frightened." This terrible incubus nothing could shake off, though he was most earnest in his attention to all that I said, and seemed absolutely to crave for prayer.

* "Parson and People." Seeley and Co., 54, Fleet Street.

Other members of his family now joined the circle, and the strange mystery of the house was soon solved. The old gentleman had quarrelled with his wife and children some years before, and had suddenly left home. Every effort they could make to trace his whereabouts was quite unavailing; his agents had instructions to pay the rents of his property into certain banker's hands, a fair proportion was as regularly paid to his wife and children, and the rest was drawn out by himself in cheques evidently in his own handwriting; but everything was so managed that no clue could be discovered as to his whereabouts. It was only when his doctor told him that he was dying that he had written for his wife; and it was only on my earnest entreaties, made at her suggestion, that he consented to allow his other friends to be summoned.

But who was the stout housekeeper? Of course certain suspicions attached themselves to her, but they were utterly groundless. She was a woman of unblemished character, and had kept a lodging-house at the West-end. Suddenly this old gentleman had called upon her, and taken her lodgings, asking her first whether she had a husband and any children.

She answered that she was a widow, but had several children.

"Ah, that will just suit me, for I love children," said the old gentleman, who proceeded to take up his quarters with her the same day, and, confining himself almost entirely to the house, amused himself with the children, caring for them like some old nurse.

At length, one day having seen one of his family in the street, he called his landlady, told her that the place did not agree with him, persuaded her to look out for a house in some very quiet out-of-the-way part of the town, and promised to be at all the expense of moving, and to compensate her handsomely for any loss. She consented, and took the house in which I found them, acting towards him solely and entirely as housekeeper.

One morning, early, I was sent for, and entreated to come at once and administer the sacrament to the old gentleman, as he was dying. I had not seen in him any such preparation of mind as was sufficient to warrant me in asking him to partake of that holy rite; yet I of course went, and went prepared to administer if he should really and truly desire to receive. When I entered the room I saw death stamped on every feature, but the mind was clear. I asked him whether he had sent for me of his own accord.

He answered, "Yes, perfectly so."

I spoke to him about a due reception of the sacrament; I asked him various questions, and in reply he said, that he earnestly repented of his sins; that he was thoroughly reconciled to all his family; that he had during that night entirely forgiven them, and received their forgiveness; that he was trusting solely in his Redeemer. Hearing this, I prepared to administer; but before I could commence, the old cry came again—

"I'm frightened; I'm frightened! not now; sir, not now; pray, pray with me, but I cannot receive now."

I prayed with him; and then, having a most urgent engagement, left, promising to return at twelve.

At twelve I returned, and found him still worse;

his only moan being, "I'm frightened, I'm frightened; but pray, pray!"

I knelt and prayed; he was far too weak then to receive, even had he desired; and when I rose from prayer, he said—

"Oh, thank you, sir; thank you; but I'm so frightened."

Again I was compelled to leave, but at two I returned to stand beside his corpse; and the last words that he had uttered were, "I'm frightened, I'm frightened;" leaving a fearful example of the perils attendant upon a death-bed repentance.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY AUSTYN GRAHAM

CHAPTER XI.

RETRIBUTION.

THE little clock on the mantel-piece in the drawing-room had ticked on from nine to ten, the coffee was growing cold in the urn, and Evelyn became anxious and impatient, as neither her father nor his guest made their appearance.

She had heard her lover's voice talking loudly and broadly after her departure from the room, but there had been no anger in the tone of it; and her father's frequent laugh had removed her nervous dread lest Roger should ungardonly excite his displeasure. Latterly, there had been profound silence, and Evelyn, creeping down twice to the door to listen, fancied they must both have fallen asleep.

Now, as the little clock gave warning for ten—an hour and a half beyond her father's usual time for joining her in the drawing-room—she rang the bell.

"Mary," she said, as that domestic entered, "you are sure the gentlemen understood you that coffee was on the table?"

"Bless you, miss, yes! I went to 'em an hour ago, and young Mr. Sandford was a-talking away very fast and loud; but master heard me, for he nodded, and said, 'Very well.' Then I went to 'em again at half-past nine, and the young gentleman seemed dozing-like; but master spoke, and said, 'We'll come by-and-by, Mary; you need not trouble us again;' so you see, miss, I durstn't disturb 'em no more."

"Of course not," answered Evelyn, sadly, rather hurt at her lover's careless desertion of her society for the bottle. "I know papa is managing some tiresome law business for Mr. Sandford, and I dare say they have a great deal to talk about."

"Your pa' must approve, my dear," whispered the *confidante*, sidling up to her young mistress. "He've had out ever so many bottles of his old Madeira; and not half an hour ago he came out with the small lamp, and went into the cellar again. Depend on it, he wouldn't do the young gentleman so much honour if he didn't mean to give his consent."

"Hush, Mary. Go! go!" cried Evelyn, agitated. "I hear them coming."

The maid left the room as her master entered. He stepped softly up to his daughter, took her two small hands in his, and, fixing his sharp eyes on her face, said—

"Evelyn, go down to your lover, and fix your marriage-day, if you please."

"Oh, papa," she cried, blushing, "are you in earnest?"

"To be sure I am; I'll be as good as my word. I told the lad that if, after dining with me to-day, he could get your consent, he should have mine. Come, no false modesty; I suppose you know your own mind."

And, with a firm grasp, he led his daughter down stairs, opened the dining-room door, pushed her in, and closed it behind her.

Her lover was there, but he moved not at her entrance; he sat with his head buried in his arms, leaning forward upon the table. Was he so overcome at the prospect of happiness before him? Poor fellow! Touched with tender feeling for his evident emotion, Evelyn stepped softly up to him, and laid a light hand on his shoulder. He moved not.

"Roger," she whispered, timidly.
No answer.

"Dear Roger," louder and more uneasily.

Oh, what fearful stupor was this? Something more than sleep, surely, rendered him thus oblivious of all her efforts to rouse him? He must be ill—dead, perhaps!

She flew to the door with a scream, which brought her father and Mary—the former seemed to have been waiting outside. He sternly motioned back the maid, and, entering the room, turned the key on the inside.

"Oh, papa! papa! he will die. Send James or Mary for Mr. Bennett—or is he dead? Oh, dear papa, how can you stand so unmoved? Save him, for my sake, save him!" and she flung herself on her knees before her father in her agony.

At the sound of her cries the object of her fond anxiety raised his head—his eyes stony and lustreless, his black hair hanging over his white face, his clean shirt-front stained with wine. Any maiden less innocent and guileless than Evelyn would have seen what ailed the young man, but drunkenness was to her only the name of a sin too horrible and loathsome for any but the very lowest to indulge in.

She had once or twice seen a man reeling along unsteadily, and had been told that he was "tipsy," but any more intimate acquaintance with the vice she had been spared.

Mr. Sharpe, though not a water-drinker, because he was too much a man of the world not to conform even to its follies, if necessary, was naturally inclined to sobriety, and he piqued himself on his clear brain, his acute understanding, and had the sense to know that both the one and the other are inevitably impaired by an indulgence in stimulants. But we are digressing.

At Evelyn's piercing wails the lover roused himself.

"Wha—what is all that r-row about?" he stutered. "Why ca-can't you let a fel-fellow sleep in peace, I say? Wha-what's the gir-girl wa-want?"

Evelyn flew to his side. He repulsed her.

She turned round terrified to her father.

"Oh, papa! what is the matter with him? He must be very ill? He does not know me."

Mr. Sharpe stood with his arms folded across his breast, and a sardonic smile on his face.

"Papa! are you both playing me a trick? Speak to me, pray!"

Her distress moved him at last.

"Is it possible, girl, you don't know what ails your future lord and master? can you not see that you have a rival in his affections? Cast your eyes on those decanters: they were full when you left the room, they have been replenished since, they are now empty. I leave you to draw your own inferences."

She hung down her head in shame—she saw it all.

"Evelyn," her father continued, "I considered this man unfit to be your husband from the first; he is your inferior in station and education, but I might have waived—I do not say I should, but I might—have waived those obstacles to secure your happiness, had I not heard that he was addicted to the disgraceful vice of drunkenness. I admit that I have tempted him this evening—but not more than the world would have done henceforth—that you might see him in his true light, and then, if you choose, take him and leave me. Evelyn, my daughter and only treasure, is your choice made? Look at your noble lover. Will you go and hold his feverish hand in yours, and rest his aching head on your bosom?"

Evelyn shuddered. The loathing a pure mind must ever feel towards a human being who has reduced himself voluntarily to the level of a beast, possessed her. The girlish sentiment which might have been nurtured by a worthy man into a woman's faithful, holy love, fled then and for ever.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, turning round and clinging to her father's neck, "forgive me for deceiving you; I am justly punished, and save me from him. I wish never to see or speak with him again!"

Little did Evelyn think how awfully, how solemnly that wish would be fulfilled. That the warm, strong hand which a few hours before had clasped hers with passionate fervour would, ere morning, be cold, and stiff, and stark in death—cut off in the midst of life, and hope, and youth by the insidious, degrading vice he had fostered with pride instead of crushing out of him with shame. Deliverance came to Evelyn in a fearful shape, the shape of death.

Morning's dawn saw a corpse, with the face covered, carried over the threshold of Redstone Farm. There were terrible whispers and rumours of murder, and the cry of an old man in his misery, "My son! my son! would to God I could have died for thee, my son!" Then the house was darkened, all sounds of farm labour were that day suspended, and, in the presence of an awful, sudden death, a solemn and fearful stillness reigned.

CHAPTER XII.

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

THE evening that young Roger Sandford dined at Lawyer Sharpe's was the same on which his father's discarded labourer solaced himself at the "Red Lion" with his boon companions, and under the deadly influence of an inflamed brain, breathed threats of vengeance, which would have vanished from both mind and memory with daylight and remorse.

But idle words are remembered by the hearers when those who uttered them have lost all recollection of them, and so it was on this occasion. There were several men present at the "Red Lion"

that night who owed Pearson a grudge for abuse and taunts uttered under the effects of drink, besides Miles O'Connor, and who were only too ready to give evidence against him when he was arraigned as the murderer of his late master's son.

It was proved that he must have quitted the "Red Lion" shortly after young Sandford had been thrust out into the dark November night from Lawyer Sharpe's door. Their roads lay in the same direction, and each might, for a short cut, traverse the narrow path bounded on one side with the deep gravel-pits, at the bottom of one of which the poor murdered youth's body had been found.

Nothing would have been more probable than that, in a state of intoxication, upon a dark night, a traveller might miss his footing, and fall into the pit, but there were marks of violence on the dead man's person which refuted this probability in Roger Sandford's case. There was a deep bruise on one temple as from a heavy blow, and no abrasion of the skin as there would have been from contact with the gravel had it been caused by the fall. There were also distinct marks of a personal encounter; the neck-tie was torn off, and remained on the path above, the shirt front was rent into fragments, the blue traces of fingers' pressure upon the throat were unmistakably visible, and blood had oozed from a wound which had been caused by some sharp instrument entering the coating of the heart. The assault, too, must have been prompted by private revenge and not robbery, for his watch and purse were found intact upon the person of the corpse.

Under these circumstances, what more justifiable than the arrest of Daniel Pearson, as the only man upon whom suspicion could fall?

There were two or three (Robert Pearson, brother of the accused, and Richard Forman, the stout pacificator) who stoutly averred that Miles O'Connor had as good reason to be arrested as the prisoner, but their reasoning was unheeded. What if O'Connor had joined in execration of the "masters," would he not rather have sought revenge upon Farmers Greaves and Wilson, by both of whom he had been dismissed for drunkenness and ill conduct, than upon Farmer Sandford's son, with whom he had had no dealings, and from whom he had received no injury? No. The attempted charge against O'Connor fell to the ground, and Daniel Pearson was committed to Redstone Gaol to take his trial for the murder of Roger William Sandford, at the spring assizes.

Meanwhile, but for charity and parish aid, his wife and children must starve. The landlord of the "Red Lion," although rendered coarse and loose-principled by his roving life and subsequent calling, retained an innate kindness of heart. He would fain have taken his unfortunate brother's wife and children under his own roof until the sentence of conviction or acquittal of the prisoner should have been passed, but the wretched wife only saw in Robert her husband's evil genius, the one who had fostered and encouraged his besetting sin, and thus ultimately brought upon them ruin, disgrace, if not (that horrible picture was ever before her eyes) a death on the scaffold. She refused all aid or sympathy from him or his wife, preferring to struggle on in poverty rather than share the comfort they offered, and thus there was a breach between the families. Those who should have

"loved as brethren" the demon *Drink* had sundered.

Rumours were rife in Redstone that young Sandford was the accepted lover of the lawyer's daughter, her father having overlooked his tendency to inebriety on account of the substantial position he would one day occupy upon succeeding to the old farmer's house and land. The fact that simultaneously with her suitor's shocking and sudden death the belle of Redstone was visited with a long and severe illness, during which the young minister visited her in the discharge of clerical duties, and from which she was raised up a mere shadow of her former self—a drooping lily instead of a blooming rose—further corroborated the suspicions of the Redstonites, which had their origin in the hints of Evelyn's maid, Mary, and her female gossips. All through that wet and dreary winter the sand-pit murder gave food for speculation and discussion. The gentry in their carpeted saloons, and the servants in the hall, the shopmen in idle moments behind the counters, and the labourers and workmen in the ale-house, had each and every one his word to say upon the topic; but, all evidence weighed, all circumstances considered, not a man, without even one dissentient voice, but shook his head and denounced Daniel Pearson as the murderer.

The commiseration for the broken down father, with form bowed and head whitened by the bereavement, was universal. It was even discovered now that the libertine who had been thus cut off ere his prime was a "fine youth," and might have proved a "worthy man," while the supposed criminal, hitherto regarded as a harmless, unfortunate fellow, was suddenly regarded by all as a dangerous villain, who had carried the gallows stamp upon his face, and had now shown himself in his true character.

But there were few, very few, among all the reasoners who traced the sorrow, misfortune, and crime to its real source—*Drink*.

At the "Red Lion" Daniel's old associates quaffed and joked, argued, quarrelled, and swore night after night, as though no warning had been offered them. Their opinions on the late catastrophe were given in more subdued tones than their ordinary converse, out of respect for their landlord's feelings, who, however, rarely now showed himself among the social circle where he had been used to see his brother's face.

Miles O'Connor, too, had deserted, not because he would have regretted the absence of his old chum, for they never had been congenial allies, but because he knew there were some there who bore him no good-will, and had striven hard to shift the burden of Daniel's crime on to his shoulders. So he slunk away to a coterie of choice spirits that met at a very low pot-house, yclept the "Three Jolly Postboys," in one of the narrow alleys of Redstone.

As the little green buds began to herald the approach of spring, the talk was all of the "coming assizes," and "who would be found to defend the prisoner?"

The prosecution was promising work enough, but the defence? and they shrugged their shoulders, as they thought he must be a very clever lawyer indeed who hoped to plead successfully for the prisoner.

(To be continued in our next.)

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. W. A. and T. H.—*"Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire."*—1 Cor. iii. 12–15. Please explain the meaning of this passage.

Ed.—The minister may preach Christ as the only Saviour, the Christian may be a sincere believer—the foundation may be right; but the former may mingle error with his doctrine, the latter have mistaken views of Divine truth, and his character be marred by much infirmity. These are the wood, hay, and stubble. Hereafter all this will be severely tried. The searching scrutiny of the great day will test the work of the good, that which is sound will stand; the worthless and the refuse will be destroyed. In proportion to the imperfections of the work will be the diminution of the reward in the life to come. The Christian is saved, yet so as by fire. The hazards to the soul from false doctrine, &c., have been great, but there was simple faith in Christ and him crucified, and to that salvation is assured. There is not the smallest warrant in the passage for the Romish doctrine of purgatory; nor for a slothful indifference in regard to doctrine or practice. It is our comfort to know that the soul which is simply resting on Christ as the all-sufficient Saviour will not perish, but the man that is careless as to his creed or his conduct, will do well to doubt the security of his foundation.

JOHN T.—*"Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."*—1 John iii. 9. What are we to understand from this?

Ed.—Either that it is absolutely impossible for a true Christian ever to be guilty of an act of sin, or that the words, "he cannot commit sin," denote that an habitual sincerity of purpose will exclude a deliberate and continued course of evil. The first meaning is clearly inadmissible, for it would prove that not even the holiest and best of Christians, even St. John himself, are "born of God," for "What man is he that sinneth not?" The last is, therefore, the acceptable interpretation. It is quite possible for a man to fall into the water, but quite as impossible for him to live under the water. The Christian may fall into sin through the force of temptation, or his own unguarded weakness; but the seed of God, the new life, that is to say, the principle of godliness within him, renders it impossible for him to continue in sin. It is not for man to say how often a Christian may fall into sin, and yet be a Christian; but it is for man to remember that a sinful life destroys every evidence of regeneration.

H. H. is referred to the series of papers which lately appeared in THE QUIVER, and will be found in Nos. 75 to 83, and also No. 88, under the title of "John Sullivan; or, A Search for the Old Religion."

The Student's Column.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—XXI.

"Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste."

A PENITENT sinner needs a foundation.
God has laid a foundation for him.

Let us ask—

I. What is the sinner's foundation?

The answer is, None but Christ.

Christ is our foundation—

1. Of our peace, Rom. v. 1; Col. i. 20.

2. Of our acceptance, Eph. i. 6.

3. Of our obedience, Isa. xlv. 24.

4. Of our joy and comfort, 1 Peter i. 8.

5. Of our hope and glory, Rom. v. 2.

II. Mark the several properties of this foundation.
Christ, as a stone, is—

1. A tried stone.

God has tried him, Isa. liii. 6.

The children of God have tried him.

Sinners have tried him.

Neither have found him wanting, John xvii. 4;
Heb. vii. 25.

2. A precious stone.

To the Father, Isa. xlii. 1; Matt. iii. 17.

To the believer, 1 Peter ii. 7.

To the penitent.

3. A corner stone.

Uniting his people to himself,

And to each other in him, Eph. ii. 20–22.

4. A sure foundation.

For God has laid it, Ps. cxviii. 22–23.

Nothing shall undermine it, Matt. xvi. 18.

III. Seek then to realise the blessedness of resting upon it.

"He that believeth shall not make haste"—shall not be confounded, 1 Peter ii. 6.

1. He shall not be dismayed in difficulties, Ps. cxii. 7.

2. He shall not resort to unlawful expedients, Hos. xiv. 3.

3. He shall not be betrayed into sinful impatience, Hab. ii. 2, 3.

4. He shall not sink into heartless despondency, Ps. xxvii. 13, 14.

But,

1. He shall be kept in perfect peace, Isa. xxvi. 3.

2. He shall be able to answer his spiritual accusers, Rom. viii. 33, 34.

3. He shall meet death without terror, 2 Tim. iv. 6–8.

4. He shall stand in the congregation of the saints on the day of judgment, John v. 24; Ps. i. 5.

It behoves us to inquire—

Have I renounced every other foundation?

Are my hopes, prayers, and services built upon this foundation?

Is my building proportionate in all its parts?

Do I seek to render the entire edifice useful?

Have I experienced a sense of security by resting upon this foundation?

Literary Notices.

JAPAN—PAST AND PRESENT.

The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. Two Vols. London: Longmans. 1863.

THESE volumes contain the best account of Japan that has as yet appeared. It was to be expected that they would, for a man in the position of Sir R. Alcock had such opportunities for observing the people and the rulers of Japan, as no European—we may say, no human being—has enjoyed for more than two centuries. Every one who can procure them should read them; and the numerous illustrations render the descriptions in the highest degree lively and instructive.

We propose in this article to present our readers with an account of the form of government of Japan, surely the strangest that ever subsisted anywhere; and on a future occasion to recount the story of the former attempts of Europeans to enter the country, and then to proceed with some of the more remarkable of their manners and customs. We choose this order of narrative, because, without a knowledge of the constitution of Japan, it is difficult to understand how they ever came to tolerate Europeans, and then to expel and murder them.

There is one fact, to begin with, which, in reading, writing, or talking about the Japanese, we should never lose sight of, and that is, the complete isolation in which they prefer to live and have lived hitherto. "Their outer life," says Sir R. Alcock (vol. i., p. 222), "their laws, customs, and institutions, have all something peculiar. The type is neither Chinese nor European, nor can it be said to be purely Asiatic." They and the Chinese are the only Asiatic nations who, during the last ten centuries, have shown any aptitude for a high degree of civilisation. The Indian race in far remote ages, and the Arabs subsequently, have left evidences in their history, literature, and architecture, of what they once were. But they are now little better than barbarians. "Not so with the Chinese or Japanese: they are to this day as they have been for the last two thousand years; the former, certainly, if not the latter, highly civilised, and with considerable intellectual culture."

The hereditary sovereign of Japan, king or emperor, is termed Mikado. "He is the descendant of a long and uninterrupted line of princes of the same dynasty, and the only sovereign *de jure* recognised by all Japanese, from the highest noble down to the lowest beggar: a true sovereign in all the legal attributes of sovereignty." But, about five centuries ago, one of the most powerful of his nobles, taking advantage of civil commotions, got himself named general-in-chief, for the purpose of suppressing them and the nobles who promoted them. He did suppress them, but forgot, when he had done so, to resign his temporary office. He did not care to dethrone his master—there seems to be a sort of sacred character about the Mikado—he only deprived him of

much of his power; and what little remnants he left him his more audacious descendants have one by one plucked off. For three hundred years "the successive emperors, or Mikados, are brought into the world and live and die within the precincts of their court at Miso, the boundaries of which they never pass during a whole life. Is it possible to conceive a less desirable destiny?" The Japanese seem to hold that as familiarity breeds contempt, seclusion must breed reverence; and so, while they affect towards a sovereign whom no one has ever seen a deep and awe-struck loyalty, the emperor of the day sits sad and solitary, effeminate and degenerate, doomed to wield only a barren sceptre, never permitted to pass the gates of his prison-palace.

This king, in name and nothing else, invests with supreme control over the executive an officer called the Tycoon. The name signifies "great lord." He, like the Mikado, is an hereditary prince, descended from that turbulent noble who first took to himself the power of his sovereign. This arrangement is criticised by Sir R. Alcock as follows:—

This double machinery of a titular sovereign who only reigns, and a lieutenant of the empire who only governs, and does not reign, from generation to generation, is certainly something very curious; and by long continuance it seems to have led to a duplicate system, such as never existed in any other part of the world, carried out to almost every detail of existence. Every office is doubled; every man is alternately a watcher and watched. Not only the whole administrative machinery is duplicate, but the most elaborate system of check and counter-check is here developed with a minuteness and perfection, as regards details, difficult to realise. As upon all this is grafted a system of more than Oriental mendacity, one feels launched into a world of shadows and make-believes, hard to grapple with in the practical business of life.—Vol. i., p. 223.

When the Tycoon happens to be a minor, there is a regent of the kingdom, called Gotairo, always a member of one family, in whom the privilege has been vested from time immemorial.

But the Tycoon himself—who, by the way, is only the fourth personage in the kingdom, according to Japanese etiquette, three officers of the Mikado ranking above him—seems, by a sort of retributive justice, to be reduced to pretty much the same state of phantom sovereignty to which his ancestors reduced the Mikado. He is in reality the nominee of the Daimios, or landed nobles of the higher order, a body numbering about 300, the feudal aristocracy of Japan. He and his ministers, an executive council of five, are nominated and held in check, if not in subservience, by them.

Although they do not actually form a chamber of lords, nor assemble in a body at stated periods, nothing legislative, it is said, can be done without their assent obtained, after they have been convened to meet and deliberate. It does not appear that they interfere overtly with the executive rule of the empire, it being recognised as the proper business of the Tycoon and his ministers to apply, and cause to be respected, all existing laws and customs. They hold themselves too high to demean themselves by taking part in the administration, or holding office under the Tycoon. But neither the Tycoon nor the ministers, separately or collectively, can venture upon a change in these laws and customs without their sanction, and a further confirmation by the phantom sovereign of Miso, who, shut up for life within its garden walls, is occasionally recalled to a consciousness of the outer world, by being required to give his authority for some legislative enactment or fundamental change of which he can know nothing.

The Daimios take rank according to their wealth,

which is derived from their territorial possessions, so that the constitution is feudal; such as subsisted in Europe five or six hundred years ago. The richest—the "Great Daimios"—are worth a million kokous of rice. A kokou is a measure equivalent to about 100 lbs., and worth fifteen shillings. The "Small Daimios," who own 50,000 kokous and less, are nominally feudatories, or vassals, dependent on the "great." Just as in Turkey, a Pasha in a distant province sets at nought the firman of the Sultan, and robs and murders "at his own wild will," a Daimio is practically independent of the Tycoon when he has retired to his estates. "An imperial passport," says Sir R. Alcock, "will not secure an intruder's life; and each one of these barons is capable of giving the answer a king of France once provoked by reminding a disobedient vassal of his duties, and asking, 'Who made you count?'—'Who made you king?' was the defiant reply."

Here is a description of one of these barons:—

He is often to be seen, either on horseback or in a litter, going or returning to the Tycoon's palace. First approaches a kind of standard-bearer, with a tall staff or lance, or, it may be, two or three, pointed in steel, and with something not unlike a *fleur-de-lis* covering the blade, as an emblem of rank and authority: these vary in form according to the dignity. Then a caparisoned horse, led by two grooms; a squadron of retainers, with the armorial bearings of their lord embroidered on their back and sleeves, follows; and the great man himself, seated, or rather doubled up in his litter, comes next with officers on each side. After him come bearers of covers for his litter, if it should rain; trunks with his wardrobe, should he wish to change; a large umbrella, for sun or shower; occasionally, more led horses and a few attendants on horseback, and then a detachment of archers, matchlock men, and inferior officers with one sword only.—Vol. i., p. 252.

So jealous have the Tycoons in all time been of these proud vassals, that one, more powerful than his successors, insisted that the Daimios should each spend six months of the year in his capital at Yeddo, where they would be under his jurisdiction; and when they returned to their territories, he kept their wives and children hostages. What a pleasant state of mutual love and confidence must this arrangement breed! "Nothing," says Sir R. Alcock, "is more striking to the eye of a stranger, on first penetrating into the official quarter of the city, than the vast dimensions of the residences of these princes. The front of one of them sometimes will extend for nearly a quarter of a mile along the street; and behind lie garden and parade-grounds, while beautiful timber can be seen towering above, giving a royal air to the whole quarter. No business is ever seen here. Nothing but retainers are ever visible, often with bow and arrows slung, and all with the armorial cognisance of their masters worked on the back and sleeves of their tunic. One would think a score or two of these great chiefs, princes in their own right, each with five or ten thousand retainers within his palace, would be but dangerous guests to the Tycoon. Still, this same arrangement of check and counter-check has been in existence for generations, without, it seems, any serious attempt to overthrow the Government."

This system reminds us of one of those vast and complicated machines which, once set in motion, move with noiseless regularity and speed, wheel acting upon wheel,

and lever upon lever; but which, should one part, however small, be put out of gear, the whole works confusedly for a time, and then stops with a crash, or, may be, a serious explosion, scattering destruction far and near. Yet no such catastrophe has yet befallen Japan. The system of spy and counter-spy, carried out into every part of the administration, seems a sure safeguard. The man in the German fairy story, whom the evil genius deprived of his shadow, is described as having been miserable enough: how happy would he have been in Japan! Fancy a Minister there without another Minister to watch over him! When Sir R. Alcock had to confer with the Minister of War, two Ministers came; "one," he says, "to talk, the other to watch."

And so the constitution of Japan has subsisted all these centuries, and may, for all we know, subsist for as many more. The forces to destroy it will be from without, not from within.

With the introduction of foreigners the distinctive character of Japanese institutions has been changed, and as all other Eastern nations have gradually become subject to Europeans when they have once gained a footing in the country, Japan will probably be no exception to the rule.

In conclusion, we give Sir R. Alcock's description of the Tycoon and his court, as nearly as we can in his own words:—

Passing through the massive gateway with bastions flanking a walled *enceinte* built of great blocks of granite, a five minutes' walk brought me to the entrance of the palace. Here we changed our shoes, that we might not mark the trim mats of the palace, or enter the royal presence in unseemly guise. Facing us in the square apartment forming an inner hall, some fifty officials, all in gauze and silks, were on their knees; and in front of these, several of the governors of foreign affairs, disguised in a costume so quaint and strange, that I had some difficulty in recognising my old acquaintances, and still more in repressing a smile when the recognition took place. To begin with the head; the shaven and usually bare crown had perched upon the top what I suppose must be called a cap, for want of any more appropriate name, made of black lacquered papier-mâché. In shape it appears like a boat turned bottom up, with one half cut off, and the edges folded in. The surcoat of gauze, projecting at the shoulders, partially conceals a robe of darker hue, beneath which again, a pair of Turkish trousers, or petticoat rather, is slit open at the sides to allow the outer robe to be tucked in. But the most singular part of the whole costume, and that which, added to the head-gear, gave an irresistibly comic air to the whole, was the immeasurable prolongation of the silk trousers. These, instead of stopping short at the heels, are unconsciously lengthened, and left to trail two or three feet behind them. The consequence was that they were compelled to shuffle along like people shorn, by some general calamity, of both legs, and walking on their shanks. It certainly required some command of countenance to follow gravely those high officers in such a masquerading costume; and how they managed to shuffle on without tumbling at each step, was all but incomprehensible. Thus preceded, we were ushered into an ante-room, where all the great officers of state came to make their salutations. On entering the hall of audience, I saw on a kind of dais at the farther end of the room, the young Tycoon. He wore a head-dress something like that of his officers, and a silken robe of very ample proportions. He was evidently a mere youth, though stout and large limbed, with a full face and rather heavy expression. Behind him was a numerous retinue, kneeling in some strange attitude I had not before seen; leaning, I think, upon their sheathed swords, as if in the act of springing to their feet, or prepared to do so at a signal. Upon the whole, it was impossible not to be struck with the hushed silence and solemn decorum of the assemblage.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFERSON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

PROFESSOR MUTIMER'S WIDOW.

MR. RUPERT SMITH'S benevolent meditations were soon terminated by the entrance of Mrs. Mutimer, holding an open volume of a novel in her left hand, and followed by her granddaughter.

Mrs. Mutimer was stout with a stoutness to which tradesmen, disappointed in petitions for little sums on account, applied, with no incorrect use of language, certain expressive but far from complimentary epithets. There is a well-favoured stoutness which is pleasant to the eye; there is also a stoutness in which few beholders take delight; and Mrs. Mutimer's stoutness was of the latter sort. Let it not be expressly stated in these pages, but rather let it be delicately hinted, that the lady was distressingly fat. Let the historian merely record that Mrs. Mutimer had a treble chin; that the girth of her waist was a matter of much satirical observation in Bristol Street; that the girth of her right arm was exactly what the measure of her waist had been half a century before; that she seldom stirred more than three hundred yards beyond the limits of Bristol Street; that the exercise of slowly creeping up-stairs or moving quickly across a room had immediate results on the action of her heart and lungs; and that she wore stockings altered with reference to the formation on her ankles. Let the historian say thus much, and let readers imagine other details.

But stoutness was not Mrs. Mutimer's only peculiarity.

She could hear persons who accommodated their voices to one of her principal infirmities; but she was more than slightly deaf. On more than one occasion Mr. Rupert Smith, holding counsel with himself during the years 1846 and 1847, observed, "If she were not hard of hearing, I should not care to talk to her. Her deafness is a positive fascination. The ways in which she misunderstands what is said to her are delightful." She was a voluble, incessant, and really superb talker. "I like to put out my mind, and say exactly what comes uppermost," Mrs. Mutimer often remarked to her limited circle of acquaintance, in the language of her favourite works of fiction; "speech is the heaven-sent boon, the angelic endowment which raises man above the lower orders of creation. If I mayn't enjoy an unfettered interchange of thought, laying my soul bare to sympathetic souls, and putting forth exactly what comes uppermost, let me die at once, and be no more than an echo in the spheres of everlasting existence." In justice to Mrs. Mutimer, it must be admitted that she steadily adhered to her grand rule, and to the end of her days made the most of every opportunity for "putting forth exactly what came uppermost." She entertained warm admiration for intellect, not omitting her own intelligence from the objects of her generous enthusiasm. "I absolutely adore *mind*," she often remarked, with emphasis; "and I thank my

Maker that, though I am stranded on the shores of adversity, I still have *my mind* left to me." She was an insatiable and avowed devourer of novels, because, as she pleaded in justification, "works of imagination led her *out of herself*, raising her into spirit regions, and rendering her oblivious of the world's injustice, and insensate to the quiverings of her stricken heart." For five-and-twenty years she had worn mourning for the late Professor Mutimer, and to the last she honoured her professor's memory by wearing black. "I will mourn for him to the end of my days, my dear friend," she once observed to Mr. Rupert Smith. "His stupendous intellect was my glory; and there's no colour which withstands the subtle ravages of time, and against gigantic obstacles maintains a *genteel appearance*, so well as black." She always insisted that the rooms she inhabited should be well lighted. "My position requires it; and I always revelled in light as a girl," she would often say to her granddaughter; "so, child, turn on more gas. I am not unreasonable; I don't ask for wax-lights." When financial crises placed, as they sometimes would, a barrier of vulgar circumstances between Mrs. Mutimer and gas, she bought candles, and thoroughly enjoyed herself. Moreover, her position in society required her always to wear black silk mittens. She was never seen without mittens; she went to bed in mittens, and rose from her bed (after breakfast) in mittens. When she slowly trudged about Bristol Street, and did shopping in the nearest hundred yards of Tottenham Court Road, she wore gloves; but she wore them over the mittens. If on these excursions she removed a glove in order the better to get at her money, a mitten was visible. There are three most respectable tradesmen, still carrying on business in Tottenham Court Road, who can testify to this fact.

"My very dear friend! my sympathising upholder when I am in affliction, how good of you it is thus to hurry to my side!" exclaimed Mrs. Mutimer, entering the room with an unsuccessful attempt at alacrity. "Directly Kitty gladdened me with intelligence of your arrival, I hastened to greet you with an old friend's welcome. I would not even tarry to adjust my head-dress."

"Your head-dress exhibits your characteristic taste, dear Mrs. Mutimer," returned the courteous visitor, shaking the lady's hand, and looking steadily at the jumble of black net and ribands that adorned her bunches of short, white hair, which she had enough good sense not to conceal under false braids. "Allow me to apologise for calling thus late; but I really could not get here sooner."

"Dear Mr. Smith, it is barely two o'clock!" returned Mrs. Mutimer, with an air of surprise and tone of reproof; "barely two; and what is that hour in society?—such society as you adorn, but I can never again move in; no, never again. Bless me, when I was a girl, I thought two o'clock full early to be off to my second rout. Moreover, you said in your note you couldn't come early. But allow me to compose myself; the excitement of receiving you overpowers me, and my heart—my ever too sensitive heart—pays the penalty in—in—palpi—tations."

Mrs. Mutimer steadily shut her eyes to the fact that

the labour of walking up or down-stairs distressed her. When her heart beat too fast, its increased speed was a consequence of emotion.

"The evening is warm, oppressively warm; the closeness of the air would alone trouble you," suggested Mr. Rupert Smith. "Let me prescribe a small glass of that cheering drink which we have often sipped together."

Mr. Rupert Smith was in plain fact recommending a small glass of gin-and-water, and, though he was familiar with Mrs. Mutimer's habits, felt some pangs of delicacy in prescribing so vulgar a mixture.

Mrs. Mutimer experienced no corresponding difficulty in acting upon the hint; for she had a "word" and an "argument" which, to her mind, freed gin-and-water from all plebeian associations. The word was "beverage," the argument was drawn from the medical and marital counsel of her departed professor.

"Kitty, dearest," cried Mrs. Mutimer, catching at the suggestion, "the beverage and glasses. Our dear friend is right. In all cases of deranged circulation and that sort of thing, my dear, Mr. Mutimer used to recommend stimulus, and the stimulant in which he had most confidence was the generous draught, the exhilarating spirit, which people of narrow views and sordid minds stigmatise as vulgar, because its cheapness places it within the reach of those innumerable atoms of humanity who constitute the lower orders. But the sun shines on the lower orders, and they enjoy it; the free air of heaven beats on the lower orders, and they are invigorated by it; yet we do not call the sun 'low-lived,' or the free air of heaven 'plebeian.' Oh, my dear Mr. Rupert, Shakespeare never spoke a truer word than when, in his faultless 'Pizarro' (I think it was 'Pizarro'), he exclaimed, with prophetic inspiration—

'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men are grey.'

What has not Mammon-worship to answer for in a land where even the harmless gratifications of virtuous industry are derided! For myself, I am contented to carry out the principles of Professor Mutimer. What appeared right to him, will ever appear right to me; and often is the time that he has said to me, 'Kate, above all things, pay attention to your circulation. Your sensitive organisation requires stimulant. Go to bed at what hour you like (the professor was no friend to early bed-going, and early rising; he knew better); but go to bed with your circulation in a healthy state of action, and in cold weather never rise till you've had your breakfast, and the heart is ready for the day's work. If you don't exactly like the name, call it "beverage." It'll be just as strong, whatever you call it.' They were the dear professor's own words, and I have acted upon them. I have called it 'beverage,' and taken it in moderation with thankfulness."

Whilst Mrs. Mutimer was thus explaining to Mr. Rupert Smith (not for the first time) the dutiful attitude she maintained towards "beverage," Kitty went to the cupboard of the rickety, hybrid piece of furniture already noticed, and taking therefrom a gin-bottle, tumblers, lump-sugar, and a fresh lemon, placed them on the table. That much of the task assigned her being accomplished, the child noiselessly left the room, and having returned with a jug full of cold water, she deftly

mixed a supply of the drink known to her as beverage, and filled two small grog tumblers, which she forthwith disposed of, by placing one in Mrs. Mutimer's hand, and offering the other with a pretty curtsy to Mr. Rupert Smith. It was not pleasant to see the child moving about, although her steps were daintily quiet, and her movements notably graceful, at an hour when girls of her age ought to be fast locked in sleep, entering upon the fourth hour of their night's rest. It was still less pleasant to watch her so occupied; displaying such perfect and startling familiarity with the mysteries of "beverage." Let it not be supposed that Mr. Rupert Smith was a completely gratified witness of performances which he had on the present occasion instigated, and from which he was about to profit.

"Thanks, Kitty," he said, looking into the girl's eyes, which were tranquil, but exhibited no sign of weariness, as she paid him the housewifely attention just mentioned; "but you have poured out none for yourself."

"But I shall, directly," she answered; showing that she needed no invitation to imitate her elders. "I understand good manners, and help my guest before I help myself; and I go upon the rule—business first and pleasure afterwards. Now I have attended to you, I shall, with your lordship's permission, look after myself."

Whereupon Kitty helped herself to the beverage; not sparingly, but still with a manifest recognition of the fact that the circulation of a young lady of tender years stood less in need of stimulant than the circulating systems of older people.

"Ah, you like the 'beverage' as well as I or grandmamma?" inquired Mr. Rupert.

"It's nasty stuff," answered Kitty, purposely speaking in a low voice, so that her grandmamma might not overhear her; and as she spoke, first making a grimace which caricatured an expression of disgust, and then throwing a sly side glance at Mrs. Mutimer; "I hate it; but I take it out of respect to grandpapa's memory. I call it beverage, and take it in moderation, with thankfulness."

Mr. Rupert Smith could usually command his countenance under trying circumstances, but on the present occasion he fairly burst out laughing against his will; for the child's by-play was irresistibly comic, and the voice in which she uttered the last eleven words was a ludicrously exact imitation of that in which Mrs. Mutimer had, scarcely a minute before, made the same avowal.

"What are you laughing at?" inquired Mrs. Mutimer.

"She's accusing me of being over-fond of 'beverage,'" answered Mr. Rupert Smith, wishing to save her from a possibility of a misunderstanding with grandmamma.

"'Tis no such thing," blurted out Kitty, in a voice which was quite audible to Mrs. Mutimer. "Mr. Smith laughed because I mimicked your mighty fine talk about Professor Mutimer;" and then she added in a lower key, for the visitor's private ear, "I make it a rule never to tell her fibs. Why should I? What'd be the object?"

Thought Mr. Rupert Smith, "On my word, she has

come on during the months I have kept away from this place."

Exclaimed Mrs. Mutimer with unruffled temper, and something of admiration, "Kitty's high spirits put me in mind of what I was in my childhood. She keeps me alive, Mr. Smith, I can assure you."

Thought Mr. Rupert Smith, "Poor granny always was a good-natured old soul."

"Shall I speak of business?" he inquired of Mrs. Mutimer, who, at some peril, of which she was unconscious, occupied the rickety sofa, whereon she had shortly before composed herself, whilst her guest had placed himself at the opposite end of the hearth-rug, in a not less rickety arm-chair.

"By all means, let us brace ourselves to deal with the unalluring—may I say, repulsive—topic," answered Mrs. Mutimer, waving her mitten-adorned right hand, and glancing at Kitty. "You need not consider the dear child, for I have no reserves, no dark plottings, no mysteries from her. I must be open with those who surround me; not to be able to put forth exactly what comes uppermost would suffocate me. I'd sooner at once be tied up in a sack, and cast into the Bosphorus. Speak; but first, my dear sir, turn up the gas higher. I must have light; in my girlhood I literally had light lavished upon me by a too indulgent parent, who, besides being domestic chaplain to the Most Noble the Marquis of Muskwater, held church preferment in Devonshire, and was, for his tract on the American rebellion, favourably regarded by his deceased Majesty George III., grandfather to our gracious sovereign lady Queen Victoria, and not great-uncle, as some writers have erroneously supposed. Thank you, that is better; not all that could be desired, but still sufficient. I should prefer wax-lights, but my life has long been severed from that delicious food for vision. Proceed, my dear friend."

Dusty, tumbled, rumped, disorderly old lady though she was, it was discernible that at one time she had been well-looking, even handsome; and as he listened, without a sign of ridicule in his bland, attentive countenance, Mr. Rupert Smith thought, "She's the ruin of a smart, clever woman. Time was when the admirers of her beauty relished her heedless talk, and cried her up as a wit." In thinking which the young man was not in error; for in a far distant past, the poor woman, whose grotesque senility is not here described without a good object, was a bright and lovely girl, endowed with more than an ordinary stock of quickness, humour, and intelligence.

"With regard to your letter received by this morning's post," observed Mr. Rupert Smith, smiling as he obeyed Mrs. Mutimer's order to "proceed," "informing me of the visit and demands of a gentleman whose office I have no inclination to fill—"

"My dear friend, spare him; he is but the agent of a system; and though," interposed Mrs. Mutimer, with magnificent generosity, "we may deprecate a system, it would be beneath our dignity to stigmatise an individual. Of course, he is a person moving in a rank of life beneath our own; of course, as one of the 'lower orders,' it is incumbent on us to keep him as far as possible at a distance, and limit our intercourse to purely official trans-

actions; but I am bound to say that, regarded as a tax-gatherer, he gave me no reason to blush for my species. I received him in this room, not without a purpose; and I even asked him to take a chair, for I was anxious to put him at his ease, and show him that I did not visit upon him the odious nature of a system. I directed his attention to the portrait of the late Professor Mutimer, and he was clearly affected, deeply affected by that almost breathing portrait. I briefly observed, 'Sir, I am the widow of Professor Mutimer;' and the honest man was profoundly moved. I might almost say he bowed down before a spectacle of fallen greatness. Still, he had nerve and power left to him for the performance of his task. He presented me with the document which I here hand to you (Mrs. Mutimer's mitten-adorned right hand here extended a paper), and after a few brief and unrelenting words, left me in sore trouble. In my last extremity I wrote to you—for—advice."

"And my advice is very simple," returned Mr. Rupert Smith, lightly, with a gentlemanly desire to reduce to a minimum any embarrassment which Kitty, as a witness of the interview, might feel.

"It is quite useless to apply to the Ministry," interposed Mrs. Mutimer, quickly; "a country which has up to the present time neglected to pension Professor Mutimer's widow, will let her endure the desecrations of insolvency. But proceed, sir; I throw myself on your legal acumen for—for—advice. Thank Heaven, the widow of Professor Mutimer can still command the sympathy and assistance of the English bar. Whatever you advise, I will do; whether it be to sue out my Habeas Corpus, or to defend the action, or file a schedule, or seek the relief of Chancery."

"You see," continued the counsellor, "taxes wait for no one. It has been said that 'time and tide wait for no man;' but that's wrong. Of the tides, I can speak but little: they, I presume, are the affair of the tide-waiters; but time is very easily delayed—one has simply to turn back the hands of one's watch, and the thing is done. But the taxation of this great country is a mighty and irresistible river, which bears down all the contrivances for opposition to which human ingenuity may have recourse. My dear Mrs. Mutimer, there's no course but instant payment: you must pay; and that you may be able to do so, allow an old friend who came to this house years since, and for a brief period found beneath its roof a home—a home, my dear Mrs. Mutimer, in which he was nursed through a dangerous fever by your maternal care—allow him to place at your disposal the means by which you may satisfy the claim."

As he closed this reply, he returned to Mrs. Mutimer the paper left by the tax-gatherer, and placed on the table, within her reach, the same two bank-notes which he had received a few hours before from Edward.

Whilst he was performing this munificent act, he glanced at Kitty, who had turned her eyes down, and was blushing. The cheeks of the little brunette were crimson—with annoyance, with shame. Familiar as the child was with the shifts, and subterfuges, and humiliations of a not honest poverty—thoroughly acquainted though she was with the affairs of her grandmamma, who "always put forth exactly what came

uppermost"—accustomed though she was to wheedle and coax dunning tradesmen into forbearance and good humour, she could not thus see her grandmother the recipient of charity from the man who had shortly before paid her compliments on her personal beauty.

True, she knew well that it was not his first act of benevolence to her grandmother, and that he had visited them in answer to a petition for "advice" (in Mrs. Mutimer's petitions, "advice" meant "money"), for the express purpose of giving the money demanded by the tax-collector. True, she knew so much when she answered his summons, and admitted him: after she had passed hours of waiting, lying on the rickety old sofa, wondering if he would come, making certain that if he came he would bring the money, and deciding that if he could not or would not come, he would take no notice of her grandmamma's letter. True, moreover, he had expressly told her that he brought a supply of the only medicine which could alleviate Mrs. Mutimer's paroxysm.

Still, she was blushing with shame—to her a novel sort of shame—a shame she had never felt before.

She had seen him several times before give her grandmother a much less sum, and felt no such emotion. Could it be that the largeness of the present gift was the cause of her disturbance?

She had received his announcement that he had bought her a new bonnet and walking dress, and experienced no pang of wounded pride.

In the last chapter it was remarked, "A very knowing, a fearfully wordly-wise child she was." Can it be that she has suddenly sprung into precocious womanhood, leaving to the past her precocious childhood? Let us for a brief while longer think of her and speak of her as a child. For a child's virtues are fountains of purest hope; and to the errors of children a larger measure of pity and pardon can be given than to the misdeeds of women: of pity that has no alloy of anger, and pardon that has no tinge of regret.

"High-souled munificence!" exclaimed Mrs. Mutimer. "The widow asked for advice, and —"

The disturbed action of Mrs. Mutimer's heart forbade her to proceed.

For two minutes she could do no more than rub the notes between her mittens, and gaze at her benefactor with tearful eyes.

That much of time having elapsed, Mrs. Mutimer rose from the sofa, advanced to Mr. Rupert Smith with extended arms, slowly took both his hands in her own, and then gazed down upon him through tearful eyes, as he remained sitting in his chair, with upturned face. The benefactor's eyes—can it be believed?—were wet also. It was his nature to adapt himself to his companions; and since Mrs. Mutimer's present humour was to evince deep emotion, it was his humour also.

This dumb show of stirred feelings lasted for a minute; and then Mrs. Mutimer retired to her sofa once more, and allowed her heart to resume its accustomed action.

"Need I say," observed Mrs. Mutimer, in a tone half explanatory and half apologetic, when she had once more composed herself, "that I consent to receive your timely benevolence without any sense of humiliation?

I am not humiliated; but my country is. The country which has neglected to record its appreciation of Professor Mutimer's services, in assigning a genteel competence to his widow, may well blush; but as for me, serenity covers me. Moreover, I regard your benevolence less as a service to my humble self than as a recognition of the late Professor Mutimer's merits."

Let it be briefly stated what were Professor Mutimer's claims upon his country's regard.

England owed him gratitude for having graduated in medicine in the University of Heidelberg. England was beholden to him for translating Blumenbach's "Art of Surgery" from German into the English language. England was deeply indebted to him for acting throughout many years—indeed, up to the time of his death—as lecturer on surgery, medicine, chemistry, pharmacy, and kindred sciences, to the Bristol Street School of Medicine, Bristol Street, Tottenham Court Road; the said Bristol Street School of Medicine being, in plain and honest truth, the professor's private residence, where he received, at appointed hours, medical students who stood in need of especially careful instruction before they could prudently venture into the presence and challenge the critical notice of the examiners, appointed by the Royal College of Surgeons and the Company of Apothecaries, to ascertain the qualifications of candidates for diplomas. In short, Professor Mutimer was a philanthropic labourer in the field of science, who, disdaining the ridicule which spoke of him as a "grinder" and "crammer," devoted his colossal powers to the education of England's medical youth. His services were invaluable, his remuneration slight; and when the grave brought his labours to a close, the only property he bequeathed to his sorrowing widow was a lease for thirty years of his house in Bristol Street, together with its furniture, medical library, and scientific appointments.

The world might pay little heed to the departed teacher; but Mrs. Mutimer clothed his memory with honour. In his life he was known only as "Mutimer the Grinder; a smart fellow, well up to his work; member of College and Hall:" after his death he was advanced, by his idolising widow, to the rank of a professor. Whilst he trod the ways of men, he rarely alluded to the Heidelberg degree, for he knew that the insular prejudices of his pupils precluded them from justly appreciating the distinction; but when he was, at length, heedless alike of praise or blame, Mrs. Mutimer gave him the full benefit of his physician's rank.

"As for me," repeated Mrs. Mutimer, raising her right hand, "serenity covers me."

"Surely, surely," responded Mr. Rupert Smith; "and in the little service which it is my privilege now to render you, I scarcely repay one inconsiderable unit of a vast debt. Ah, madam, it seems but yesterday, though it is eleven years since, that I came to this house a beardless boy, a student—younger considerably than those other students who then resided with you—and falling ill, was nursed by you!"

"Happy days!" ejaculated Mrs. Mutimer. "The mention of them recalls my vain efforts—vain, indeed, but still remembered with pride—my vain efforts to

raise the medical student to more refined manners and a loftier morality; to draw him from the shoals and quicksands of Borough depravity to the purer atmosphere of Tottenham Court Road. When Professor Mutimer passed away, leaving me this house, I said, 'The house in which my professor instilled the precious truths of science into youthful minds shall henceforth be the domestic retreat of medical students. Professor Mutimer was their father; let me be their mother. If I can elevate the moral tone of Middlesex Hospital, I shall not have lived in vain.' There were those who called me a lodging-house keeper; there were those who, though they had often sate at Professor Mutimer's hospitable board on state occasions, when we had out the silver side-dishes, did not hesitate to report that Professor Mutimer's widow had converted the Bristol Street School of Medicine into a boarding-house for medical students—a *boarding-house! a boarding-house!*—when my prospectus offered, to 'gentlemen attending the hospital classes and practice,' the comforts of 'a home pervaded by the maternal influence of Mrs. Mutimer!' But scorn and misrepresentation were powerless to divert me from my purpose."

"Quite, quite powerless!" interrupted Mr. Rupert Smith.

"If I did not ultimately succeed in carrying out my intentions to my complete satisfaction, it was due to no fault of mine, nor to any unwillingness on the part of Professor Mutimer's old pupils to forward my views. The dear boys flocked to me, and for a time we were a happy family. As a home, a domestic retreat, a moral conservatory, a forcing bed for the fairest virtues of social existence, my project was eminently successful; its failure was due solely to those commercial considerations to which, unfortunately, in this sordid age, all high purposes must yield unqualified submission. The country awarded me no pension by which I might have been enabled to carry out my views for elevating our medical youth; and the private resources of my youthful guests were insufficient to satisfy the demands of the tradesmen—to whom I looked for a steady supply of those necessities of life without which no establishment can be permanently carried on. And so my fascinating dream of advancing the interests of Professor Mutimer's noble profession vanished into airy nothingness."

"And then you took in regular lodgers, grand-mamma," put in Kitty, bluntly.

"I offered the accommodation of my furnished house to gentlemen who were bent on making a temporary residence in this quarter of London," replied Mrs. Mutimer, with increasing dignity. "What else could I do? Professor Mutimer's widow had no pension; the sole barrier between that lady—accustomed in her youth to the luxuries and refinements of wealth—the one solitary barrier, I observe, between that lady and utter want was the steadily dwindling lease of Professor Mutimer's town residence. If the world delights to trample on the fallen, let it say that I 'took in lodgers'—that I 'take in lodgers!' The odious perversion of the simple fact that I allowed gentlemen to use my furnished apartments in return for money payments—a course strictly analogous to the operations of Eng-

land's merchant princes—places no dishonour on my name. I am still Professor Mutimer's widow; I am still an English gentlewoman—with point lace which descended to me from my maternal ancestry. Yes, my dear child, you need never blush to own it—your grandmamma receives lodgers. The fact is recorded in the Post-office Directory. Why should I wish to hide it?"

"And of those, my dear Mrs. Mutimer," interposed Mr. Rupert Smith, "who have made your acquaintance as occupants of your furnished apartments, and have subsequently been permitted to call themselves your friends, I am one."

"Yes, Mr. Rupert—you are one. And, thank Heaven, other generous men, besides yourself, have occupied my first floor, without disdaining my friendship, or declining to help me in times of pressing trouble. On the stone which shall indicate to friendship's tearful eye the last resting-place of Professor Mutimer's widow (the lady's voice was broken with emotion), I would have it engraved, 'Her country neglected her; but she found many friends.' I have found friends—many friends—and kind ones." In saying which Mrs. Mutimer spoke nothing more than truth.

Of the many careless, kindly men, who, during the score years previous to the opening of this story, had tarried in London without a settled home, more than two or three had been Mrs. Mutimer's tenants, and had heard from her lips the story of Professor Mutimer's services to science. One or two, perhaps, had taken the professor and his widow in good faith, just as the lady herself depicted them; some, it is just possible, had been amused by their hostess's airs and assumptions; but whether they listened to her in simple credulity or with disguised ridicule, they had been kind to her. Some had extended to her a helping hand, out of pity to one whom they deemed an ill-used lady; others had assisted her out of easy and not altogether unselfish good-nature, because she was "such good fun." Of late years, however, these benevolent lodgers had less frequently than in former days appeared in Bristol Street. Indeed, the darkness which hovered over Mrs. Mutimer's path had for some time past been steadily increasing. Old and oft-tried supporters had become less prompt in replying to her entreaties for "advice"—in some cases had even frankly intimated that further applications for "advice" would receive no notice whatever. Public feeling was growing more and more hostile to her in Tottenham Court Road. Tradesmen—in whose books she had maintained herself for years, by her imposing magniloquence, her mittens, her allusions to Professor Mutimer, and by small payments on account—were on both sides of that thoroughfare muttering savagely resolutions "not to stand it any longer," and had even taken counsel together as to the advisability of selling her up, whilst there still remained her furniture and a last small remnant of her lease of the Bristol Street house, by the sale of which their demands might be satisfied. "Why should I blame them?" said Mrs. Mutimer, with true nobility of feeling, when her butcher and baker, at a recent interview, had pressed her hard for payment in full, and given vague threats of what they could, would, and must do, unless their wishes were complied with.

"They are not to be blamed. Would that I could say as much for the country, which neglected to pension me!"

Under these depressing circumstances had Mrs. Mutimer, with very faint hopes of weathering out the storm that seemed rapidly rising over her, written to Mr. Rupert Smith for "advice."

(To be continued.)

DOES THE PHYSICAL UNIVERSE PROCLAIM THE BEING OF A GOD?

PART II.

LET us now examine more closely the celestial mechanism. If supreme intelligence has superintended the formation of the universe, then will the evidences of this august power be stamped on every part. What doth the solid earth itself declare, radiant with power and beauty, teeming with life, diversified with every variety of grandeur, rolling ever on its firm axis, alternately irradiated with a flood of splendour, and canopied with jewelled glories, sweeping onward freighted with its twelve hundred millions of intelligent beings, its myriads of sentient creatures, circling for ever in its appointed path? Spring-time and harvest, summer and winter do never fail. There is bread for the eater, and seed for the sower. Poise yourself in empty space, and behold this revolving world, with its rocks and mountains, its forests and oceans, its life and energy, sweeping by you, swiftly revolving, and swiftly flying, growing, swelling, expanding, as it approaches, till, as it flashes by you, the imagination is overwhelmed with the amazing grandeur!

Is there here no evidence of mind? Whose hand fashioned this stupendous globe, and filled its mighty cavities with the heaving deep? Who painted with glowing tints its limitless expanse; warmed, and vivified, and fructified its teeming bosom; filled its surface with life and energy, with hope, and love, and happiness; launched it flaming through the abyss of space, firm fixed in its appointed course as though linked by chains of adamant, never, never to be moved? The swelling mind answers, "It is God, it is God alone!"

But this is mere external examination. Let us penetrate still deeper into the arcana of this wonderful exhibition, and mark the admirable adaptation of all its parts. The sustentation of man, the monarch of creation, seems to be the grand aim of the mighty Architect. For him the earth teems with fruit and flower, with the

rich harvest and the golden grain. For him the fresh fountains leap from the solid rock, and the cattle feed on a thousand hills. To lull him to repose the solid earth turns away from the too brilliant sun, and the gentle stars light the nocturnal sky. To wake him to vigour the morning dawns, and the light of day, tempered by a provision of admirable efficiency, swells gently into brighter and still brighter effulgence, until the full-orbed sun bursts in splendour upon the world.

How and by what wonderful contrivance are all these results accomplished? The life of man is dependent on the purity of the wonderful envelope which surrounds the earth. Sweep away this gauzy atmosphere, and man dies, and with him all life becomes extinct. Even permit this atmosphere to stagnate, and pestilence fills the earth. But who shall fan the breeze, or stir the wind, or rouse the sweeping tornado? Look at yonder distant fiery globe, nearly ninety-two millions of miles removed from our earth, and who would suppose that from this distant orb comes the mysterious power by which this mighty aerial ocean, the breath of life to man, to animal, and to vegetable, is stirred to its profoundest depths, and its purification preserved?

We point to the sun. By his heat operating through the laws of expansion and contraction, motion becomes the attribute of every atmospheric particle—change, circulation, ceaseless motion, sometimes revealing itself in the gentle zephyr that plays with the drooping floweret, and anon mightily, in the fierce tempest which wrestles with the gnarled oak.

Here, then, are most astonishing adaptations—the sun, the earth, the ocean, the atmosphere, the laws of heat, of motion, of expansion, of evaporation, of condensation—all combining to work out the most beneficent influences for man. To perfect all this astonishing development, an adequate supply of moisture is demanded, an adequate supply of light is demanded, an adequate supply of heat is demanded; certain qualities of soil are demanded, and above all, the fruitfulness of Nature is demanded. Whence do all these come? What stretch of human power can supply the needed heat, or bid the dead seed burst into life?

A further examination shows the nicest and most astonishing adjustments. In case the annual supply of heat were increased or diminished by even a single degree, the most disas-

trous consequences would follow. An annual increase or decrease of three degrees would destroy every form of life which now fills the earth. That this annual supply may be constant, look at the wonderful complexity of contrivance. The great centre, the mighty reservoir of light and heat, is made exhaustless; pouring for ever from its bosom a flood of light and heat, borne in the most inscrutable manner athwart the regions of space, with a velocity overwhelming. Thousands of years has the light blazed with splendour undimmed, and the heat flashed with power undiminished. The source, then, is constant, though ever exhausting. But this is not the only requisite. The earth, the recipient of these beams of heat and light, must turn its various faces to the source of life—and here another wonder breaks upon us. This solid globe, with a diameter of 8,000 miles, with unchanged continuity of motion, is ever turning on its well-poised axis. Perfection is required. Anything short of this would derange the economy of Nature.

While uniformity of rotation is essential for the equal distribution of light and heat, it is not the only thing needed; a still more complex and difficult guarantee is required. The earth, in its orbital movement around the sun, must cling to the primitive figure of its annual orbit, amidst a multitude of disturbing forces. The moon, powerful by her proximity, sways the solid earth; the interior planets, Mercury and Venus, in like manner exert their influence; the larger planets, Jupiter and Saturn, claim their share in this perpetual struggle; the smaller planets, the remote satellites, even the shadowy comets, assert their power, and the earth is dragged by contending forces in every possible direction. Yet are all these contending powers so admirably equiposed, the one against the other, that this mighty globe flies through space, ever linked to her orbit, slowly changing, but never changed. Does not all this mighty display of contrivance demonstrate with irresistible power the being of a God?

If we lift our thoughts above our earth, and survey the various worlds which revolve about our sun, the same evidence of design meets us at every point. Our earth is one of the humblest of all the planets. If we visit the mighty system of Jupiter, such is the vastness of its celestial architecture that all we have left behind appears trivial and insignificant. If we go yet farther, and survey the still more amazing system of Saturn, with its retinue of attending moons, and its girdle of light, we find displays of power and wisdom so resistless, that if all other worlds were stricken from existence, enough would here remain to demonstrate the being of a God. But these are not separate existences. They are not quiescent or fixed on some unimaginable foun-

dation in space. They are all indissolubly united, and all flying through space. Whence, then, come the wonderful laws of their reciprocal influence, and whence the laws which curb their high career? Relax only the power of gravitation, and every planet shoots madly from its orbit; augment ever so slightly its power, the equilibrium is destroyed, and world after world sinks into the sun. We demand, How comes it that they endure? We are forced to declare that these so-called laws of Nature are but the uniform expression of the will of an ever-living God.

If we extend our researches beyond the limits of the solar system, we are compelled to admit a sun in every visible star; and if a sun, then attendant planets; and if revolving planets, then some intelligent and controlling power. Thus if the being of a God can be argued from the admirable adaptations which surround man in this nether world, every star that glitters in the vast concave of heaven proclaims, with equal power, this mighty truth. If we rise still higher, the mind, overwhelmed with the display of grandeur, exclaims involuntarily, "This is the empire of God!"

And now, how is the knowledge of this vast surrounding universe revealed to the mind of man? Here is, perhaps, the crowning wonder. It is through the agency of light acting upon the human eye. Strike the human eye from existence, and at a single blow the sun is blotted out, the planets fade, the heavens are covered with the blackness of darkness, the vast universe shrinks to a narrow compass bounded by the sense of touch alone.

Such, then, is the organisation of the universe, and such the means by which we are permitted to take cognisance of its existence and phenomena. If the feeble mind of man has achieved victories in the natural world—if his puny structures, which have survived the attacks of a few thousand years, proclaim the superiority of the intelligence of his mind to insensate matter—if the contemplation of the works of art and the triumphs of human genius, swells us into admiration at the power of this invisible spirit that dwells in mortal form—what shall be the emotions excited, the ideas inspired, by the contemplation of the boundless universe of God? What shall be the unavoidable inference? Verily, THERE IS A GOD, and wisdom, power, and goodness unlimited, belong unto Him.

ONE SIN LEADS TO MANY.

'Tis fearful building upon any sin:
One mischief enter'd brings another in;
The second pulls a third, the third draws more,
And they for all the rest set wide the door;
Till custom take away the judging sense,
That to offend we think it no offence.

FIDELITY.

THE Rev. Charles Simeon was once summoned to the death bed of a dying brother. Entering the room, the relative extended his hand, and with some emotion said, "I am dying, and you never warned me of the state in which I was, and of the great danger I was in of neglecting the salvation of my soul." "Nay, my brother," said Simeon, "I took every reasonable opportunity of bringing the subject of religion before you, and frequently alluded to it in my letters." "Yes," said the dying man, "but you never came to me, closed the door, and took me by the collar of my coat, and told me I was unconverted, and that if I died in that state I should be lost. And now I am dying, and but for God's grace I might have been for ever undone." It is said that Mr. Simeon never forgot this scene.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

WE read of a philosopher who, passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple yet sage reflection: "How many things there are here that I do not want!" Now this is just the reflection with which the earnest believer passes happily through the world. It is richly furnished with what are called *good things*. It has posts of honour and power, to tempt the restless aspirings of ambition of every grade. It has gold and gems, houses and lands, for the covetous and ostentatious. It has innumerable bowers of taste and luxury, where self-indulgence may revel. But the Christian, whose piety is deep-toned, and whose spiritual perceptions are clear, looks over the world, and exclaims, "How much there is here that I do not want! I have what is far better. My treasure is in heaven."

GOD CARES FOR US.

A LADY, one cold winter's day, left her own home to visit the homes of want. She went from house to house, and from room to room, and did what she could at each. At last she came to the third storey of a wretched house. The door of the room was shut; she tried to open it, but could not. Some persons were inside, but could not open the door. On listening, the lady heard a little weak voice say, "Pull the string up high." She looked, and found a string, which, upon being pulled, lifted a latch, and she opened the door upon two little half-naked children all alone.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the oldest.

"And are you not very cold?—no fire on a cold day like this!"

"Oh! when we are very cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms around me, and we say,

'Now I lay me;' then we get warm," said the little girl.

"And what do you have to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home, she fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

"Yes," said the lady, "God is indeed our Father; and I think he has sent me to look after some of his children, or, as your granny calls them, some of his 'sparrows,' and, if I can, I am to help them to some crumbs."

She gave them some big crumbs—more than they could eat at once, or in one day. While the little ones were eating the "crumbs," Tommy said to his sister—

"Then this is our Father's gift, in answer to that prayer, this morning, before granny went out, 'Give us this day our daily bread;' and here it is; for God cares for us."

Memorials of Illustrious Women.

No. III.—SARAH MARTIN.

ALL strangers who visit the venerable seafaring town of Great Yarmouth pay a visit to the ancient Church of St. Nicholas, and gaze upon the beautiful stained glass window erected therein by public subscription to the memory of the excellent woman whose name stands at the head of this article. Inspired by the love of the Redeemer, and in imitation of his example, she was a benefactress to the poor, the ignorant, and the criminal of her native place, and well deserves to be had in remembrance. Pleasant, then, it is to look upon that memorial window, and to read therein the following inscription:—

TO THE HONOUR OF GOD,
THIS WINDOW WAS SET UP
IN MEMORY OF HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT,
SARAH MARTIN.

From a short autobiographical sketch we learn that she was born in June, 1791; an only child, deprived of her parents at an early age, and brought up by a widowed grandmother, who was a meek and lowly Christian, bending to the grave after a long life of much affliction, desiring to depart, yet, as it were, lingering for the sake of her much-loved charge. The early instructions of this good woman seemed to fall like dew on the tender herb; and little Sarah listened with childish pleasure as she spoke to her of Jesus, the good Shepherd. But these first impressions were soon exchanged for very different ones. When a little more than twelve years old, she learned from a schoolfellow the way of obtaining novels and romances at a cheap rate from a circulating library, and read much trash of this description "with uncommon avidity."

Becoming weary after a time, she turned for a change of books to read "Shakespeare's Plays," and other dramatic works; Addison's 'Spectator,' 'Guardian,' &c.; the works of Johnson and others,

and the British poets." It is evident here was a vigorous, inquiring young mind, of uncommon energy. Sad to say, in the midst of all her thirst for acquiring knowledge, she turned from Gospel light and truth with a feeling not only of indifference, but of aversion. When fourteen years of age, she was apprenticed to a dressmaker in Yarmouth, and in two years, having acquired sufficient skill in her business, she pursued it on her own account, and was employed by several respectable families in the town, to whose houses she was accustomed to go and work. Her diligence, attention, and cleverness secured for her the respect as well as patronage of her employers; but she was still dead to the high principles of Christian duty, and hardened her heart against the truth.

The daily sight of the Bible in the hands of my beloved grandmother (she says) brought reproof and a sting to my conscience. On one occasion my grandmother was reading aloud, and I left the room, unable to bear it. In a happier period afterwards, when asking if she ever despaired of my salvation, she told me she did not, but was ever enabled to pray and to hope in God. There lived in our neighbourhood an old gentleman and his wife. The affectionate regard of the latter to me from my childhood was met on my part with attachment and respect, but by the former my prejudice and hatred to Divine truth were much strengthened and confirmed. He was a man of no ordinary ability, and used to apply passages of Scripture profanely, and read different translations of the Bible for the purpose of discovering what he called "contradictions;" and whilst scorning the Bible, would adopt an opinion of Voltaire, Shaftesbury, or Bolingbroke, as a standard of decision on truth or error. I frequently conversed with him and borrowed his books.

Thus she went on till she was nineteen years old, when, on a fine summer's Sunday, having walked until she was weary, she entered, "from mere curiosity," a place of worship, and heard a sermon preached, which powerfully fixed her attention, from the words, "We persuade men." As she walked home, reflecting on what she heard, her mind was expanded with a sense of the Divine Majesty, and she expressed her feelings to her infidel friend. He said it was the novelty that pleased her, and it would soon wear off; but the answer of her heart was, "I hope not; be it novelty or delusion, it is so precious I cannot part with it."

Yet she did not attempt to go again to hear the preacher, nor seek the Lord, nor give up the world in any way whatever; for, as she expresses it, though her judgment was convinced in a measure, her heart was untouched. At length, in the autumn of 1810, her mind was influenced, by the Divine mercy, to a careful examination of the great subject in good earnest. The result she thus relates:—

I became convinced, not only of the truth of Divine revelation, but also of my own crime in having rejected it. By the light of the Divine Majesty I saw myself condemned, and I felt the justice of my condemnation. And yet, such was the pity of my God, and such his tenderness to me, that, in the immediate disclosure of these my circumstances, he showed to me, as in the same glance, the Mediator Jesus Christ, my Saviour, and forgiveness through him.

For a considerable time after this first break of the Divine day in her soul she found herself much troubled with anxiety to work out her own salvation, and became increasingly disappointed that she toiled hard to acquire spiritual knowledge and light to such small purpose. At length she was led to a clear view of the Gospel freedom and grace, as announced in the 9th and 11th chapters of Romans.

She saw "that to uphold and to prosper Divine life is God's sovereign prerogative, and that it is a work as exclusively belonging to the Holy Spirit, as the first movement of the soul from spiritual death; and that, in the plan of the salvation of a sinner, was comprehended everything needed for advance in godliness, knowledge, and obedience." From this time she rejoiced to see her salvation secure on the ground of God's free and sovereign mercy, and found rest unto her soul.

It now became her delight to search the Scriptures. She found them a source of never-failing pleasure, and her mind drank in truth and love. She committed much of the Testament to memory, and, when reading, kept by her a common-place book in which she noted such texts as illustrated the attributes of God, and "such other subjects as presented themselves, by which her hungering and thirsting soul was sustained." Thus was guidance imparted from on high with clear satisfaction for the time being, and strong hopes for the future, which after years both advanced and confirmed.

It appears from the list of members of the Independent Meeting-house in Great Yarmouth that Sarah Martin was proposed and admitted "to the fellowship of the faithful" in that community in September, 1811, and she continued to communicate in the Gaol Street Chapel until May, 1816, when there is an entry made of her resignation, probably on account of her prison engagements. And now, her feet being turned into the narrow way, she looked about her, anxious to give proof of her love to the Saviour by calling others to the knowledge of his name; and hoping that, "with the Bible in her hand, she might point them to those fountains of joy whence her own bliss so largely flowed."

Her first efforts were made in the Sunday-school, and her teaching was useful to several of the lambs of the flock. "The blessing of the Father was neither held back from me nor the children," she writes; "but, after a course of years, this department was resigned in favour of the prison." She desired a wider field of usefulness, and before long made her way into the workhouse to visit a sick young woman, and at her death obtained what had been the desire of her heart, an opportunity to continue her visits, and to read the Scriptures and pray with the inmates of all the sick rooms.

While engaged in her daily avocations she frequently passed the gaol, and as she did so the desire sprang up in her heart to obtain entrance within those gloomy walls that she might preach "deliverance to the captives," and be permitted to hold out the Gospel offers of mercy even to the wretched outcasts of vice and crime. The desire brooded deep within, but she mentioned it to none—not even to her beloved grandmother—lest the project should seem a visionary one, and some obstacle be put in her way. She waited God's leading, and "consulted none but him." At length this—"the first wish of her heart," as she calls it—was granted. It came out as follows:—

In August 1819, I heard of a woman being sent to the gaol for having cruelly beaten her child, and went and asked leave to see her, which on a second application was granted. When I told her the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, &c., she burst into tears and thanked me, whilst I read to her the 23rd chapter of St. Luke. For the first few months I only made a short visit to read the Scriptures to the prisoners; but, desiring more time to instruct

them in reading and writing, I soon thought it right to give up a day in a week, from dressmaking, by which I earned my living, to serve the prisoners. This, regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me. At this time there was no Divine worship in the gaol, on the Lord's-day, nor any respect paid to it, at which I was particularly struck, when, on going one Sunday to see a female convict, I found her making a bonnet. I had long desired and recommended the prisoners to form a Sunday service, by one reading to the rest. It was at length adopted; but, aware of the instability of a practice in itself good, without any corresponding principle of preservation, and thinking that my presence might exert a beneficial tendency, I joined their Sunday morning worship as a regular hearer. On discovering that their afternoon service had been resigned I proposed attending on that part of the day also, and it was resumed. After several changes of readers, the office devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity and in much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so, and also an unspeakable advantage and comfort to myself.

I was enabled to continue the two services on Sunday until 1831, when, as my strength seemed insufficient for both, it pleased God that a good minister, who then became resident in our parish, should undertake the afternoon service, which was a timely relief to me. In my happy and quiet course, comparatively unknown and unnoticed, and where no influence beyond that of the governor and his wife were essential, it pleased God to give me that important advantage, and I would gratefully acknowledge the kind support which I received from them.

In such simple manner does she relate the story of her labours of love in the prison; and, not content with these efforts, she devoted one day in the week—Monday—to the workhouse children. This she was enabled to do by the kindly aid of a lady who felt much interest in her success, and compensated her for the pecuniary loss of this part of her time. At first, the little ones were taught in a close sleeping garret; but, after some time, a school-room was built in the yard. Still, it was necessary to select the teachers from the inmates of the workhouse. The master saw and appreciated the value of Sarah's plan, and endeavoured to second it. The great difficulty was the choice of a competent person to instruct the children regularly. There were no funds supplied by the authorities for the purpose, and the governor had no other option than to select the best pauper he could find. He made choice of one John Stagg, an old man, who, by drunkenness, had brought himself to poverty, but who could read and teach well. There was one excellent point about him: he gave himself implicitly to follow the directions of Sarah, attended to her advice as to what the children should learn, and gave her a hearty welcome in her weekly visits. To this poor man, as well as to the children, her instructions were very useful. After a few years he became decidedly pious, and was wont to give thanks to God that ever he entered that school-room. As his own mind became warmed with Divine love, he was no longer the mechanical teacher, but the affectionate master and friend of his young charge. His natural temper was impatient; but when sickness confined him, he became gentle and resigned to give over the charge that had latterly been endeared to his heart; and, every earthly care being removed, he found rest. On his death-bed he said to Sarah, "I feel that I am a guilty sinner; but I cast myself entirely on the mercy of God in his dear Son."

The next schoolmaster was an old sailor, a man of bad character, and known to be a thief; but

there was no choice in the workhouse, for no other person able to teach reading could be found. He, however, proved as manageable as the former, took kindly to the instructions of Sarah, and, in a few years, became also a decided Christian.

He was a man (she says) of somewhat grave deportment (not of presence), but of sound mind. At a subsequent time I heard him say, "In this school-room God taught me what I did not know before—that I am a sinner, and that I have mercy in my Saviour." Like the former master, his faith was seen in his holiness of life. During his illness, painful as it was to attempt the labours of the school, he could not leave his beloved charge. On the first day of finding him absent from the school-room, it grieved me much. A little boy led me to the master's room, who was sitting half upright, because of difficulty in breathing. An expression of compassion escaped me, which he quickly corrected, saying, "Oh, this is nothing! I could bear ten times more than this with God supporting me. How gracious God is!" The high tone of elevation, the strong expression of his countenance as he looked upwards, and his manner altogether, were truly grand. In his renewed mind there was, indeed, strong faith and hope—it was the mind of a conqueror. The impression left on my own mind was lasting and precious, for, when I remember him, "he being dead, yet speaketh."

Thus actively and usefully, unknown and all unnoticed, she went on with her work. The children were formed into classes; all committed to memory passages of Holy Scripture; and, during the last six or seven years of her attendance, she prepared from the Bible "ten sets of questions answered by texts on the most prominent Scripture truths." These were copied on sheets of pasteboard in large hand, and hung round the room. The children were delighted with the exercises thus prepared for them; the older scholars taught the younger. By degrees the riot, disorder, and fearful ignorance of former times were exchanged for decorous and Christian demeanour, and pleasure and peace reigned.

In the meantime, her labours at the gaol continued and increased in earnestness and success. After continuing her visits for about three years, perceiving that idleness was a fruitful source of vice in the prison, she turned her thoughts to the subject of finding employment, first for the women, and afterwards for the men. In 1823, one gentleman gave her 10s., and another, in the same week, £1, for prison charity. It then occurred to her that it would be well to expend this money in purchasing material for baby clothes; and, having borrowed patterns, cut out the articles, fixed prices for payment for making them, and ascertained the cost of a set, that they might be disposed of at a remunerative price, the plan was carried into effect. It took surprisingly. Shirts, coats, and other articles were made by the prisoners; and charitable people, being told of the thing, supported it, and so did good in two ways—while giving to the poor, they furnished employment for the prisoners. In this way many young women who were unable to sew, learned the art, and in several instances gained a little money to take away with them at the end of their term of imprisonment, which proved of much use in some cases. "The fund of £1 10s. for this purpose," she states, "soon rose to £7 7s., and since its establishment above £408 worth of various articles of clothing have been sold for charity."

Her attention was likewise directed to the employment of the male prisoners. The number was

at that time small. Some of them learned to make straw hats, and afterwards bone spoons and seals; others made caps for men and boys, the material (old cloth or moreen) being given by her friends for the purpose.

In some instances, young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew grey cotton shirts or even patch-work with a view to shut out idleness and make themselves useful. On one occasion (she adds) I showed to the prisoners an etching of the Chess-Player, by Retzsch, which two men, one a shoemaker and the other a bricklayer, desired much to copy; they were allowed to do so, and being furnished with pens, paper, &c., succeeded remarkably well. The Chess-Player presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could be well applied to any kind of gaming, and was on that account suitable to my pupils, who had generally descended from the love of marbles and pitch half-penny in children, to cards, dice, &c., in men. The business of copying it had the advantage of requiring all thought and attention at the time. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and for a year or two afterwards many continued to make copies of it.

(To be continued in our next.)

Youths' Department.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER; OR, FATHER AND SON.—No. II.

"The velocity of light is that which now deserves our attention," said Mr. Russell, as, laying aside the prism, in which he had been for some time experimenting to his son's delight, he once more took his accustomed place; Edward, with grateful love, regarding his father as he spoke.

"A second of time is short," continued Mr. Russell, "yet it suffices for a lighted taper to eject, in that period, more particles of light than there are grains of sand in the whole earth! What, then, must be the immensity of the minute particles which are so unceasingly propelled from our two great luminaries, and effected as they are with a velocity that baffles conception?"

"Which travels fastest—light or sound?" asked Edward.

"Light, undoubtedly," replied Mr. Russell. "In comparison, sound creeps, compared with the darting volition of light; and had we not certain facts to prove it by, we should think it past belief, the amazing velocity with which light travels."

"That explains, then, why we see the lightning so much before we hear the thunder-clap," said little Edward, with pleased significance, shaking his head, as if that point was settled in his mind.

"You have guessed rightly, my boy; for the rapidity with which light travels is at the rate of 190,000 miles in a second, while sound only comes on at the slow and tardy rate of thirteen miles a minute. No wonder, then, that the thunder is often so long before it makes its reverberating crash; and the longer it is coming, the greater the distance; whereas, if the flash be instantly followed by that fearful and terrible peal, then we know it is very near, and the next shock is waited for in awful expectancy."

"But to the people who are living now to God, and whose aim is unceasingly to promote his glory—the very end of their existence—they can apply to themselves the consolation from the lips of their Father, even though the whole atmosphere were be-
girt with tempests—'Come, my people, enter thou

into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity: the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain'" (Isa. xxvi. 20, 21).

"I remember, papa, there is another passage very terrible," returned little Edward, "where God is said to take vengeance on his enemies; and as he has all power, how dreadful will that be when they leave this world without repentance!"

"Your remarks, my child, are very just. But though the Lord shall indeed come forth in indignation, and be revealed in fire, taking vengeance on them who know not God, and obey not the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, yet not so to his people; for as the next verse is, 'He shall come to be glorified and admired, in all them that believe:' and the verse you were learning yesterday explains in what way."

Edward remembered the verse, and recited—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

"The wonderful love of Jesus," returned Mr. Russell, "will be the believer's security, when the awful terrors which shall attend his coming shall appear. He is now 'long-suffering' towards the wicked; and the darkness of Calvary had an end, because the Sufferer paid to the full the amazing debt of death, and satisfied Divine justice (Gal. iii. 13). But there is another darkness hastening on; and who may abide the terrors of that darkness, which shall be eternal—called, emphatically, 'the outer darkness'—where no ray of light will ever again shine upon the lost, but woe, unceasing woe? Oh, that men were wise; that they understood these things!" said Mr. Russell, with a deep sigh; and folding his son in his arms, he gazed on him tenderly.

Edward was affected by his father's words and manner, saying he hoped never to forget the lessons taught him by these inquiries, and that whenever these subjects were again recalled to his mind, he should ever connect with them the Scriptural passages alluded to. And not to press too far the instrumentality of sacred things, Mr. Russell would now have dismissed Edward; but the little fellow had yet another question, and this time it had reference to the atmosphere, asking his father if he would explain the formation of the atmosphere, as he had that of "light," which Mr. Russell willingly promised; and Edward, all joy at the promise of a lengthened conversation on these, to him, new subjects, took his place once more at his father's feet, in an attitude of deep attention.

"The atmosphere," pursued Mr. Russell, "is not the least wonderful part of creation; for, like as you have seen fishes, at the bottom of a clear stream, imbibing nutriment from the element so necessary to their existence, so do we live and move in an element which surrounds our being, in a similar manner, and like the fishes deprived of water, we should instantly perish, were we to be excluded from fresh air for any length of time."

"What is air composed of?" interposed Edward.
"We can see water; but we cannot see the air."

"As usual, Edward," returned Mr. Russell, "your questions go deep into any subject you take up. I must take time to answer you, my boy," smiling as he spoke.

Edward, too, smiled, as archly he added, "You make your lessons too pleasant for me soon to give up asking questions, dear papa; only I don't wish to tire you," he said, hastily.

"No; I'm not so easily tired. I am only thinking how far you will understand some hard words I must use in teaching you this subject of the atmosphere, which is made up of two gases. The property of the first is vital—it is replete with life—and is an elastic fluid, denominated 'oxygen;' and is a gas of so vital a quality that, unless qualified by another gas which is innocuous, and has no power of life, animals would live too fast, and would be consumed by this fast life-giving element; but mixed with 'nitrogen' (which is the name of the second gas, and which is also called *azote*, that is, 'without life'), the strength of the vital air, 'oxygen,' is diluted, as water dilutes wine; and, in the proportions adjusted by an all-wise Providence, man and the inferior animals find health, while inhaling what is so necessary to their existence."

"More wonders!" exclaimed little Edward, in a delighted tone. "I had no idea so much thought was required to make the atmosphere."

"Forethought, you mean," said Mr. Russell; "for only an Almighty Being could have devised such means to ends, as I shall presently show you, for the support of not only animal but vegetable life. For on the atmosphere depends the life of both; and yet animals and vegetables require an entirely opposite kind of air to inhale and flourish in."

"Oh, papa, how pleasant it is to know all this! It makes one think so much more of God, who made all these things," gravely interrupted Edward.

"Without doubt, that is the true use of all knowledge of this kind," said Mr. Russell; "but I'm afraid, my dear child, that knowledge too often 'puffeth up,' instead of bringing down the pride of men, by showing how weak they are, and how little, in reality, is known of the wide field in which the Creator has his footprints."

(To be continued.)

The Children's Hour.

No. III.—THE PEARL BUTTON.

My little listeners were in somewhat an unruly state on the afternoon when the boys were to have their turn for a story. Several rather hot discussions had taken place as to who should sit nearest to my chair, and a "passage of arms" between Herbert and Cecil was a little rougher than I liked to see. When referred to, to decide the matter, I gave my vote in favour of the youngest and weakest; so Cecil sat by me, within reach of Mary's little hand, which now and then checked her brother's curls as they touched my dress. "The elders," as we call Lily and Herbert, are not quite satisfied even now. Herbert was too near the fire, Lily said; and Herbert was equally sure his sister was really just as far over the proscribed boundary of the hearth-rug, only his legs, of course, stretched out further. "Of course they do; but

that is no reason why they should." And then Lily resigned herself to circumstances, and, leaning back in her little chair, said, "Now, then, choose for your story."

"The buttons on my coat," said Herbert, looking up at me. "The buttons on my coat, mamma. Tell us their story."

And as the firelight glanced upon the broad white faces of the mother-of-pearl buttons, it also showed on Herbert's face an expression lurking there, half-triumphant, half-mischievous, followed by the words, "There, mamma! Is that a puzzle?"

"I call it a stupid thing to choose," said Lily. "I hope mamma won't tell any story about them. The buttons on your coat, indeed!"

Was I puzzled? A few moments' silence, and then I seemed to hear the murmur of far-off seas; and I began to think it was not so hopeless a matter to tell the story of Herbert's buttons as at first I had feared. "The mother-of-pearl button, children. Let it speak for itself," I said.

"For ourselves, if you please," began the top-most of the long row on Herbert's linsey coat; "for ourselves, for ourselves," echoed all the others. "We have always been in companies from beginning to end, and we like it. Each one of us, to be sure, has its appointed place and its appointed duty; but we hold together, and when accident deprives us of one of our number, we who are left mourn the loss of a friend."

"We mostly go together in dozens in our present form; but that form was not our first—not our first—oh, no!" and the voice of the pearl button seemed to be very like the murmur of the sea, far away, far away.

"We lay together in a bed such as you, my children, have but little idea of. Strange creatures darted in and out amongst us, and fringes of scarlet, and purple, and green sea-weed waved over us. How blue, too, was the sea of that our first home, where, rough and brown without, but smooth and polished within, we guarded the inhabitants, around which we firmly closed, and with whose growth we had grown, and with whose strength we had strengthened. But the time came when we were drawn in heaps from our bed beneath those moving, restless fellows, to be cast out under the scorching rays of a tropical sun, where we, the rugged but faithful oyster-shells, could no longer protect the inmate we had so long preserved, and opened, to close no more, over the dead fish. Heaps upon heaps, heaps upon heaps of empty shells were gathered together, and in a ship's hold we made the voyage from India to this country. If now we are counted by dozens, then we were numbered by thousands. You know our name is mother-of-pearl; but to very few of us comparatively is given the honour of calling a real round pearl daughter. It certainly happened to none of us, though some of our neighbours were singled out as having a few tiny children of the pearl species, of an insignificant kind, however, and not worth a regret."

"Not worth a regret!" echoed all the buttons, in succession, as Herbert turned in his chair, and leaning his head upon his hand, looked up at me, with fixed attention, while the bright, cheery firelight ran over the buttons, and showed off their beauty as much as they could desire, one would think. And though the buttons were, perhaps, as

Lily murmured, very "conceited," their rain-bow hues, as they caught the light, were really beautiful.

"Hard discipline came for us next," the top button continued. "We were cut by a sharper knife than we had ever dreamed of. Out of each shell did this little tube-shaped saw cut a round bit, just the size you see us now; and then, while some of us are drilled with a sharp iron pointer, and two or four holes, as the case may be, are made right through us, others, like ourselves, have a small brass fastening fixed into us, after we have undergone the pleasanter process of rubbing and final polishing with rotten-stone and soap. In all these processes many fingers touched us; old and young, rough and tender. At last we found ourselves done up in different packets, counted first by dozens, sewn on sheets of stiff cardboard, and one of us retained to be fastened outside the parcel, to show the size and shape of those within. I was the outside button of our parcel, and though I was rather pleased at first, I got heartily tired of my life in the deep drawer of a shop, and was many a time disappointed when packets of little thick buttons, and a host of smaller fry, were preferred before me. At last, one day, the drawer being open, I heard a voice above me say, 'Large mother-of-pearl buttons, for a little boy's coat.' Out we came in a twinkling, and, after having been examined carefully for a minute, the same voice said, 'Yes, two dozen of these, please;' and then I heard another voice—

"Are they for Herbert's new coat, Anne?"

"Yes, Miss Lily," was the answer. 'It will be all ready by to-morrow—his new suit—for his birthday, as a surprise, you know.'

"Away we were now carried, in what I suppose was Anne's bag, and that evening, when there was silence in the nursery, we were duly counted out and sewn upon the coat and trousers, where you see us now. As Anne sewed on the last of us, I heard her say, 'There, I am glad it is finished; it will please him, I know, and it looks very nice, and these buttons are a great set off to it.' Of course we were—no one could doubt it.

"The first day of our new position on the coat in question was pleasant enough—the birthday of a little boy, who seemed to have everything he could desire, so we thought. He had many birthday presents—books, toys, a writing-case, a knife, a silver pencil-case; but I do believe his new suit, on which shone the (shall I say?) pretty faces of us pearl buttons, was what he cared for most. He was six years old, and he heard many voices telling him he looked quite a man, and his mother told him, when she heard this said, he must 'learn to behave like one.' But there certainly has been a doubt in our minds whether that lesson has been quite learned. Now," said the top button, "I don't wish to preach, but I must say a few words before I have done. It does strike me—and I think I may say it strikes us all equally—that the little boy, on whose new coat we were sewn in readiness for his sixth birthday, has not quite left off baby ways with his less manly attire. We have given some trouble in our day—we know that; and great pains and patience were taken to fashion us from the rugged oyster-shell to the pretty, useful button; but this was the sort of trouble which, so to speak, we could not help giving. Now it is of

unnecessary trouble, which, it seems to us, our little master gives so much. Oh! since he has worn us—not quite a month yet—how countless are the times when he has been troublesome during the operation of dressing! How often has Anne to call him to have his hair brushed for dinner—his hands washed—his collar smoothed! Then, perhaps, when this is completed, before the dinner-bell sounds, he has scampered off, and managed to make himself so untidy, that everything has to be done over again, before he can present himself at the dinner-table. How often, too, do we feel ourselves going with him, at a slow, unwilling pace, when the summons comes for lessons. So fast as our little master can run sometimes, it does surprise us! And then at the lessons themselves, how much unnecessary trouble is given by carelessness and want of attention. Why, only the other day we heard our master say the Bay of Bengal was between France and Spain, instead of the Bay of Biscay, and call 'than' then, six times over, in his short reading lesson. There are sadder times than these, when our little master gives, we fear, unnecessary sorrow, as well as trouble—times when angry bursts of passion and wilful naughtiness trouble the peace of his happy home, as gusts of stormy wind troubled the surface of that first watery home of ours, far away. Now, it seems to us that as all children must give a great deal of trouble to those about them—a trouble which becomes a pleasure if the child is only good and obedient—it does seem to us that all children should try to think twice before they wilfully cause labour, and vexation, and sorrow to their nurses, their governesses, their mothers, and brothers, and sisters. Just as great pains were necessary to cut us, and form us, and round us, and polish us, from the rough oyster-shell, so is great pains necessary to form and mould the mind and temper of a little child. Don't forget that, my little master, and be grateful to those who take so much trouble about you, and don't grumble if the discipline seems rather hard. Why, some shells taken from the same mine as we were were thought too small, or too shapeless, or too rough, to make any pains with them worth the trial; so they were thrown aside, and are, I dare say, ground into fragments by this time, or tossed about useless and valueless; while we are of great use: the right size and shape, useful and ornamental too;" with which somewhat conceited speech the pearl button ceased its story.

"Well, mamma," said Herbert, "I did not think my buttons could have lectured me like that;" and Herbert got up, and stretching himself to his full height, stood looking into the fire, scarcely knowing whether to be pleased with the story or not.

"You see, Herbert," I remarked, "you chose a personal thing; so you must not be surprised if the story was a little—just a little—personal in its aim."

"No, all right;" and Herbert was running off.

I was pleased at the good-tempered manner in which the boy bore my little hints, and called him back to kiss me.

"Not too much of a man for a kiss, Herbert?"

"No, nor ever shall be. I say, mamma"—and he ran his fingers down the front row of buttons—"I'll try to think of bothering people when I look at these old buttons; but when Lily chooses a story again, mind you give her a right good lecture, too; that's all."

ANNIE'S PRAYER.

"Was there ever anything so unfortunate as for Mrs. Lucas to die? What will now become of little Annie, left all alone with that drunken father of hers?"

Such were the questions which passed, unanswered, from mouth to mouth in the village of Northfield when the death of Mrs. Lucas was made known. But how far does human knowledge extend? One old woman only ventured to remind her neighbours that "the Lord's ways are not our ways, and he is a God of wisdom."

"I don't doubt that, Maggie M'Pherson," returned the other; "but I'm sure I can't see what good can come of a child of eight being left to the care of such a man."

"Wait, and let us see before you say that," answered Maggie.

For some weeks after the death of his wife, John Lucas never entered a public-house, nor in any way did he continue in his besetting sin; but when two months had passed, and still his companions in wickedness saw nothing of him, they thought it was time to "look him up" again. One evening, accordingly, as he was returning from work, he was overtaken by one of his former friends, who immediately began to condole with him on the sad loss he had sustained, and then said—

"It is so long a time since we have seen you, Lucas, that we thought you had forgotten us."

"Just what I wish to do, for I must now work to keep my poor little girl, as she has no mother."

Thomas Young saw it was no use to try and persuade him to join them as yet; but, day after day, he, or some of his companions, would lay in wait for him, and one day, Young, linking his arm within that of Lucas, guided him, while studiously diverting his thoughts elsewhere, to the very door of the "Northfield Arms." On perceiving where he was, he started, and saying, "I must go home," was hastening away, when a sign from Young brought all the other men from within the house, and, fearing their scornful jeers, he reluctantly entered.

Let us for a few minutes take a peep at Annie. In the morning, as her father was about to depart for his work, she had put her little arms round his neck, and said, "Come home early to-day, father, for it is my birthday; and, as I am now nine years old, you must not think I am a little child, but speak to me as you used to do to dear mother."

Lucas kissed her, promised to do as she asked, and then hurried off. Poor Annie, it is good for you that you are still a child, for you have much to bear!

At a quarter to six she had put the cottage in order, and was standing by the door awaiting her father; but seven o'clock came, and he had not come; she then walked down the lane, and seated herself on the gate, through which he must pass. Thus she spent two weary hours, and then sadly retraced her steps homewards.

At about eleven o'clock she heard footsteps outside the cottage door, which made her start up from her half-doze on a low stool by the kitchen fire. The door opened, and Annie sprang forward.

"How late you are, dear father!" she exclaimed; "and you said you would be early to-day, because it was my birthday."

"Go to bed!" was all that he uttered, in a rough, hoarse voice. Poor child! young as she was, she well knew what that tone proceeded from, and, too frightened to say another word, she went to her own room.

After that night, for several months, Annie scarcely passed one evening with her father; at last her birthday came again, and when she had finished her breakfast she went up-stairs.

John Lucas started for his work, when he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten his pipe; returning as fast as he could, he hastened to fetch it, but in passing Annie's room, thinking he heard some one talking, he stopped, when the tearful tones of his child reached his ears.

"O heavenly Father, it was this day year that my earthly parent went astray from the better path; oh, bring him back to Thee, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Fearing to interrupt her, he went into the next room, and, falling on his knees beside the bed, he tried to pray. But it was strange to him, and he knew not what to say; he could only reiterate his child's words, "Bring me back to Thee, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

That morning, when Mr. Lynde, the farmer, came into the field where Lucas was working, the latter, looking up, said—

"If you please, sir, I wish to leave your service."

"Indeed!" returned his master; "I did not know you were dissatisfied with your place."

"Nor am I, sir; and I am very sorry to go away."

"What are your reasons? tell them me. I am ready to befriend you in every possible way."

"Well, you see, sir, I've got among bad companions, and as I wish to get right again, and I'm sure I can't while I am here, I mean to go quite away."

"With such reasons as those," answered Mr. Lynde, "I certainly will not hinder you, for any selfish considerations."

And with some plain and sound advice, Mr. Lynde gave, not only the wages he had earned, but also enough to pay some of his travelling expenses, and told him he might go that day if he liked.

In the evening, as Annie was standing at the cottage door, as she had that same day twelve months since, what was her joy, on looking up the road, to see her father coming soberly from his work. She ran to meet him, and, springing into his arms, exclaimed—

"Oh, father! are you come to spend my birthday with me? How good it was of you to remember it."

"Come in doors, my child," was her father's answer. "I want you to help me pack up all our things, as we are going to a new home."

We need not follow him to his new residence, but will merely add that it proved indeed a changed home. No evil companions were admitted; the good work thus began in his heart was carried on, and with humble gratitude he looked back on the day when he echoed his little Annie's prayer: "Bring me back; oh! bring me back to Thee, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

The Student's Column.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—XXII.

"Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus."—Heb. iii. 1.

ALL our springs are in Christ; all our spiritual knowledge, encouragement, and strength come from him; therefore it is our privilege and duty to *consider* him.

I. As the object of our contemplation in his—

1. Delight in his father's work, Ps. xl. 8; Luke ii. 49; John iv. 33, 34.
 2. Zeal for his father's glory, John ii. 14—17.
 3. Patient endurance of discouragements, Isa. xlii. 4; xlix. 4; Heb. xii. 3.
 4. Continual self-denial, Mark vi. 31, 34; Rom. xv. 3.
 5. Unwearied endeavours to do good, Mark i. 32—39; Acts x. 38.
 6. Improvement of opportunities, Luke xii. 13—15; xiv. 13—25; John iv. 6, &c.; vii. 37.
 7. Redemption of time, John ix. 4.
 8. Deadness to the world, Mark xiii. 1; John vi. 15.
 9. Tenderness to the infirmities of his disciples, Mark xiv. 38.
 10. Faithfulness in rebuking sin, Matt. xvi. 23; Luke xi. 37—52.
 11. Compassion for sinners, Matt. xxiii. 37; Mark iii. 5; Luke xix. 41.
 12. Sympathy with the afflicted, Luke vii. 12, 13; John xi. 35.
 13. Victory over temptation, Matt. iv. 1—11.
 14. Meekness in bearing insults, 1 Peter ii. 22, 23.
 15. Forgiveness of injuries, Luke ix. 53—56; xxiii. 34.
 16. Humility, John xiii. 4—15; Matt. xx. 28; xxi. 5.
 17. Intense interest in the work of redemption, Mark x. 32; Luke xii. 50; Heb. xii. 2.
 18. Perseverance and fervour of his prayers, Matt. xiv. 23; Luke vi. 12; xxii. 44.
 19. Acquiescence in his father's will, Luke xxii. 42; John xii. 27.
- II. As the pattern for our imitation. Like Him let us—
1. Love our master's service, 2 Cor. xii. 15; Phil. ii. 17.
 2. Be zealously affected for the glory of God, Acts xiv. 11—15; xvii. 16; Phil. i. 20, 21.
 3. Not be discouraged by difficulties, Acts xx. 24; 2 Cor. iv. 1.
 4. Keep self in continual subjection, Rom. xv. 2; 1 Cor. xiii. 5; 2 Cor. vii. 1—9; Phil. ii. 4, 5; 1 John iii. 16.
 5. Lay ourselves out for the good of others, Gal. vi. 9, 10.
 6. Be prompt in seizing opportunities, 2 Tim. iv. 2.
 7. Be diligent in the redemption of time, Eph. v. 16.
 8. Cultivate deadness to the world, Gal. v. 14.
 9. Bear with the infirmities of our brethren, Rom. xv. 1; 2 Cor. xi. 29; Gal. vi. 1.

10. Kindly admonish an erring brother, Lev. xix. 17; Matt. xviii. 15; Gal. ii. 14.
11. Mourn over sin in others, Ps. cxix. 136, 158; Jer. xiii. 17.
12. Let us sympathise with the afflicted, Rom. xii. 15; 1 Cor. xii. 28.
13. Hope to overcome the tempter, James iv. 7; 1 John ii. 14.
14. Not be easily provoked by injuries, 1 Peter ii. 21—23.
15. Exercise a forgiving spirit, Col. iii. 12, 13.
16. Be clothed with humility, Matt. xi. 29; 2 Cor. x. 1; Phil. ii. 5.
17. Have much on our hearts the salvation of sinners, Rom. x. 1; 1 Cor. x. 33.
18. Pray and not faint, Rom. xii. 12; Eph. vi. 18; 1 Thess. v. 17.
19. Seek conformity to the will of God, Acts xxi. 12, 14.

The more habitually we contemplate this perfect pattern, the more we shall cease from making man our standard; the more shall we be humbled for want of conformity to our Saviour; the more shall we praise him for any measure of conformity; and the more we shall press forward, beholding, as in a glass, his glory, and changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z.—"The law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth."—Rom. vii. 1. That the subsequent reasoning of St. Paul may be logical, should not "he" (referring to the man) have been translated "it" (referring to the law)?

ED.—The Greek leaves it doubtful, and either translation is literally correct. But the present rendering is preferable, because it is unusual to say that the law dies, and it clearly expresses the general principle on which the Apostle's argument is based, viz., that death releases a man from the laws by which he was bound during his life.

W. H.—"And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man."—Acts ix. 7. "And they that were with me, saw indeed the light, and were afraid, but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me."—Acts xxii. 9. How are these two accounts to be reconciled?

ED.—By simply understanding that St. Paul, in the latter text, is speaking of the distinct words which were addressed to him. "They heard a voice," i.e., a noise or sound, but did not hear what was said. A parallel instance is found in John xii. 28, 29. The people heard a voice speaking to Jesus, but did not understand what was said. They "said that it thundered; others said, An angel spake to him."

T. W. A.—"The children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth, it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger," &c.—Rom. ix. 11—18. Please explain this.

ED.—The object of the Apostle is to show to the Jews that God's promises to Abraham have not failed because the Jews were rejected and the Gentiles called. The promises were made to Abraham's seed, but the seed of Abraham, "the spiritual Israel," did not of necessity include all Abraham's children and descendants. From the beginning some had been excluded. Ishmael, for example, being set aside, while the promise was made to centre in Isaac. In the case of Isaac's children, the same principle was observed. Esau, the elder, was passed by, and the promise given to Jacob. And to meet the objection that Ishmael was deservedly excluded, and to show that God's purpose was irrespective of personal goodness and merit, it is alleged that the exclusion of Esau and the preference of Jacob was determined even before the children were born, and therefore before they could have done good to win God's favour, or evil to deserve his judgment. The reason of all this is to be traced up to the sovereignty and eternal counsel of God, who chooses whom he will: "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion," ver. 15.

J. C.—"I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Thess. v. 23. What is the distinction between the soul and the spirit of a man?

The soul here denotes the animal life and vital powers of man, as distinguished from the spirit, his higher, intellectual, and immortal part. The Apostle's desire was that their entire being, with all its powers and faculties, might be consecrated to God's service.

BE IN EARNEST.

Time is earnest,
Passing by;
Death is earnest,
Drawing nigh.
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest;
When it's o'er,
Thou returnest
Never more.
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

Heaven is earnest;
Solemnly
Floats its voices
Down to thee.
Oh, thou mortal! art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?

Hell is earnest;
Fiercely roll
Burning billows
Near thy soul.
Woe for thee, if thou abide
Unredeemed, unsanctified.

God is earnest:
Kneel and pray,
Ere thy season
Pass away—
Ere He set his judgment throne,
Justice ready, mercy gone.

Christ is earnest;
Bids thee "come!"
Paid for man a
Priceless sum.
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

Thou refuseth;
Wretched one!
Thou despiseth
God's dear Son!
The Holy Spirit cries, "Oh, turn!
Lest God's wrath within thee burn."

When thy pleasures
All depart,
What will soothe thy
Fainting heart?
Without Comforter, alone,
Entering a world unknown?

Oh, be earnest!
Loitering,
Thou wilt perish—
Lingering
Be no longer; rise and flee!
Lo, thy Saviour waits for thee!

THE EARTHQUAKE.

ALL England has been startled from its usual thoughts and occupations by the news that our quiet land has been visited with one of those shocks which we used to think were confined to tropical countries. Every newspaper has been filled with letters that bear witness to the similar nature of the phenomena, and the universality of the terror felt through the western half of England.

We are not going to recapitulate these accounts, neither do we propose to enter at large into the theory of earthquakes. We intend to present our readers with an account, by an eye-witness, of one of the most terrible convulsions of modern times, to show from what a catastrophe we have been delivered.

Certain journals have written articles which give us the idea that the writers imagine that England is going to be engulfed, and London shaken into a heap of ruins. Past experience warrants no such conclusion. We have had five hundred and odd shocks in England, and may have five hundred more, without injury. Besides, we hope to show, in a few lines, that our country is too far removed from danger to render alarm necessary.

The surface of the earth is remodelled chiefly by two causes, water and fire. With the former we have nothing now to do. The latter includes the volcano and the earthquake. Volcanic action may be defined to be "the influence exerted by the heated interior of the earth on its external covering." This definition enables us to class under a general head the phenomena of volcanoes, earthquakes, and those almost insensible movements of the land by which large districts are gradually depressed or elevated. There are, moreover, particular regions to which the points of eruptions and the movements of great earthquakes are confined. The principal of these is that of the Andes, in South America, which extends, with a few interruptions, over forty-five degrees of latitude. Another is supposed to extend from

China to the countries near the Black Sea, then through Asia Minor and Syria, and westward to Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the Azores.

"In these volcanic districts there is a central tract where the greatest earthquakes prevail, in which rocks are shattered, mountains rent, the surface elevated or depressed, and cities laid in ruins. On each side of this line of greatest commotion there are parallel bands of country where the shocks are less violent. At a still greater distance there are spaces where the shocks are much rarer and feebler. Beyond these limits, again, all countries are liable to slight tremors at intervals of time, when some great crisis of subterranean movement agitates an adjoining volcanic region; but these may be considered as mere vibrations, propagated mechanically through the external covering of the globe, as sounds travel to almost indefinite distances through the air. Shocks of this kind have been felt in this country and in Scotland, especially during the Lisbon earthquake."

These are the words of Sir Charles Lyell. The shock we have lately experienced is doubtless one of those "vibrations," which happily do not involve any serious danger. With these explanations we present our readers with a narrative of what befell the city and neighbourhood of Caraccas in 1812.

An eye-witness of the earthquake gives the following account:—

"On the 26th March, 1812, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the first commotion took place. The air was calm, the heat excessive. Nothing remarkable preceded the dreadful catastrophe. A shaking was first perceived, strong enough to set the bells of the churches ringing. This tremulous motion lasted about six seconds, and was followed by an interval of ten or twelve seconds, during which the earth exhibited an undulation similar to the motion of the sea in a calm. The crisis was then supposed to have passed, but immediately extraordinary subterranean noises were heard, and electrical discharges infinitely stronger than atmospheric thunder. The earth was shaken with a quickness which cannot be described. There was then a perpendicular heaving up for about three or four seconds, followed by agitations in an opposite direction, from north to south and from east to west, for three or four seconds also. This short but awful period sufficed to overturn the whole city of Caraccas, with upwards of thirty towns, and the country-houses and numerous establishments spread over the surface of that delightful province. In an instant all was destroyed, to an extent of three hundred miles, and eighty thousand inhabitants ceased to live, and thousands of survivors were dreadfully wounded.

"The city of Caraccas, in South America, is situated at the foot of the declivity of the highest mountain, called La Silla, and on the margin of an immense plain, through which several rivers flowed. The city was considerably elevated above the level of the sea, and always enjoyed a cool and agreeable temperature. The 26th of March being Good Friday, the inhabitants had assembled in the churches of the city, all of which were destroyed, burying the multitudes in their ruins. The churches of La Trinidad and Alta Gracia, which were in the more immediate vicinity of the mountain, experienced most forcibly the effects of the extraordinary commotion; for

although originally upwards of one hundred and fifty feet high, no part of their ruins could be discerned that exceeded five or six feet in height; and some idea may be formed of the violence of the shock which overturned these stupendous edifices, when it is recollected that they were supported by columns and pilasters nearly forty feet in circumference, and of which scarcely a vestige remained.

"A superb range of barracks, two storeys high, capable of containing four thousand men, and serving as a dépôt for the artillery, shared the same fate; and a regiment of the line, in the act of marching to join in a religious procession, was swallowed up, with the exception of a few men, who marvellously escaped from the yawning gulf.

"It is impossible to paint the terror and desolation which this catastrophe occasioned. Disorder, confusion, despair, fanaticism, alike prevailed. The people fled as well as they were able, prostrating themselves in supplication to Heaven for mercy. Some who escaped death were mutilated or wounded, and covered with dust; others were seen with clothes torn, carrying in their arms their terrified children, or bearing upon their backs the sick and the wounded. In every quarter a frightful spectacle met the eye, and doleful cries assailed the ear.

"Three thousand wounded, of all ranks, were collected and placed on the banks of the river, under the shade of some trees; but they were absolutely in want of everything, even the most indispensable articles.

"The people, in their terror, sought to appease the wrath of Heaven; and, according to the superstitious customs of the country, the women attired themselves in coarse garments, or in sackcloth, and the gentlemen walked almost night and day in processions, barefooted, wearing a heavy girdle, with cords about their necks, to which were frequently attached heavy stones, and on their shoulders they sometimes carried a wooden cross exceeding a hundred pounds in weight.

"In the city and throughout the country there were processions day and night; every mountain was transformed into a colony, where the people, dying with hunger, implored the Divine mercy, embracing, with groans, the relics of their saints.

"In the meantime the shocks from the earthquake continued; every day and every hour some ruins fell, which had been only shaken by the first commotions. On the 5th of April, at four o'clock in the afternoon, there was a shock so violent that several mountains were torn asunder, and enormous detached rocks were precipitated into the valleys.

"From the above hour until nine of the next morning the shocks were violent, and so frequent as to admit of an interval of only five minutes between each; and during these intervals a fearful rumbling subterranean noise was heard, and the earth was continually agitated.

"The succession of these phenomena was not interrupted for some months; and those were reckoned the most tranquil days in which there were only fifteen or twenty shocks! Everything was destroyed; the ramparts, not less than twenty feet in thickness, were thrown down. As a natural consequence of the opening

of the mountains, some rivers were blocked up, and others were amazingly increased; and one portion of the land sank 360 feet below its customary position. The face of the country was changed; the wealth of the city swallowed up, the living were impoverished, and survivors were everywhere mourning for the dead. The work of destruction was long conspicuous; and this direful visitation taught the people the utter helplessness of man."

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"WHAT plashes so late in the waves without?

Dear daughterkin, look and see."

"Tis neighbour's ducks, as they paddle about;

Sleep mother—sleep peacefully!"

"What shakes the sea with so wild a force?

Ah, daughter, my fears grow strong!"

"It is but a peasant who swims his horse;

My mother, sleep sweet and long!"

"Hark, daughter! it sounds like a tempest's roar,

And a shriek of wild despair."

"Tis a fisher who sings as he plies the oar,

Sleep, mother! sleep, free from care!"

"Oh, sorrow and woe! I must thither fly;

My poor heart bursts in twain!"

And she broke from the hut with a bitter cry,

That mother in fear and pain.

And there drifted along to the reedy strand,

A corpse all stiff and wan,

Then stark it lay on the sludgy sand—

"Save us! 'tis my own good man!"

"Ay, daughter; now shall my watching cease,

I will sleep till the day dawn breaks,

A long sweet sleep in a tranquil peace—

The slumber that never wakes!"

WYSS.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY AUSTYN GRAHAM.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

PERHAPS the one who seemed to feel young Roger's death most was his brother John. From being a stout, athletic youth, he dwindled into an attenuated, hollow-cheeked, premature man; instead of eighteen, you would not have taken him for a day less than twenty-eight. The loss of his brother had aged him full ten years, and, as they had never been remarkable for their unanimity, this appeared to Charles rather singular.

John's eyes lost all their lustre, and assumed a fearful, wandering expression, wholly opposed to the rather scowling ferocity which had hitherto characterised them. He would often cry out in his sleep with such terrific violence, as to bring his younger brother from the chamber above to see what ailed him; but his fraternal solicitude always met with a most ungracious reception, and a command to begone to bed again for a thundering

young booby. Did he never have the nightmare himself? So Charles gradually ceased to heed his brother's nocturnal ravings.

To Charles Sandford, Roger's death had been a shock rather than a grief, for there had been nothing estimable in the character of either of his brothers to awaken any warm sentiment of affection or respect; but he had wept with a shuddering horror as he looked on the corpse of the youth, cut off for ever from all possibility of atonement for evil.

Beside the bed on which death lay in so terrible a shape, Charles had registered a vow never again to touch that which had been Roger's bane, for he could not help suspecting, from what he knew of his brother's habits, that he had not been in a state to defend himself from assault, and had thus proved an easy prey to the murderer.

That it was Pearson who had done the deed, both he and his father little doubted.

Very different was the effect produced on the two brothers by the blow; John could not be induced to look upon Roger in his coffin; but, never before addicted to the extent the former had been to spirituous liquors, he now indulged in drams from morning till night, and drugged himself with opium from night till morning, to drown his apparently unconquerable misery for the loss of his brother.

Farmer Sandford was almost stricken into his grave; Roger and John had been his favourites; the former his especial pride; he either did not or would not see their vices; and now one was dead, and the other pining away before his eyes.

He never quite forgave Charles—poor, unconscious babe—for causing the death of the wife to whom he had been fondly attached; he was never unkind to him—simply indifferent. His taste for reading gave him farther offence.

"What did a farmer want wi' so much book-larnin'?" let him leave that for chaps as had to get their bread by it—the lawyers, and parsons, and such folk—and let him stick to the plough and field work."

The narrow-minded old fellow failed to notice how far more steady and efficient was the young stripling he despised than either of his other burly sons, who shouted, and stormed, and raved, and swore at the men under them, as their fathers had done before them, while Charles brought his ready wit and keen intelligence to bear upon everything he superintended. The father rarely heard his voice raised in command or wrath, so he regarded the youth as a cipher, when there was not a labourer upon the farm who would not heed respectfully the least quiet word from "Master Charles" more than all the provincial jargon and perpetual curses of his brothers.

Mr. St. Aubyn deeply regretted having been unable to exert his influence over Pearson before his thirst for revenge and indulgence in drink had hurried him to the commission of that crime for which he was now imprisoned; but he had striven in vain to encounter him during the five days that elapsed between his visit to his cottage and the perpetration of the murder, and could not help since suspecting that the man had purposely avoided him. Now, he was beyond his jurisdiction, for Redstone Gaol was no mean edifice, and boasted its own chaplain—a worthy man with

whose charge the rector would have felt a delicacy in interfering; so he contented himself with an unremitting care over the wife and family of the wretched man he was unable personally to aid.

We have before stated that the shock poor Evelyn's nerves sustained on the night of her lover's disgraceful excess and subsequent murder, brought upon her a severe and protracted illness from which it was at one time feared she would not have power to rally. At her own request, the rector was summoned to read and pray with her; and most calmly and faithfully, with a mind wholly unbiassed by her feminine beauty, with a heart as single as that with which he knelt at the bed-side of the meanest of his flock, did Herbert St. Aubyn fulfil his sacred charge.

Nor until the young girl was restored to health, and his professional visits had ceased, did he discover that they had been some of the holiest, most peaceful hours of his life, which with their cessation had left a blank behind that all his parochial exertions failed to fill. He might still be an occasional guest at Mr. Sharpe's, but he was both too proud and too modest to present himself frequently before his daughter when there was no longer a just plea for his doing so. Besides, Mr. St. Aubyn rather shrank from the lawyer as a man too unscrupulous in his calling—too acute in worldly wisdom, for the associate of one whose highest aim and profoundest knowledge were connected with things spiritual.

So Herbert St. Aubyn voluntarily resigned his love for one whose heart he supposed to be buried in the grave of the murdered man, and went about his daily duties with the devotion of a man whose first and best energies are prompted by a holier and nobler affection than is given to any earthly object.

He turned Pearson's melancholy warning to account, whenever he could, among those who were too prone to indulge their evil appetites, pointing out how but for the destructive working of that subtle alcoholic poison their old companion's hand would never have been stained with the blood of a fellow-creature; and there were many of these who listened to their clergyman's earnest exhortations, and who recollected Daniel Pearson, a steady, right-minded, and rising man, who vowed a solemn vow, and kept it too, never to put "an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains," as their unfortunate townsman had done.

CHAPTER XIV.

"HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

"CHARLES, do you remember asking me once what made me a determined water-drinker?"

The two friends sat together one evening, in the library, at the parsonage. The servant had just cleared away a substantial meal, at which tea and coffee were the only beverages, and the young men had drawn their chairs up to the fire. March had come in "like a lion," and was now roaring outside with all the violence of the wild beast it is supposed to emulate. The red-hot coals were bright and cheerful, and neither Herbert nor Charles needed other warmth than that of the fire, and their own hearts to create within them a genial glow. Their tongues were unloosed, and their laugh would come readily without the usual resources of young men,

whose conviviality can only be promoted by the steaming of hot punch or the fumes of whiskey and brandy.

The intimacy between the clergyman and the farmer's son had strengthened daily, and although a certain tone of respect was still retained by the latter towards the former, in acknowledgment of their relations as parson and parishioner, master and pupil, there was no longer any restraint between them.

"I recollect perfectly what you allude to, sir," answered Charles to the rector's inquiry, "but I should never have reminded you of your promise to account to me for your temperance, had you not renewed the subject; and now I should be very sorry to lead you into reviving any painful or unpleasant memories, merely to gratify my curiosity."

"Simply to gratify anyone's curiosity, I certainly would not relate any portion of my past experience, especially what is revolting to reflect upon; but, though I doubt if you need any further strengthening in your determination to resist stimulating drinks, you shall not want my utmost support in your newly-formed resolution."

"Oh, I shall never touch either wine or spirits, or even ale again!"

"Take care, Charley; let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

"Ah! sir, before I could raise a glass to my lips, the memory of Roger's death will cause me to dash it to the ground."

"You may come to reason with yourself by-and-by, when the vivid effect produced by the recent event has worn itself off your brain, that, perhaps, after all, your brother was not in a state of inebriety when he met his doom."

"I shall not do that," answered Charles, decidedly. "Mr. Bennett tells me he saw him reeling along, and catching at the railings to support himself, after he left Sharpe's that night; and in the circumstances of the case, I cannot think there was any truth in the report of his attachment to Miss Sharpe, can you, sir?"

"I thought it was a well-known fact," said the rector, quickly.

"No more certain foundation than common report, which, we are told, is a common liar. Roger never spoke of it himself. But now, sir, will you tell me what you promised? for I must get back to the farm in good time, as Betty holds a grand household wash to-morrow, for which purpose she rises at daybreak, and I promised to be home early, so that she should go to bed soon."

"My narrative is not a long one, Charles; and, as I have simply a moral end in view in relating it, it will be quite unnecessary to date it from my early childhood, or even my school-days, beyond making the passing remark that neither of my parents were water-drinkers, and that I was not brought up to abstain from wine, beer, or any other stimulant which might possess any attraction for me. But I believe with many children the dangerous seed sown by early accustoming their palates to strong drinks does not spring up until they arrive at maturity. I cannot recollect any especial predilection for spirituous liquors in my youth, though, perhaps, had I been suddenly denied them, the evil might have developed itself in the dangerous craving it inevitably induces. I can remember once,

when a boy, being forbidden all stimulants during a feverish illness, and helping myself surreptitiously from a decanter of wine which fell in my way. I can recall the eagerness with which I raised it to my parched lips, and the access of fever which supervened, to my own dismay, and that of those about me, who little knew the stealthy deed I had committed. I mention this little incident to show how the taste may be latent in children, only waiting to break out in later years; while it is now my certain conviction that were they not so frequently taught to regard it as a treat in childhood, they would not appreciate it to the extent they now do in manhood. Water is the natural beverage of man; and it is proved from the experience of various savage tribes that the physical powers of man need no artificial force to invigorate them."

"I am sure I have felt stronger and better since I left off all drink but water," said young Sandford. "I used to feel giddy at times, but now I never do. Pardon me for interrupting you, sir."

"I had become so intent on the moral of my story, I almost forgot the subject in its application," replied Mr. St. Aubyn, with a smile.

"I must now take you with me from Eton to Oxford, where I found myself plunged at once into a circle of gay companions—old Etonians most of them—the greater number with fortunes that far exceeded mine. I had distinguished myself at school, and had every intention of doing the same at college; but I was beset on all sides by temptations, of which hitherto I had had small experience; and the hours I bestowed upon reading were far fewer than those wasted in pleasures, some harmless, many sinful, and all idle.

"One evening, about a score of us met at the rooms of a man named Fortescue, whose large fortune and liberality gave ample opportunities for deep drinking and a vast choice of wines and liqueurs. I fear I do not err in saying not one man left those rooms sober that night; and yet I had sufficient sobriety to recollect perfectly its occurrences—possibly their portent towards myself stamped them on my mind. Among my fellow-collegians was one for whom I entertained an invincible repugnance, though I scarcely knew why, except that it was one of those mutually-conceived antipathies which sometimes spring up. We met at all these wine-parties; we sat next each other in chapel; we perpetually encountered each other, to our mutual annoyance; and it was soon evident to all our companions that between Hugh Mortimer and myself it was 'war to the knife.'

"We both got warm in argument, and invariably supported opposite sides; and it was their delight to urge us on, as boys will do two fighting dogs, until a general discussion degenerated into a personal quarrel. On this evening, at Fortescue's rooms, the fury of our antagonism reached its culminating point; and I have a recollection that amidst a perfect Pandemonium—a chorus of jeers, taunts, mock applause, and false cheers—I fell to the ground; not from intoxication—though it was true that my brain swam, and sparks danced before my eyes—but with the life-blood welling from my side.

"Mortimer—a West Indian—rendered mad by drink raging in his veins, had wildly struck at me with a knife that lay on the table. The matter was hushed up. I had met with an accident, it was

reported; and I, feeling ashamed of my share in the transaction, and the provocation I had given, was quite willing to take no further notice of it. The knife had fortunately struck lower than the heart, and entered—not deeply—between two of the ribs. It was close upon the long vacation, and, as soon as I was well enough to be removed, I went home, where my wound healed well and rapidly.

"Reviewing the cause of it, I resolved to be more temperate for the future, and with this end reduced myself to one glass of ale and one of wine per diem; though but for the subsequent confirmation of my resolution, I doubt if I should have had moral resistance to keep it.

"Towards the close of the vacation I received a letter from Mortimer, stating that he was dying, and imploring me to assure him of my forgiveness for the murderous blow he had struck me. I determined to go to him at once, and make our reconciliation perfect. I found him at the sea-side place from which he dated, in comfortable lodgings, and well tended: but alone, and evidently, as he stated, not long for this world. All his family and friends were in the West Indies, and in pity for his lonely condition I forgot all past animosity. His ferocity of temper and opinionated tone of mind were quite subdued by the wasting fever of consumption; and having consented to remain with him during the last fortnight of the vacation, ere that time had passed I loved him as a brother, and left him with deep regret.

"I rejoined him the following Christmas, and found the disease had made less progress than I expected. 'St. Aubyn,' he said to me, one day, 'I made a vow, after our fearful affray, never again to touch anything stronger than water, and I've kept it. I wish you would do the same!'

"I stated I had been more moderate, but perfect abstinence was not to my taste. 'Were you wise, Hugh?' I answered, evasively. 'Perhaps you owe your present wasting disease to the sudden cessation of stimulants?'

"'Oh, no,' he replied, shaking his head. 'The doctor says that I have enfeebled my constitution by fast living; this it is that is killing me—I feel it is! Oh, St. Aubyn, if you knew how I now, on my death-bed, regret my wasted life, and especially the chief sin that has cut me off in my prime, you would grant me what I ask!'

"As I looked on his sunken eyes, yet so passionately pleading for the soul of a fellow-creature, on his wan hands, clasped in supplication, and reflected that, but for God's mercy, I might be the one hovering on the brink of eternity, my whole heart seemed changed. With Hugh Mortimer's memory before me, his dying words in my ears, could I ever love again that which had so nearly ruined both our souls and bodies? I sank on my knees beside his couch. 'Hugh, I promise—I promise!' I cried, fervently.

"He clasped my hand warmly. 'That is enough,' he said, faintly, while a peace, 'not of this world,' settled on his brow. 'You are true and strong, and God will help you.'

"And he has done so, Charles. I never on earth saw Hugh Mortimer again; but I shall not fear to meet him at the last day, for his image has never faded from my brain, nor his dying words from my heart—'He being dead, yet speaketh.'"

And so the young minister's narrative ended.

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LATE GOOD NIGHT.

MR. RUPERT SMITH did not protract his call in Bristol Street many minutes after he had alleviated Mrs. Mutimer's sufferings by the remedy already mentioned. Indeed, the hour was so late, that even Mrs. Mutimer began to feel that it would not derogate from her social dignity to turn off the gas and retire to rest in her mittens. An irrepressible yawn, which gave her visitor a favourable opportunity for ascertaining the exact limits of each of the divisions of her treble chin, had followed close on her announcement of what she thought would be an appropriate inscription for her tombstone; and it was evident that even gratitude to her benefactor would not save her from the misdemeanour of nodding in his face, if he stayed much longer. With proper consideration, therefore, Mr. Rupert Smith took his leave, after a few brief sentences, in which he intimated his intention to call again on the following evening, at eight o'clock, and obtained Mrs. Mutimer's leave to present Kitty with the gifts which he had promised her.

Kitty preceded him into the hall, to open the door for him and bid him farewell.

"Why, child, it is too bad of us to keep you up to this hour," said the young man, looking down upon her with a smile, and then stooping to give her a parting salute, ere her little hand pulled back the heavy door, and let the grey light of breaking dawn steal into the dingy passage. "It is already morning: in less than an hour it will be broad day-light."

"It's no matter," she answered. "I'm used to it. Grandmamma is a bad sleeper, and most nights in summer doesn't go to bed till nigh day-light; and I always help her to bed."

"The worse for you and your complexion, my child," responded Mr. Rupert, fraternally.

"Leave off calling me child. I wish you would, Mr. Rupert," replied the girl, turning up to him a pair of wakeful eyes, in which there were no signs of fatigue.

"Why?"

"It keeps me at such a distance from you—down at your feet. When you call me child, I can't help feeling you despise me."

"If I call you Miss Kent, I must give up my old friend's privileges. Mrs. Mutimer won't let me give you another bonnet, and you'll be saying that you're too old to be saluted."

"You needn't call me Miss Kent. I don't wish you to," answered the child, with hesitation. "You can call me Kitty, and be as kind to me as ever. I am sure it isn't for me to wish you to be less kind." She paused, as if she wished to put in words some thought which she found it difficult to express; and then, with the air of one who had relinquished the attempt to say what she could not say well, she added, emphatically, "And you are *very* kind!"

"I am glad you think so, Kitty. If I have promised to be so, I'll be as good as my word."

"It was very kind and gentleman-like of you," continued the girl, speaking in a low voice, and with evident effort, "when you gave grandmamma that money, to remind me that she once nursed you out of an illness, and so to make pretence that she had a sort of claim on you. You thought to make the charity lighter to me."

"Did I? I thought my words were spoken to Mrs. Mutimer."

"Yes, Mr. Rupert; but they were spoken at me."

Holding her hand in his, Rupert Smith could feel that it trembled as she spoke these last few words.

"All right, Kitty," he answered, kindly. "Say no more about it now; it's enough that you understand me, and that I understand you—in fact, that we understand each other. Now, be off to bed, and get plenty of sleep, so that you may have a bright, sunny face to greet me with, when I call to-morrow evening. And mind, don't trouble yourself about the future, but comfort yourself with knowing that you have a friend who'll take all that trouble off your wise little head and pretty shoulders."

With which words Mr. Rupert Smith crossed the threshold of Mrs. Mutimer's house; and as the door closed upon him, and for many minutes after it had closed, Kitty thought to herself, "He'll be back again to-morrow, and then I shall see him and listen to him again. How superb, and fashionable, and different from our lodgers he is! and how very kind! When Mr. Chandler gave grandmamma five pounds last Christmas, he quite lectured her on her extravagance in keeping two maids, and blamed her for not having tried to get me into an orphan asylum, or charity school; and even flatly told her that she made too much talk about Grandpapa Mutimer's position and learning. I am sure he took his five pounds out in snubbing and rating poor dear old granny. But when Mr. Rupert gave her this evening four times as much, he tossed the notes on the table, as if they were no more account than old curl papers, and managed so that it almost seemed granny did him a kindness in accepting them. One would fancy it had all happened in a novel; but it's only natural that it should be so, for novels wouldn't be worth reading if they didn't paint life as it is. What a happy day to-morrow will be! Granny will be able to pay the taxes, and give something to Mr. Mundfield and Mr. Stewart on account; and then, if we could but let the drawing-room floor, we might go on quite comfortably for any time longer. Then the new things will come from Regent Street, and I shall try them on, and talk them all over with granny. Of course they'll be becoming, for Mr. Rupert's taste in dress is so good, and he knows exactly what a young lady ought to wear. It will be delightful to receive him to-morrow evening in my new dress, and let him see how I look when I'm dressed as a young lady should be. Then, too, he won't ever again treat me like a child, but consider me a woman. He said I wasn't a child any longer, and I'm sure, when he took leave of me, his voice and manner were those of a gentleman speaking to a sister of his own age, or any grown-up young lady of his own rank in life. I wonder

what the mystery about him can be. There must be some; for he didn't deny it when I let out a little of what granny told me; and if there wasn't some mystery about him, why should a lady like Miss Guerdon, of Hampton Court—who's the daughter of Lady Guerdon, and sister of Lady Kilraven, and cousin of dozens of great titled people—have him to see her? Why, when he was ill here, and granny nursed him, did Miss Guerdon come and call on him, and give granny money to buy him all sorts of luxuries, if there wasn't some mystery between them? I should like to see Miss Guerdon; she's thirty years older than he is, so there can't be any love between them—I mean, lovers' love. Granny says that on the night when he was at his worst, and the doctors said they thought he hadn't many hours to live, and old Lady Guerdon came and insisted on taking her daughter back to Hampton Court, without waiting out the crisis of the fever, Miss Guerdon became quite furious, and then fainted away. Dear, dear me! I hope he'll grow fond of me; for I shall hardly like to be helped by him if he doesn't grow fond of me. I know I amuse him, for I made him burst out laughing when I took granny's grand airs off. If I could only find out how to amuse him always, who knows what mightn't happen?"

These were the thoughts which passed through little Kitty's childish, silly brain, as she closed the door against the cold morning air, and then made fast bolt and lock; as she assisted Mrs. Mutimer up-stairs to the bedroom which they shared, and helped that superb widow of a departed professor to make her toilet for the coming hours of rest; and as sleep, sliding in the chamber in company with the sun's rays, took possession of the small truckle bed on which she lay, at the foot of her grandmother's "four-poster."

CHAPTER XV.

WHEREIN MR. RUPERT SMITH HAS A FEW WORDS WITH HIMSELF.

MR. RUPERT SMITH also had his thoughts, as he walked quickly to the Temple, taking a short route that brought him across Covent Garden Market, where cart-loads of fruit and vegetables were being unpacked in readiness for next day's sale, and where the noisy helpers and hangers-on of the market, noticing the young Templar's trim and dandy-like costume, burst out laughing in his face, and bade him make haste home, as it was meet and right that such as he should be tucked up and asleep at that early time of day. "There's a swell a-going home to his paryints!" roared one bare-legged urchin, pausing with arms a-kimbo, and a fruit-hamper cleverly balanced on the top of his head. "What mischief have you been up to, that you aren't under lock-and-key with the tea-spoons and wallables?" cried another lad, taking up the chaff. "Here, mate," cried a third and more offensive critic of the well-dressed intruder, "lend a hand at putting out this lot o' greens. It'll be a change for you to do something useful." "Leave him alone, Bill," exclaimed a fourth; "he aint a swell; he's only a genteel milkman going to open shop. Let him go, or we shan't have our eggs in time for breakfast." Whereat loud laughter arose in the north-eastern

corner of the market, and pursued its object, as, calm, unruffled, and apparently insensible to the jeers of "the garden," he walked under Drury Lane Theatre.

And, in truth, Mr. Rupert Smith was scarcely aware of the commotion caused by his presence amongst the early workers; for he was busy with his thoughts—thoughts, perhaps, not much wiser than those which at the same period were stirring in the head of little Kitty Kent.

"Really," mused Mr. Rupert, "there's something very pathetic in the position of that little girl. She may well wonder what is to become of her when she is left alone, without the protection of dear Mrs. Mutimer, and the company of that distinguished lady's duns. I don't suppose, if the charming old lady were to die to-morrow, there'd be found a single person in all this big city, with the exception of myself, to hold her out a helping hand, or to trouble himself to wonder what road she'd take—to the dogs. I feel certain she hasn't a relation, for Mrs. Mutimer once told me so; and if there was so much as palpable rag-merchant or bone-vendor in all creation who claimed kin with the droll, swarthy little fairy, the old lady would be sure to make the most of the connection, and let me know that, though her granddaughter was spending her childhood in the retirement of Bristol Street, still she had relations, holding high place in the world of commerce, who would, on her attaining a suitable age, introduce her into society. According to Professor Mutimer's widow, Papa Kent was a member of a West Indian family, who were reduced from wealth to indigence by the abolition of slavery in our dependencies; but very possibly that's all hum, although I have the word of my dear friend Mrs. Mutimer for it. According to the same authority, Papa Kent was, at the close of his brief and not altogether inglorious career, the holder of a position of high trust in Jamaica; the truth of which representation (and I'm charitably inclined to think there is a little truth in it) may be, that Papa Kent was an overseer of a plantation, or some such sort of thing. Anyhow, it is credible—if, indeed, anything in this strange world can be allowed to be credible—that Professor Mutimer's only child was married to a man bearing the name of Kent; that said Kent and his young wife went out to Jamaica, because they deemed it advisable to go there; that said young wife died in Jamaica shortly after giving birth to Miss Kitty; that after a lapse of a few brief years, Papa Kent followed Professor Mutimer's daughter to the unknown land, bequeathing his orphan child, and a very limited personal estate, to his mamma-in-law; that mamma-in-law accepted the legacy, and has the interesting orphan still on her hands, after having expended the very limited personal estate on what she is pleased to term the darling's education. This is the dear widow's own statement of the case; and, in the main, I doubt not it is a veracious statement. The darling is in Bristol Street, that's unquestionable. The very limited personal estate bequeathed by her father isn't in Bristol Street, that also is unquestionable. The Jamaica tinge in my little brunette's sly face and dainty arms also support the main statement of the story. So I accept it.

"And since I accept it, I am compelled to think my

little brunette's position is by no means the sort of position I should like a daughter of my own to occupy. Her present has few recommendations; her future is an affair of deplorable uncertainty. Unless some benevolent person—say some such person as Rupert Smith, Esquire—comes promptly to her assistance, and gives a practical direction to her far from inconsiderable personal and mental capacities, she'll 'go under,' as the Yankees express it, even before she has got clear of the harbour bar, and sailed out upon the wide ocean of existence. And I really don't see what better amusement I can have for a short time than the pleasant pastime of looking after her. It's true, the pastime will cost a trifle of money; but since the noble and in some measure unexpected munificence of my dear friend, Miss Guerdon, has placed me in a position of temporary comfort, and since my confiding tradesmen, like Britain's hopeful workmen, are ready to 'wait a little longer for the good time coming,' what can I do better than expend a few pounds, and a little care, on a work of Christian benevolence?

"But why should I trouble myself about the dainty little minx and her affairs? Before I enter on a line of action, it behoves me to take stock of the motives impelling me to it.

"It would be benevolent to adopt the line proposed, and unquestionably it is pleasant to do good to others, when the cost is not over-great. It'll be agreeable to feel that I am not living altogether for myself, and that a young, inexperienced, and defenceless girl is being to some extent equipped for the battle of life through my guidance and aid. The sensations of a benefactor are worth buying at a moderate price. All men feel so; if they didn't, the beggars in the streets would come off badly. True, but I won't be a humbug, and make too much of benevolence; for, as yet, I have managed to get on pretty comfortably without rendering excessive and servile obedience to its impulses.

"I should be yielding to a chief tendency of my nature, which inclines me to ally myself, so long as I don't commit myself to an awkward position, with the queer, grotesque, unfortunate wretches of the earth. Miss Kitty is an orphan, and so luckless a one that I can't help regarding her as one who was sinned against even before she came into the world. I can't help feeling for those whose misfortunes come to them in their cradles. That's why I feel so kindly to dear Ned; for there's an awkward mystery about his birth, and I know it, although he doesn't think I know it—possibly doesn't know it himself. Strange that I should know so much about him, and he should know so little about me! Very strange, and rather comical! We are very intimate, with an intimacy that's all on one side. But I am wandering from the subject. Let me return.

"By doing the kind thing to little Kitty, I should be returning to charming old Mrs. Mutimer some of the good which that queer, outrageously absurd, but very good-natured old soul did to me in days gone by—days when her duns were more manageable, her ankles less expansive, her talk less stupendously superb, her second chin less obtrusive, and her third chin was but a mere suspicion, indeed, no more than a faint mark for the imaginative. She was very kind to me, and nursed me

like a mother, when I was a beardless boy, and was so fearfully ill, and was fretting like a child because I had a mother whom I mightn't call a mother. Ah! I wish I could be at that age again, with another chance of beginning life on a better plan. But what's the good of regrets? No doubt, the late Professor Mutimer's widow has had a good deal out of me first and last; but I am game to bleed a little more for her benefit.

"Moreover—and the strongest motive shall be put down last—it will amuse me to play the guardian to little Kitty. I have done a good many queer things in my time, but I never yet played the Mentor to a trustful maiden. It'll be uncommon good fun to have her in training, and read her lectures on deportment, fashionable manners, and the everlasting fitness of things. Miss Guerdon thinks I am going off for a trip to Italy; but it'll be much jollier to dawdle about England for the long vacation, and pay fatherly attentions to my young ward."

During the course of the meditations jotted down in this chapter, Mr. Rupert Smith had reached his chambers in Essex Court, and, after a brief toilet, slipped into bed—turned his head upon his pillow, and composed himself for slumber.

But before his eyes closed, he gave a laugh, and murmured to himself, "Ta, ta; what a silly, prating fool I am! What do we know about anything, except that life is a joke, and that we are more or less sorry jesters?"

For, be it observed, though Mr. Rupert Smith was a vain, self-confident, and thoroughly unprincipled young man, altogether devoid of genuine nobility of mind, and yet perfectly satisfied that he was about the most generous as well as the most brilliant and accomplished dandy of his day, he was not incapable of appreciating and ridiculing the most absurdly contemptible features of his own character. One of his favourite humours was to call himself a philosophic sceptic, and in that character speak with disdainful levity of wise men and holy things, as though he were wiser than the wisest, and placed high above what he was pleased to term the superstitions of ordinary people; but, unlike most shallow, smart sciolists, he had wit enough to see himself in the right light, even at the moment when he judged his fellows most wrongly. Hence it was that his last words, uttered as he dropped off to sleep, were a genuine and perfectly honest confession of cherished sentiments, that life was no better than a sorry jest, he really believed. In like manner he needed none to convince him that, notwithstanding all his cleverness, he was—exactly what he called himself—a silly, prating fool.

CHAPTER XVI.

A QUIET BREAKFAST.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Rupert Smith retired to rest somewhat after the time of day which figurative writers vaguely indicate by the term "cock-crow," he was up betimes on Wednesday, June 10, 1846, and took his seat at his solitary breakfast-table in Essex Court, just as well-regulated clocks were informing the inhabitants of London that it was half-past nine o'clock.

A few hours of sleep were always enough to reinvigorate the young man, who, at no period of his life,

was a great lover of his bed; and who, notwithstanding the pride he took in ranging himself with the idlers and butterflies of the human species, had more than an ordinary share of mental and bodily energy. Readers have already heard him assure his friend Edward that work was altogether out of his line, and so, indeed, useful and well-directed labour was; but in crooked, perverse, fantastic ways, he took more pains and less repose than most people who enjoy a reputation for perseverance and industry. The various accomplishments of which he was master could never have been acquired without effort, and would have speedily slipped away from him had he become one tithe as indolent as he wished others to think him. Nor must it be imagined that thirst for the drawing-room *ecdt* which surrounds a man of superficial and showy acquirements was his sole motive to exertion, though, doubtless, he would have been preserved from downright sloth by mere vanity and love of applause, had he not been the wakeful, alert, active-minded man that he was. In simple truth, he was never happy when he was not busy about something; and in nothing did his peculiar character more forcibly display itself than in the pleasure with which he took up a new pursuit, and the fickleness with which he laid it aside as soon as it had ceased to amuse him by its novelty. A well-read man he assuredly was not; but he opened, glanced at, skimmed, and threw aside more books than many laborious students take up in the whole course of their lives. "I cannot bother myself with details which any mere date-collector or intellectual rag-picker could master," he would remark, with easy self-satisfaction; "what I want are general principles. Give me general principles, and the plodders may have the rest." And, without doubt, he attained his object; for the principles he gleaned in his unsystematic, vagrant rambles in the fields of thought, were *very general*. With critical science his familiarity was enough to satisfy him that all written history was nothing more than a reflection of the weakness, ignorance, and prejudices of its writers; and that the less an intelligent man took it in good trust and faith, the more likely he would be to estimate it rightly. From political economy he had learnt that the best mode of governing people was to let them alone; that Christian benevolence was merely mischievous peddling; that social evils must be left to work out their own cure; and that the surest and best way to help the poor was—to leave them to help themselves. Moral philosophy had taught him that selfishness was at the bottom, and ought to be at the bottom, of all human action—that it was the ultimate test of all moral obligations. Metaphysics he was kind enough to think good fun and highly amusing; but of metaphysicians he would smilingly observe, that he should like to find any two who could understand each other, and agree in their definitions of elementary terms after two hours of discussion. Of the natural sciences he remarked profoundly, "They are all very well, but they only scratch the outside of things;" and he always said this with the grave air of a man who was by no means contented with "the outside of things." But though his multifarious studies brought him no better results, he went on—skimming books as they came in his way, occasionally spending

idle hours in the British Museum over old plays, broadsides, scandalous *ana*, and heraldic manuscripts; and once or twice in a twelvemonth experiencing a genuine glow of enthusiasm on perusing some new volume abounding in arguments and suggestions that "would put the hum-drum, steady-going folks in a fury, toppling over their old notions, and teaching them that, in the present transitional state of human thought, it was simply ridiculous for people to be sure about anything."

"There," said Mr. Rupert Smith, "for an idle man, this isn't bad. I have had just five hours' sleep, and here I am, after cold bath, elaborate shaving, and no slovenly toilet, fresh, merry, and ready for breakfast. What a delightful thing it is to enjoy good health, equable spirits, sound digestion, hearty appetite, clear brain! Thank Heaven, I have very good health; but I have too much good taste to be always talking about it. There's good hard muscle in my arms, chest, shoulders, legs, every part of me; but I don't think there are ten men in all London who would accuse me of the vulgar quality called bodily vigour. I take my cold bath the whole year round, and thoroughly enjoy it; but I don't think that a reason why I should for ever be throwing my wet sponge into people's faces, after the fashion of young gentlemen of the muscular school, who can't wash themselves once in every four-and-twenty hours without publishing the far from interesting fact to all their acquaintances. Let's see, what shall I have for breakfast? tea (thanks to my instructions, my laundress at last knows how to make good tea), eggs, new laid (may the Essex Dairy continue to merit and desire my custom), rolls, fresh from worthy Mr. Groom's *depôt* (by-the-by, he sent in his bill last week; I must tell my secretary to look to it), two devilled kidneys (cooked according to my own plan), and a *paté*—placed upon my humble board by my dear friends, Messrs. Fortnum and Mason—no bad fare for a good appetite."

Thus soliloquising, Mr. Rupert Smith sat down in an easy chair, so placed that he could obtain, through the open windows, a view of the Middle Temple Gardens and the tranquil river beyond it. The room was characteristic of the man. Dingy it was beyond question, as Temple chambers usually are, but it was brightened up by a few good engravings, crayon sketches, statuettes, and other ornaments with which a man of some real artistic taste, and much greater artistic pretensions, might be expected to decorate his bachelor home. At each of the three open windows, through which the summerly air came in from the pleasant garden, were brackets full of mignonette and choice geraniums; on a side-table in the back-ground lay an open folio of quaint caricatures; another table, before one of the windows, was littered with old copper-plates, etching tools, proof impressions, and other signs of the amateur etcher; and in a corner, stacked away, were half-a-dozen fencing foils, for Mr. Rupert was passionately fond of fencing. "It trains the eye, fills the brain like a good glass of wine," he once remarked of his favourite exercise to Edward, "brings every muscle of the body into healthy action; and, taken by one who is wise enough to wear kid gloves during the sport, doesn't injure the form and texture of the hands, like boating, to which you give a preference.

Some men like sparring, I don't; the gloves are clumsy toys; a hard blow in the face from them, even under favourable circumstances, disarranges and disturbs the complexion for four-and-twenty hours." But of all characteristic objects in the room, perhaps the most so was its occupant—sitting at his breakfast-table, in a costume of elaborate negligence, with pink silk stockings, slipped into embroidered slippers, and the crimson silk facings of his long blue dressing-gown toning down the healthy glow of his smooth pink cheeks, doing full justice to the good fare before him, and occasionally pausing in his repast to glance at the newspaper.

"Good," observed the young man, when he had at length finished his meal; "I am satisfied for a few minutes. I desire nothing. I wonder how many men in London can say as much? Some people now would have a cigar or pipe; but I never smoke in the morning, out of respect to the ladies. Men who smoke before dinner are mere brutes."

With which sweeping condemnation of a numerous section of his fellow-men, Mr. Rupert Smith took up the paper once more, and for twenty minutes was absorbed in its contents.

"Not much there to-day," he remarked, when he put the paper down, "except that it shows the ball of life is still on the roll, with every rascal in the country trying to have a kick at it. More suffering and deaths by starvation in Ireland. Poor wretches! I shouldn't like to be starved to death; but then it would come harder to me than it does to the great Celtic family, because I haven't been trained to it from infancy on potato-peelings; and what's more, starvation takes them out of a world where they have uncommonly bad quarters, and I have rather good. And maybe, after all, nettle-broth is an exquisite delicacy. I'll recommend the cook at the 'Rhododendron' to try it. *Potage d'ortie* would read uncommonly well on the *carte*. A debate, too, in the House, in which Mr. Harrison Newbolt frankly expressed his opinion that the bishops oughtn't to sit in the Upper House, and that it would be just as well for the country if the Upper House itself were abolished. Very reasonable and moderate! And, pray, why shouldn't the bishops be bowled over, and the House of Lords sent to the right-about? I'm not a bishop, and don't see my way clear to a peerage. Harrison Newbolt, M.P., must be an amusing fellow, and if ever I have house property in Harling, I'll vote for him. By the way, since Harrison Newbolt, M.P., is going to look after Ned, it will be my duty to look after Harrison Newbolt, M.P. It will be as well for me to lose no time in making his acquaintance, and dining at his house; of course, as he is a radical, he lives well, and has a first-rate cook. I am not given to superstition, but still I have a presentiment that Harrison Newbolt, M.P., will influence my career as well as Ned's; for when destiny throws an elderly gentleman, who's absolutely running over with bank-notes, slap in the face of a young penniless artist—why, destiny means business; and Ned's lot is mine, for we pull in the same cranky boat, with just the same sort of broken oars."

Carelessly as these last words were uttered, the speaker remembered them; and many months afterwards, when

a certain discovery, hereafter to be mentioned, materially changed Mr. Rupert Smith's view of his friend's position, he recalled them, saying, with much emphasis and some chagrin, "By George, after all, we are not in the same boat, and we pull with very different oars."

"Still," resumed Mr. Rupert Smith, "it's a dull paper; the only thing worth jotting down in my notebook is that cypher advertisement. May confusion seize the fabricator; I can't make it out; and usually I can read at a glance the clumsy attempts at secret correspondence in the second column. It oughtn't to be hard of interpretation, for it's only a variation of the hackneyed numeral system; but the introduction of decimal points, and the use of vulgar fractional forms, cause one more than ordinary trouble. Still, I'll copy it, and work the puzzle out before I go to bed; for I mayn't let a thing of that sort foil me. Whatever cypher human ingenuity can compose, I flatter myself Rupert Smith has ingenuity enough to read. But I can't stop about the matter now; for, though it's early, I must go out, since I have to look after my little ward's interests."

Whereupon Mr. Rupert Smith copied out the cypher into his diary, placing it amongst a collection of similar enigmatical symbols, on which, with the perverse mental activity just spoken of, he had spent more time, labour, and sagacity than many fully-employed lawyers of the Middle Temple expended on the legal cases of an entire term.

That done, Mr. Rupert Smith put on his walking coat and boots; and taking up hat, cane, and gloves, went forth to look after his little ward's interests.

(To be continued.)

THE GOD OF THE UNIVERSE IS JEHOVAH.

THE sacred Scriptures teach us, in the most unequivocal language, the unity of God, and the majesty and grandeur of his kingdom. Jehovah inhabiteth eternity, and filleth immensity by his presence. By his word the worlds were made, and by his power he upholdeth all things. Omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, he is "God over all, blessed for ever."

Such is the language of revelation—such the truths taught by our sacred volume. If these are the declarations of God himself—and the same Almighty Being has built the physical universe—the revelations of science must agree with the revelations of Scripture, and we shall find the attributes of God stamped in characters indelible on the workmanship of his hands.

Does the material universe declare the unity of God? Is the domain of Nature divided or divisible? Is there evidence, in the building of the mighty fabric of the universe, that it has been planned and executed by one mind and by one hand?

The development of our knowledge of the material heavens has been progressive from century to century. The deeper the human mind has penetrated into the arcana of Nature, the more positive does the evidence become with reference to its origin and government. In the primitive ages of the world, while yet the light of science had scarcely dawned upon the human intellect, when the heavens were a mystery and a marvel, human genius could not have risen through this unknown empire, up to the knowledge of the attributes of God. Whatever deductions we may now reach in our researches, no one will venture for one moment to assert that the sacred writers, by the same means, reached to their notions of the being and attributes of God.

If we examine the system which surrounds the sun, we find a multitude of worlds, possessing general characteristics. They are generally globular, they are in motion, they describe orbits of specific forms allied to each other, they are all powerfully influenced by the sun, and they materially affect each other. The matter, then, which constitutes these worlds and the sun itself, seems to be identical in one of its great characteristics. When the capacious intellect of Newton reached the grand conclusion, that one law swayed its dominion over planet, and satellite, and comet—when he demonstrated that the most solid and the most evanescent bodies were obedient to the great principle of attraction—by a generalisation as sublime as it was daring, he rose to the declaration, that every particle of matter in the universe attracted every other particle, and this attraction diminished as the square of the distances between the particles increased. Here, then, is a statement which, if it be true, demonstrates, in the most positive manner, that the matter of which the worlds are built is identical in character. But again, the laws which govern moving bodies on earth are extended to those which inhabit space; and when the watchings of a thousand years had revealed the universality of the application of these laws to the worlds which constitute our solar system, the same bold generalisation carried these same laws to the fixed stars, and attempted to fasten their dominion on every particle of matter. It will be seen at once that these mighty propositions are far from being self-evident. Their demonstration is the reward of centuries of ardent, and earnest, and patient investigation. These laws were first fastened on the moon; next the planets, slowly, and one by one, in their near proximity to the sun, and, also, in their vast orbits deep buried in space, yielded to the empire of these potent laws; and, finally, the mysterious comet, aerial, chaotic, capricious in its eccentric career, was demonstrated to yield to the same potent sway.

This was, doubtless, a grand achievement, thus to prove that in one great scheme of associated worlds there was unity of design, unity in matter, and unity in law. But this system, vast as it is, embracing within its domain a sweep of no less than ten thousand millions of miles, is but an infinitesimal portion of the universe of God. Is it possible to reach to the starry heavens, passing the gulf of space which separates us from these far-distant worlds, and fasten the same laws which rule in our system upon the myriads of orbs which crowd the domain of space? It is only within a few years that this great achievement has been accomplished. Among the stars some have been found in such near proximity that their true character is only revealed by the most powerful telescopes. While to the unaided eye, and, indeed, in inferior instruments, they appear as single stars, a higher power discovers them to consist of two individual objects, in such close proximity of position, that their mingled rays are only to be divided by the most potent optical aid.

These objects, within the last half century, have attracted the attention of eminent philosophers, and the most astonishing phenomena have been revealed. These double suns have been seen to move—they are known to revolve; and the laws of their motion and revolution are identical with those which govern the planetary orbs which sweep round the sun. There is no deception here. Their orbits have been computed, their periods and places predicted, on the hypothesis that the laws of motion and gravitation extended their empire over these starry worlds; and in every particular have these bold predictions been verified. How deeply, then, has science penetrated the dominion of these laws of Nature! The distance is not to be measured by the unit employed in the survey of the sun's domain. In one instance, in which science has figured the orbits, foretold the periods of their revolutions, weighed the masses, measured the distance of two associated suns, their distance from earth is such that their light, flying at the rate of twelve millions of miles in each minute, reaches us only after a journey of ten years. This is not a solitary instance. Many of a like character have been thoroughly investigated, and with like results.

We may affirm, then, with safety and certainty, that the countless millions of orbs which constitute the universe are all fashioned from the same material, and are all in subjection to the laws of motion and gravitation. As the scheme is one, as the matter is one, as the laws are in effect one, so one mind hath conceived the infinite plan, and one hand hath wrought out the magnificence of creation.

But the Scriptures disclose the *omnipotence* of God; he hath created all things by his

wisdom, and by the might of his power. To the mind which fully comprehends the structure of the heavens, the power of the almighty Architect is most signally displayed; a superficial examination may not thus impress us. We witness from month to month the revolution of the moon about the earth, and from year to year their conjoined revolution about the sun; we trace the planets in their harmonious career; all is so simple, so beautiful, that the idea of the display of vast power does not at first take possession of the mind.

But let us for one moment contemplate, at nearer distance, these ponderous orbs. Examine, if you please, our own earth, one of the smallest of them, and you find a solid globe of 8,000 miles in diameter, possessing a weight so enormous, that any and all the structures of men upon its surface sink to utter insignificance in the comparison, and weigh as the small dust of the balance. And yet, go to the Pyramids of Egypt, and contemplate those heavy relics of antiquity; how do their vast proportions, the solid rocks which constitute their mass, elevate our ideas of the power which reared these huge fabrics! But these are stationary. Could they be hurled with swift velocity from their solid bases, by some mighty catapult, into space, never again to re-visit the earth, our ideas of the power requisite to such a phenomenon would be greatly enlarged. Man, by superior wisdom, and by the exercise of that intellect which God has given, has gained a certain mastery over the potent forces of Nature; hence, we witness with amazement the fiery trains which, with incredible velocity, fly upon the iron ways built for their appointed tracks. What stupendous power is developed in this fiery engine of earth! We involuntarily shrink from its approach, and tremble as it dashes by us, flying with a speed of sixty miles in a single hour of time. But what are these atoms compared with the solid earth itself? and what the display of power here when compared with that which launched this mighty globe, with its continents and oceans, into space, and hath dashed it with a velocity such that its hourly journey is sixty-eight thousand miles? Or look yet higher to the sun, linked to a thousand revolving worlds! onward its mighty mass, a million of miles in diameter, sweeps through space, bearing with it its retinue of flaming worlds.

God's mighty arm hath projected these stupendous orbs, and his omnipotent power alone hath impressed upon them their amazing velocity. It is not possible to escape from this conclusion by arguing the laws of motion and attraction. These are but the modes in which God exercises his power—they are not the power itself. Let some gigantic arm reach out and attempt to arrest the moon: were the trial

possible, were the power of every human arm concentrated into one, even the power of the thousands of generations which have peopled the earth, still this combined and concentrated power could not check this puny orb of heaven for one single moment in its swift career.

Again, what mighty force restrains the planets in their orbits? There is no one who is not familiar with the force developed in all revolving bodies. If a globe be attached to one extremity of a cord, while the other is retained in the hand, the moment the globe is set revolving it commences a struggle to break the cord, and free itself from the restraining hand. As the velocity of revolution increases, so does this developed tendency to fly from the centre increase. If, then, a planet were located in space, at its appropriate distance from the sun, and were it to receive an impulse capable of impressing on it the velocity due to its orbit, unrestrained by any central power, it would fly from its orbit, and dart onward for ever through space in a direct line, never turning to the right hand or the left. What tremendous power, then, is necessary to bind these mighty worlds into their circling orbits! It is again useless to say that this is accomplished by the power of the sun. Matter is inert; it can have no power save what God shall give. As well might we declare that it is the power of the bone and muscle of the brawny arm of the smith that wields the ponderous sledge. Sever that same powerful arm from the body; the form is retained, the muscle and bone are there, but mind, the animating principle, is gone, and at the instant of its departure all power is dead. So, sever the sun from the will of God, and in that vast aggregation of matter all power dies: its light fades, and the planets, loosed from God's controlling power, fly madly through the abyss of space.

Nothing short of Omnipotence can hold these flying worlds. These are, however, but the merest atoms of creation; all their combined masses flung into the sun would scarcely augment his bulk by an appreciable quantity; and yet this mighty mass, the sun itself, is no more quiescent than its attending satellites. It, too, is flying through space, impelled and guided by the same Omnipotent hand. Stretching yet farther into creation we behold an amazing scene. Not a solitary star that fills the concave is at rest; all, all, from the blazing Sirius to the faintest particle of star-dust revealed by telescopic art, are careering onward through immensity. System rising above system; cluster above cluster; universe above universe, moving with majestic grandeur; all held by the right hand of God omnipotent. "He ruleth in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth."

It is, perhaps, less difficult to affirm the almighty power of the Architect of the universe, than to demonstrate that in *wisdom supreme* has he reared this stupendous fabric. The mind is far more easily and obviously impressed with the evidences of power than of wisdom. Just as the resistless power of the steam-engine forces itself upon our minds through the senses, while the evidence of the wisdom displayed in its complex structure can only be derived from the steady application of the higher faculties of the mind, so a superficial examination of God's universe demonstrates, through the senses, his eternal power, while nothing short of a comprehension of the celestial mechanism can reveal the wisdom supreme displayed in its organisation and its arrangement.

Nothing short of a knowledge of the true system of the universe can demonstrate the wisdom of God.

Since, however, we have reached to a true knowledge of the celestial architecture, the mind, the deeper it penetrates, is the more powerfully impressed with the wisdom—vast, comprehensive, infinite, eternal—in which and through which the worlds were made.

Let us again call to mind the organisation of our solar system. In the centre is located the controlling orb. At varying distances from this common centre, a multitude of worlds are revolving in re-entering curves, until the most remote includes in its capacious orbit an area whose diameter is 60,000 millions of miles. These globes are to be so arranged, that while each one is subjected to the influence of every other, yet their pathways shall never suffer a change beyond narrow and prescribed limits. Their orbits shall ever expand and contract, their velocities shall ever increase and diminish; but at no period in the ages which are to come shall any change so accumulate, as to affect the equilibrium of this complicated system. If about the sun it were required to launch a single planet, it might not be difficult to determine the direction and power of the primitive impulse required to produce a determinate result. Indeed, release the planets and their satellites from the disturbing influences of each other, and it would not then be impossible to work out the problem of a perfect and everlasting equilibrium.

But this is not the condition of the problem in Nature. There is but one God, so there is but one kind of matter. If the will of God energise the material of the sun, so does it equally energise the material of every planet. While to finite intelligence complexity reigns, to the infinite intelligence there is only to be seen simplicity, and that simplicity of arrangement is perfect and universal.

Let us proceed, then, in the examination of

this sublime problem. Let a power be delegated to a finite spirit, equal to the projection of the most ponderous planet in its orbit, and from God's exhaustless magazine let this spirit select his grand central orb. Let him, with puissant arm, locate it in space, and obedient to his mandate, there let it remain for ever fixed. He proceeds to select his planetary globes, which he is now required to marshal, in their appropriate order of distance from the sun. Heed well this distribution, for should a single globe be misplaced, the Divine harmony is destroyed for ever. Let us for a moment admit that the finite intelligence may at length determine the order of combination, and that the mighty host is arrayed in order. Nearest the centre is located the brilliant Mercury, and then the orb of Venus. Next stands this terrene globe, and beyond the fiery Mars, and then a wondrous group of minute worlds, far within the circling orb of Jupiter. Beyond Jupiter stands Saturn with his rings; still more remote is seen Uranus, and farthest of all Neptune stands sentinel on the outposts of this grand array. In one vast line of continuity, these worlds, like fiery coursers, stand waiting the command to fly. But, mighty spirit, heed well the next grand step; ponder well the direction in which thou wilt launch each waiting world; weigh well the mighty impulse soon to be given, for out of the myriads of directions, and the myriads of varying impulsive forces, there comes but a single combination that will secure the perpetuity of your complex scheme. In vain does the bewildered finite spirit attempt to fathom this mighty depth. In vain does it seek to resolve the stupendous problem. It turns away, and while endowed with infinite power, exclaims, "Give to me infinite wisdom, or relieve me from the impossible task!"

Here we have presented the simplest possible problem. Add to the earth its moon, to Jupiter his four satellites; to Saturn its wondrous rings, and eight revolving worlds; complicate the problem with six thousand fiery comets: God has computed the perturbations of this complex system, through all its infinite configurations, through ages which are past, and through ages which are to come. It is useless to rise to schemes of yet greater difficulty, for we must be satisfied that nothing short of Omniscience could have constructed a system so involved, so complex, and yet so perfect, in all its multitudinous parts.

And yet how utterly insignificant does this appear, when compared with the marshalling of the mighty host of heaven. Look up to that wondrous zone, begirt with blazing stars, scattered by millions throughout its populous domain. Here is a combination so vast, so profound, so multitudinous, that imagination fails

to grasp its mighty boundaries, and yet all is in motion. Each one of these myriads has its appointed track; the wisdom of God hath looked through the wondrous maze from the beginning, and, lo! even to the final period of all things, perfection reigns: and that perfection proclaims the being of a God, infinite in wisdom and omnipotent in power. Of Jehovah alone can these attributes be affirmed: therefore, the God of the universe is Jehovah.

(To be continued.)

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF PARIS.

I HAVE been spending some months in Paris. What with the gaieties of the prolonged season, the general election, the Mexican conquest, and the Polish question, it has been an exciting time for the Parisians. The city has been full and brilliant. Nowhere have I seen such a broad stream of carriages as were rolling along the Champs Elysées, and down the Avenue de l'Impératrice. At all times the concourse of strangers in Paris is immense, and the place continues gay, though the season is over. Just now, as I write, the city is in the saturnalia of the great Napoleon fête. My interest is, however, reflective rather than active, historical rather than political. The more one knows of France, the better one is able to see how wonderful is the phase of history through which it is now passing. Within the last twelve years Paris has passed through more wonderful changes than in any other similar period of its existence. The material prosperity of the people is developed and increased, and the *prestige* of the empire has attained its highest point. It cannot be denied that the Emperor has shown himself a wise and great ruler; and that France, torn by dissensions, has found under him prosperity and peace. It is in Paris especially that the favourable change most strikes and impresses one; but the new influence is felt throughout the country, by the old towers of Rouen, and in the dockyards of Marseilles.

The first thing to be done, when we settle in a great city, is to gather up a general idea of the nature of the ground. We may be rather confused in our notions at first, and frame very inadequate ideas; but these will gradually correct themselves. It is pleasant to wander about freely; to allow ourselves to be lost when we can at will recover our way; to be able, if we choose, to push our own researches beyond the beaten track of travellers. We give our own experience. Let it be supposed that we know all the leading outlines of Paris. We have been in the gardens of the Tuileries and of the Palais Royal, listening to very fine military music; we are familiar, like all English travellers, with all the shops in the arcaded Rue de Rivoli; we know

well the long and fair avenue of the Champs Elysées, beneath whose green boughs an unceasing summer fair is held; we have been again and again along that long range of magnificent boulevards from the Madeleine to the Column of July, where in the long summer evenings imperial Paris holds open drawing-room; we have climbed the towers of Notre Dame or of the Pantheon, and have seen the city lying about us circular-wise, seeming as still and fair as a huge picture, the perfect vision being almost entirely unmarred by curling smoke; we have visited the pretty villages in the neighbourhood, such as Passy and Auteuil, and have pushed onwards to St. Cloud and Versailles; in fact, we now begin to know our ground pretty thoroughly. We arrange and classify our impressions. We are now able, having attained the general ideas that are soon gained, to dwell as much as we choose on the examination of details. And this, I think, is the best way of studying a great city.

Let me give a word of practical counsel to my friends. When you visit a foreign country, it is always as well to know something of its language, literature, and history. If you find yourself at Paris, with a very limited acquaintance with these, do not be dejected on that account. Reserve a few hours in the day for quiet, intelligent study. It is impossible to spend the whole of the day in sight-seeing—no person's nervous system can stand *that*. Quiet reading will prepare you for your sight-seeing, and sight-seeing will be more of a relaxation when you have earned it.

It is written concerning Jerusalem, that when our Lord "beheld the city, he wept over it." There is always something melancholy in the aspect of a great city. Fair and stately it appears to the outward view; but a nearer inspection shows how much guilt is the companion of this greatness, how much unhappiness and misery are consistent with all this exterior splendour. To those familiar with the history of Paris, nearly every locality has its memories of bloodshed and of horror.

Those who know Paris well will speak to you of New Paris and Old Paris. It is said of the Emperor Napoleon concerning Paris, as it was said of the Emperor Augustus concerning Rome, that he found it a city of brick, and left it a city of marble. You will find in the stationers' shops handsome maps of New Paris. Beyond the Arc de la Triomphe was formerly a wild thicket, which the Emperor has converted into the beautiful Bois de Boulogne, the favourite resort of the Parisians, the favourite drive of the fashionable world—enchanted woods, traversed alike by spacious carriage roads and solitary pathways through sequestered thickets. Coming back through the Champs Elysées, on this side and on that, are avenues that are due to the

Empire: fountains, flower-beds, velvet lawns, and the Palais de l'Industrie, which at the present moment contains the biennial exhibition of living artists. To the north of the arch lies the beautiful little park, Monceau, one of the gems of Paris. Avoiding the enumeration of localities, I will mention general results. Immense sums have been expended on the building and repairing of churches, towers, palaces, bridges, quays, squares, plantations. No less than 20,000 yards of new thoroughfare have been laid out. Edifices are springing up with astonishing rapidity in every quarter; and though the supply of tenants is not equally rapid, very high rents are maintained. These buildings are very far from being "run up" in the unsubstantial manner to which we are accustomed in the outskirts of London. Their style may be called "monumental." The material is furnished by the stone quarries in the neighbourhood; the stone is easily brought, and when brought, easily cut. On every side may be seen the work of rapid demolition, large spaces cleared for buildings, the busy erection of spacious and splendid edifices. This, then, is New Paris.

Let us now look at Old Paris. Despite its antiquity, there is nothing that reminds us of the old cities of Italy and Germany; possibly, one may detect here and there a carved door or an ancient turret. When you go to the Jardin des Plantes—corresponding in a sort of way to our Zoological Gardens—or to the Pantheon, built by a lottery, secularised at the time of the Revolution, and now restored to sacred uses as a Christian church, you will see a great deal of historical Paris. Narrow streets, where it is a matter of wonderment how two omnibuses can pass each other; streets which are rather a perplexed labyrinth of lanes, passages, and alleys; houses dark and damp, piled up high into the air, where hands stretched out from opposite casements might meet. Frequent the Cité, "the island cradle of Paris;" wander into the Quartier Latin, where students congregate, the scenery of the stories of Balzac and the songs of Béranger; examine the neighbourhood of the Hôtel de Ville, and the Halles Centrales, where the busy industries of Paris are congregated; go to the famous Temple and its rag-fair; and although you everywhere find instances of demolition and improvement, you are enabled vividly to recall ancient, historical Paris. Everywhere you behold the busiest life; the population turns out of doors and lives—very pleasantly—in the streets.

I have been gathering up some general impressions of the Louvre. The first impression is certainly that of intense fatigue. You wander through a multitude of rooms, crowded with magnificent pictures, and all the multitudinous objects of a national museum. The Emperor is

carefully preparing a department of the museum to be called after his own name. He has also placed an inscription on the entrance to the effect that Francis I. had founded the Louvre, Catherine de Medicis the Tuileries, and that Napoleon III. had united the two. This language is, however, premature, as the works are only now in progress; and it is not proposed that they should be finished till 1867—a date that will probably be exceeded. We have been walking also through the Luxembourg, the Hotel Cluny, the Sainte Chapelle, the Cathedral, half-a-dozen churches, and, now that the Emperor has gone, the palace of the Tuileries. We want a change, and will go to Vincennes. Properly, it is one of the suburbs. An almost uninterrupted succession of houses continues from Paris to its celebrated wood, with market-gardens interspersed. We will take an omnibus at the Madeleine, which will carry us within a very short distance of the station for Vincennes. The omnibuses of Paris are far from being sufficiently numerous. Unless you take your place at the station from which the omnibus starts, it is more than probable that a provoking "*complet*" inscribed on a board will again and again tell you that you must wait. To this the line between the Madeleine and the Bastille is an exception. It is well served. The price outside is only three sous, equivalent to three-halfpence. The interior is about double the price, and this is the general rule with all the Paris omnibuses. It is a magnificent ride, extending the entire length of the principal boulevards.

Standing on the Place de la Bastille, and looking down the line of boulevards, we have the scenery of the first and last acts of the great drama of the French Revolution. In 1789 took place the storming of the Bastille, a state prison which, in previous reigns, had been perverted to the purposes of the vilest tyranny, but which, in the time of the gentle and amiable Louis XVI., was almost destitute of prisoners. The popular party in Paris had formed the National Guard, and adopted the tricolour flag. Having thus created a revolutionary force, they determined to attack the Bastille. This castled fortress was of the utmost strength. It was surrounded by eight lofty towers, deep ditches, massy walls, huge drawbridges, armed with heavy artillery. An armed multitude beset the Bastille. The garrison was small; of these only thirty faithful Swiss could be relied on; the French soldiers were in favour of a surrender. From motives of humanity, the governor would not use the great guns, and soon the outer wall was carried. Delaunay, the governor, bravely resisted, and wished to fire the gunpowder magazine, and blow the fortress into the air, rather than betray his trust. His soldiers, crowding round him, prevented this, and insisted on a

capitulation. A solemn promise was given by the commanders of the assailants—"On the honour of French soldiers, no injury shall be done to you." The drawbridge was lowered, and the multitude rushed forwards. In a moment the promise was forgotten by the revengeful and infuriated people. The many-headed monster now first tasted blood, and could hereafter never be satisfied. Delaunay, the governor, was hanged upon a lamp-post; his head was cut off, and borne aloft upon a pike amid shouts of triumph. Others were murdered, and their mangled remains, streaming with blood, were borne through the city. Many of the Swiss were massacred on the spot; some were saved. The rooms of the Bastille were soon pillaged, the furniture thrown into the street and burned. Not a single political prisoner was found in the fortress—attesting the clemency of the king and his government. The seven prisoners confined were all implicated in forgery cases. By order of the National Assembly, the fortress was soon afterwards razed to the ground. This, then, was the bloody commencement of things.

Two generations passed away. For sixty years France had wandered in a wilderness of misery and guilt. Louis Napoleon is the President of the Republic. The term of his presidency is ere long to expire, and an article of the constitution forbids his re-election. It was an unwise article, and some means had better be taken to obviate the difficulty it created. In an evil hour, Louis Napoleon adopted his own means. One bleak December night, 1851, the memorable *coup d'état* is undertaken. The National Guard was paralysed. The Assembly were all taken prisoners, and marched off in felons' vans, comprising men of the greatest genius and character in the nation. The judges were driven from the bench by an armed force. A committee of resistance was formed to repel these innovations—a resistance that was never very serious. And now was commenced, on the boulevards which we have just traversed, that massacre which cast a cloud over the foundation of the French Empire.

It should be premised that strict orders had been posted up in Paris to warn people against being in the streets. Notwithstanding, the streets were full; English ladies were walking to and fro on the boulevard, delighted at the idea of seeing a revolution. For it was well known that the number of troops concentrated in Paris was so enormous, that the mob, taken by surprise, could make no effectual resistance. There was a small, ineffective barricade across the boulevard, near, I believe, to the Opera House; the rest of the boulevard, towards the Madeleine, was full of troops. They had been under arms all day, and were tired and irritated by delay, when, late in the afternoon, they were

directed to take the barricade in question. A shot was fired from some house—no one ever knew by whom, nor from what dwelling exactly; but a shot was fired. A sudden panic seized the troops. They fired at the houses indiscriminately, loaded and fired again. The deaths were, of course, numerous; but the whole event was so unpremeditated, that I should be sorry to accuse even the soldiers of having intended it.

Mr. Kinglake, whose celebrated chapter about this we have most of us read, has quite failed to show that the Emperor had any direct complicity in this wholesale butchery, and we would fain hope that he has not. He bears the character of being a man to whom all suffering is eminently distasteful; but at the same time he is thought to be a man of iron resolution. The tendency of the present aspect of things is to make him such. The Emperor is constantly to be seen about Paris, while the Court is at the Tuileries, generally accompanied by a friend. He will frequently alight from his carriage and walk about, leaning on his friend's arm. Multitudes have an opportunity of watching him, but it is impossible to gather anything from those calm, passionless looks.

But the train is starting for Vincennes. If we stop one station short of Vincennes, close at hand are the delightful woods. We will go farther on, as it is our object to examine the fortress. To my mind, the most interesting monument of the place is the tomb of the Duc d'Enghien. The chapel is exceedingly pretty, built upon the model of La Sainte Chapelle, in Paris, that most precious reliquary of the ecclesiastical art of the Middle Ages. The present Emperor has done very much for its adornment; his feeling towards it is scarcely shared by the numerous soldiery stationed here. Some of the beautiful windows are in a shameful condition, and the soldiers never attend the services of the chapel. The donjon keep, rising to a vast altitude, frowns down upon the surrounding country. It was fatiguing work to climb it, but I did so, and was repaid by the magnificent view. Here our Henry V. was proclaimed King of France, and resided for two years. The unfortunate Henry VI. was also for some time a resident in the donjon.

It is pleasant to turn away from the fortress to the woods. They are the remains of a great forest, once a famous hunting ground of the kings of France. I see a notice in the *Bibliothèque Impériale*, that the professor of natural history, on Sundays, takes out his pupils to study there. There is a fine lake, where one may watch the swans and waterfowl, and fishes in literal shoals. The grounds are extensive, and, like the Bois de Boulogne, abound both in spacious carriage roads and lonely dells. They answer much the same purpose for the eastern

part of the city as the Bois de Boulogne do for the western. Nurses with their children abound; and it is a happy circumstance that the poor of the Faubourg St. Antoine can so soon reach the pure air and fair scenery of which Parisians have in general a very keen appreciation. Various stalls are found about the park, supplying the visitor with the means of refreshment and amusement.

But it is on Sunday that this and the other parks are chiefly crowded. All through the summer months fêtes are held on Sundays in the pretty villages that surround Paris. They have a common likeness, rather resembling, I should think, what Greenwich Fair used to be; the same shows, I am told, moving about from place to place. The Archbishop and the clergy of Paris have laboured of late years towards stopping the Sunday trading. To the credit of the Parisians be it said, the shops are now many of them closed on the Sunday; but a far better observance of the Sabbath is needful. May I be permitted to express a sincere hope that we may not be tempted to do at Paris as the Parisians do? Amid surrounding temptations to desecrate the Sabbath, may each English traveller be preserved from making shipwreck of a good conscience! It was the dying request of Dr. Johnson to Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he would not use his palette on Sunday. It is the experience of many Christians, that as the first day of the week is spent, so is the whole tone and tenor of the days that follow. If we neglect the quietude and religion of our English homes on Sunday, while sojourning in a strange land, there is sad reason to apprehend that our character may be seriously affected by that sin and frivolity, through which we pass unmoved. But if we honour God on this holy day, and are not ashamed, as Christians and as Englishmen, to be true to our duty amid prevalent corruptions, we may humbly trust that he will bless us, and enable us to gather from our sojourn in foreign lands that which tends to the health of the body, and the enlargement of the mind.

Memorials of Illustrious Women.

No. IV.—SARAH MARTIN—(concluded).

IN 1827, when visiting a young woman of bad character who had been in the prison, and who had attempted self-destruction, she found her mind in a state that required manual employment as well as religious instruction. She went immediately among the ladies who employed her, and stating her views, procured from them a small fund, which she applied to the furnishing of work for discharged prisoners; and this ingenious scheme of her keen, sagacious mind worked very usefully.

Thus, in the course of a few years, had she, all unaided, and by her own experience and judgment, provided for the most important points in the

matter of prison discipline: religious instruction, employment during imprisonment, and assistance at its termination. It has been remarked, concerning her labours, that, "whilst great and good men at a distance, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and the order in which these very results were to be obtained—inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end—here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all!" It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with difficulties now unknown; prison discipline was then in its infancy; everything she did was conceived in the best spirit; and, considering the time and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved.

Of the trials that beset her path, she herself says but little; but that little speaks volumes. She thus writes:—

In prosecuting many a good work, God has led me through deep and dark waters, and preserved me unhurt. For a course of years, before the public attention was led to the subject of prison discipline, and with the doors simply locked upon the prisoners—when their time was given to gaming, swearing, fighting, and bad language, and their visitors admitted from without with little restriction—I was still supported with much mercy, and it was the arm of the Lord that upheld me.

She then alludes to the fearful and obnoxious skin diseases and other maladies which abounded in the gaol, and which filled her with horror and disgust—a source of discomfort to which she dared not allude beyond the walls, lest she should alarm her employers, and lose her means of subsistence in consequence.

But (said she) I had access to One whose care was over me, in whom I had perfect confidence; nor did I hope in vain. How eagerly did I resort to the Bible, and feed on the assurance, "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling," Ps. xci. 10. The promises of that beautiful psalm suited my case, and the support was equal to my requirements.

At one time she was greatly distressed by the bad character and conduct of the turnkey; and such was the state of things in consequence of his treatment, that she says—

"My soul was even among lions;" for that man was as "a legion," and my health at length suffered from intense anxiety as he became worse and worse. Yet even he could not deprive me of the respect of the prisoners, nor destroy my influence over them. This was simply supported by what I taught of truth, nor was it for a moment forced upon their unwilling attention. In 1833, on entering the Bridewell one morning, several prisoners, instead of seating themselves in order, left the room and talked loudly in the yard. Before leaving the place, I went and told them they might leave the room, but must be silent; and whilst I came for their profit, not my own, in turning from me when reading the Bible, the insult was to God, and the injury to themselves.

Next morning, when she repeated her visit, she found the table dirty, and the room in confusion, and instantly left them. The well-disposed among the company followed her, expressing the hope that she would not forsake them, and punish the innocent with the guilty. Thinking that they had shown less determination than they ought to have done under the circumstances, she left them for a short time, and, when she again returned at the earnest request, not only of those who had been friendly, but of those who had misbehaved themselves, she was welcomed with eager thankfulness,

and never afterwards had occasion to adopt a similar course. It was altogether a work of faith, patience, and love; and as she went on in humble reliance on Divine help and protection, and found her prayers answered, it became increasingly dear to her, and she found it even in her heart to desire that all her time could be given up entirely to it. Accordingly, about the year 1838, her dress-making occupation having gradually declined, she was at liberty to instruct the prisoners every day, and just at this time, a new and more efficient governor being appointed, matters were made far more satisfactory. An entire and happy change of system was introduced, and the comfort and peace of the establishment was, to a great extent, ensured.

The autobiography touches also on the subject of her own personal "ways and means."

All I possessed of income was the interest of between £200 and £300. In the full occupation of dress-making, I had care with it and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, "Whatsoever is right I will give you." I had learned from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported; God was my master, and would not forget his child. Experience, as well as his promise, justified the absence of concern as to my temporal support. With my thoughts differently engaged, presents have met me from this kind friend and from that, with the charge, "This is not for your charities, but for your own exclusive use and comfort." Liberal supplies of clothing have always been sent, and, as I have remarked, before it occurred to me that I stood in need of any. And it ought to be named, that others may trust in God, for "there is no want to them that fear him."

Of the joy and satisfaction she experienced during the last five years of her ministrations, she says:—

The highest amount of joy and satisfaction that I could contemplate on this side heaven has been afforded me. With all my time devoted to the prisoners, I have found it to be an expanding field, bringing wealth which the mind of an archangel might fail to estimate. To those who may not enter into these views, much of what has been said may seem visionary, and they may think I depict my happiness in too glowing colours. But how should that be, when my peace in its nature stood as firm in the former state of the gaol as it has remained since, now that tide of evil is gone by, and cleanliness, order, and quiet are enforced!

Of the manner in which her instructions were conducted, she gives some particulars, and concerning her Sabbath-day labours records that, from the commencement of her exertions in 1832, she read printed sermons, and from that time to 1837 wrote her own observations; when, till the close of her career in 1843, she writes, "I was enabled, by the help of God, to address the prisoners, without writing beforehand, simply from the Holy Scriptures." Of these remarkable services, some idea is given us by the following notice in one of the Reports of the Inspector of Prisons for the district, Captain Williams. He writes:—

Sunday, Nov. 29, 1835. Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled. A female, resident in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the Liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well, much better than I have frequently heard in our best appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her—admirably suited to her hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the most profound attention and the most marked respect, and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was afterwards read by her to the female prisoners.

It was the deep heart-love that characterised all she said and did which made her services so successful. She yearned for the conversion of souls, and laboured, like the great Apostle, "in season and out of season," watching for them with unflinching earnestness. Her note-book contains ample evidence of her works and of their fruits. An account is there given of the various channels of her benevolence, and the manner in which the funds were expended. "The Female Prisoners' Employment," "Employment for the Destitute," and the book entitled, "Liberated Prisoners," each has its distinct and appropriate detail, showing what a vast amount of time each separate charity must have occupied. The accounts are kept with the most minute attention; not a shilling spent for herself or for others but is stated, and accurately posted. It was asked, after her death, "Are there no little bills?" "Little bills, madam? Oh, no! I suppose Miss Martin never had such a thing as a bill." Often was she heard to inculcate the great duty of following the apostolic injunction, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

As to her personal toil, it is related that she was not unfrequently known, at the end of a long day's work, to enter her accounts, and stand cutting out work, or preparing the copy books for her pupils in the gaol for the next day. Nor were the prisoners, when liberated, by any means off her hands; for if there appeared the smallest promise of reformation, she endeavoured to cherish it by keeping the individuals in sight. She would follow them to their home, surprise them at their work, seek out a respectable lodging for the houseless, or for those whose home was a hot-bed for crime. She would entreat a master or mistress to admit a servant to his former employment, or induce a charitable friend to make trial of some penitent delinquent of whom she thought well; or she would write to the distant relations of a discharged prisoner, endeavouring to mediate between them, and begging them to pity and forgive the prodigal. Those who went as sailors she encouraged to call upon her when they should return from their voyage, and held herself ready to help and counsel any who returned to her for sympathy.

Latterly, she gave two evenings weekly to conducting a school for factory girls in the large chancel of the old church of St. Nicholas. Of the work she did there, it has been thus said:—

There or elsewhere, she was everything. Other teachers would send their classes to stand by and listen while Sarah Martin, in her striking and effective way, imparted instruction to the forty or fifty young women who were fortunate enough to be her especial pupils. Every countenance was riveted upon her, and as the questions went round she would explain them by a piece of poetry or an anecdote, which she always had ready, and more especially by a Scripture illustration. The Bible was indeed the great fountain of her knowledge and of her power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact reference book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction impressed a poetical character upon her own style, and filled her mind with exalted thoughts.

When her evenings were not thus occupied, she would visit the sick, either in the workhouse or in the town, and occasionally spent a few hours with those families who interested themselves in her labours. Her appearance was always the signal for a busy evening. She rarely, if ever, failed to bring

work with her, and the young people were soon enlisted, and each had some task allotted to her. The work was for the benefit of the prisoners. Patterns or copies were prepared, and old and seemingly worthless materials were, by her inventive tact and ready skill, speedily turned to some good purpose. Old bits of cloth or cotton, remnants and shreds, scraps of paper or what not, thrown into the rubbish baskets as worthless, were metamorphosed into articles of use.

If on such occasions, whilst the busy fingers were at work, some one would read aloud, Sarah Martin's satisfaction was complete; and at intervals, when there were no strangers present, or if such communication were desired, she would dilate upon the sorrows and sufferings of her guilty flock, and her own hopes and disappointments in connection with them, in the language of simple, animated truth.

In 1841 it became painfully evident to those who sympathised and helped her that this devoted woman was suffering in her health from straitened means and insufficient nourishment. Some time before this, it had been proposed by several members of the Corporation that she should receive some pecuniary aid from the borough funds; but she steadfastly opposed the project. She knew that it was the voluntary and clearly disinterested nature of her efforts that gave her power over the minds of a very large portion of the prisoners. Most of the inmates of the gaol were natives of the town and neighbourhood, and consequently fully acquainted with her character and means. They knew that she went among them, taught them, and toiled for them, not because she was paid to do so, but because she loved them; and had she received a salary for her work, they would have looked upon her merely as a gaol functionary, and their hearts would have been hardened against her. She could not, therefore, endure the thought of receiving a remuneration for her services.

Her scruples were respected. It was absolutely needful for the preservation of her life that something should be done; and as she would not receive a salary, an arrangement was made to appropriate £12 a year for her use; and that trifling sum sufficed for her few and humble wants, and she remained still unfettered in her career, as the voluntary friend of the prisoners, not their paid teacher.

She did not live long after she had received this mark of consideration. In the winter of 1842, her strength began to fail; and in the spring of the following year she was confined to her home by serious illness. But her spirit remained calm and unclouded, and a Divine peace sustained her.

My cares were lost in peace (she says); all the deep anxieties inseparable from my duties among the prisoners in health, in sickness fled. From my twentieth year, as before mentioned, in the happy assurance which Divine truth brought, by the power of God, of my Saviour's great work on earth and his intercession in heaven, I have seen death to be disarmed; yet such was my frailty, that I still shrank with much timidity from the thought of sickness or pain; but when sent by my most merciful God and Father, I found it to be all blessing. In the consciousness of being in his hand, there is no void—no loss. What made me happy? When abroad, I had his smile; now I had it more undisturbed, and proved his boundless all-sufficiency.

Thus laid aside from her work, she solaced herself by writing a little volume of devotional poems, entitled, "The Sick Room," and descriptive of her own mental and spiritual condition at the time.

Perhaps our readers will be interested in reading the following stanzas, which are a fair specimen of her powers in this respect:—

I am a stranger in this world;
When shall I rise to dwell with Thee?
When shall the friendly hand of Death
Set my imprisoned spirit free?

A work Thou hast assigned to me,
Dear for thy sake, yet my poor heart,
'Midst storms, and enemies, and snares,
Would gladly from this world depart.

A den of lions is the scene
Of my poor labours, where I tell
Of God's high justice, and how men
By Jesus may be saved from hell.

Now won by conflict in the war,
Though victory still shall crown my days,
More of thy presence give, and fill
My heart with love, my lips with praise.

Her words, spoken to those who visited her, proved that though the outward form was gradually wearing away, her spiritual nature was renewed daily. Most striking was the constant flow of thanksgiving and love; throughout her illness there never appeared a shade of murmur or repining. "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good," was the utterance of her heart. When greatly exhausted one night from suffering and pain, she asked the nurse to read to her. "What shall I read?" She answered with emphasis, "Praise." To one who complained she could make no progress in her Christian course, she made this reply: "Take your Bible on your knees; plough into it, and you will not stand still."

We must hasten towards the closing scene. For many months she endured the most distressing pain, which, as the disease advanced, had to be mitigated by the use of anodynes. Shortly before her death, she wrote to a friend as follows:—

My Beloved One,—By reason of the great increase of disease, my sufferings last night were greater; to me, a poor weak creature, very great! Yet, wonderful to tell, a pitying Saviour, towards the dawn of the morning, gave a blessing on the laudanum, and the pain was soothed. Read that sweet Psalm, the 116th. Oh, how I love the Psalms and Solomon's Song, the last chapter of the Book of Revelation, and the Gospels! And how I cling to all I can remember in our blessed Father's Word about conviction, suffering, affliction, chastisement. It is the pathway to glory, and was trodden by the Man of Sorrows. . . . I may probably be here a few days longer; perhaps more. He will not receive me home without meekness, whatever it may cost Him, my glorified Head, to see me, one of his members, suffer. Whatever it may cost me "for a moment," He will perfect that which concerneth me. Yea, I rejoice to be in such safe hands. He is not a parent that fails in love and faithfulness, even when great correction is called for. God bless you, prays yours affectionately,
S. MARTIN.

And so she continued until the end; every paroxysm of pain was followed by praise. "I can testify," she said, "of the tender and supporting love of the Saviour. In health I have spoken of it to others; but till now I have never half experienced its fullness." About twenty minutes before her death, she asked the nurse for some opiate to alleviate the pain, who, in reply, told her that she believed the time of her departure had arrived. On hearing this, she clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God!" and spoke no more, but shortly breathed her last, and entered into the joy of her Lord.

She was buried beside her grandmother; and her

humble tombstone bears the following inscription, written by herself:—

1 CORINTHIANS XV. 20.
IN MEMORY OF SARAH MARTIN,
WHO SLEPT IN JESUS, OCTOBER 5TH, 1843,
AGED 52 YEARS.
1 CORINTHIANS XV. 49TH AND 53RD VERSES.

Youths' Department.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER; OR, FATHER AND SON.—No. III.

MANY days intervened before little Edward was permitted to enjoy once more his father's familiar expositions of Divine truth.

But "the young philosopher" was not idle. His father, like a prudent man, had sought to repress, rather than foment, the too early mental development of his young son. And, with the view of expanding his mind in the direction that would facilitate his physical strength, he had given his son as much as a quarter of an acre of ground, to have tilled in any way the young philosopher liked; and Mr. Russell having an independent fortune, irrespective of his rectory, Edward found plenty of aid from labourers in helping him to fertilise and make fruitful his "little domain" (as he was accustomed to call his quarter of an acre). Thus Edward found pleasure in experimenting upon the vegetables, as well as fruits and flowers of the earth; and in the exercise of digging and planting, as far as his feeble strength would permit, found health and renewed energy for the powers of mind, which, in his case, would not be repressed, for if circumscribed in one direction, they burst anew in another; and it was knowing this which made Mr. Russell designedly interrupt the conversations commenced on an all-important subject, leaving Edward, in the meantime, to work out his garden plans, which would, nevertheless, as he expected, not prevent his thoughts being further expanded on the theme of the Creation. Accordingly, after the interval of a week, Edward suddenly asked his father one morning whether he was disengaged enough to give him a lesson in his study, as he had now so many questions to ask him about the vegetation of the third day's creation, as well as about the causes of the growth of vegetables, that he was afraid of forgetting. Mr. Russell smiled, saying he had small fear of his forgetting one. But, bidding him come with him then, as he was not particularly occupied, Edward joyfully followed his father.

Taking his accustomed place upon a stool at his father's feet, Edward's eyes were fixed upon that beloved face, waiting till he should resume the subject he had been engaged in, on the properties of the firmament; for he knew his father never liked desultory work, never choosing to enter upon a new subject till he had said all he intended upon a previous one; and the little boy remembered that his father had said the subject was very extensive, which had been but commenced a few days back.

"You remember where we left off, respecting the properties of the atmosphere?" asked Mr. Russell.

"Quite well, papa. I asked you please, to tell me *what* the air was, which made it so necessary for us to breathe, and you said, it was composed principally of two gases—one that had the principle of sustaining both animal and vegetable life, and the other which had not the power, and which was rather used (like the water in wine) to make the strength less of the too fast life-giving gas, which you said was called *oxygen*, and that the other was called *nitrogen*; and I think, there you left off, or, at least, I don't remember any more."

"But you remember, I hope, all I told you about the previous subject?" returned his father.

"What, about light and its wonders?" replied little Edward, with animation; "I should think I do! I never shall forget, I'm sure, a word you told me about the way God formed light—it seems so very wonderful, papa, the more I think of it; and besides, now I seem better to understand all the texts in the Bible which allude to the light, such as 'The king's daughter is all glorious within.' It seems as if, like the moon and the stars reflecting the bright sun, we are to reflect the great beauty of our heavenly King, by imitating his great goodness; and there are many more passages than we spoke of, which compared all goodness to the brightness of the sun, such as 'the brightness of truth,' papa; and that means, having no darkness at all mixed with it, but all open as day."

"Ah!" resumed his father, "if all would learn to appreciate these facts of science in the way my little fellow does," bending over him fondly as he spoke, "no one would say we were beginning too soon to teach you to reason; for, young as you are, Edward, it is not too soon for you to exercise your reasoning powers; and, when rightly used, they cannot fail to glorify God; for we are surrounded with subjects which are matters to call forth his praise. Look, for example, at the second day's creation. What numerous blessings the mere act of breathing makes us every second sensible of, if we but reflect. First, this oxygen. By means of this gas, a change, which the eye cannot detect, is produced in the blood; for the dark coloured fluid of the veins, combined with oxygen, becomes the bright scarlet blood of the arteries, and in this blood is the life. You remember how Moses gave commandment to the Israelites that they were not to eat the blood, as he expresses it (Lev. xvii. 11), 'for the life of the flesh is in the blood?' But not only does man inhale this atmospheric air, but also the whole of vegetable life depends on it, only with this remarkable difference—that while man, and every other animal, retain the oxygen, which is that required to sustain life, vegetables, on the contrary, feed upon another sort of gas which animals exhale, or give out of their system, called 'carbonic acid' gas, which, however prejudicial to the human being, is food to the grass, and shrubs, and trees, which they greedily drink in, and are nourished thereby."

"Papa, how wonderful!" exclaimed Edward, almost starting his father with the energy with which he rose to his feet. "Do we then at every moment give out a gas that supports shrubs and vegetables?"

"Yes; each time you breathe, you draw in—or should do so, if living as we are now, in good country air—you, in each inspiration, take a draught of pure atmospheric air, and in the act of respira—

tion you 'exhale' this carbonic acid gas, on which the vegetable world thrives. So you see, my son, that nothing is *lost* in creation; and, to my mind, this is not the least of the wonders by which we are surrounded."

"Well, indeed, that is a wonder," thoughtfully returned Edward; "only God could have planned all this; for whatever, papa, would have become of all the bad gas, which you say is so hurtful to man, if there had been no way of getting rid of it?"

"Of absorbing it, you mean," said Mr. Russell. "Why, the whole earth would, in these many thousand years since the creation, have become one stagnant miasma of injurious matter; and in such a case, man, so far from inhaling life and energy from the mere act of inspiration, would, with every breath, have imbibed the seeds of swift decay; just like the poor wretched inhabitants of close and unhealthy districts in towns and great cities, where death, slow but sure, is being constantly inhaled from the injurious quality of the air that surrounds their dwellings, bereft of all vegetation to absorb this injurious carbonic acid gas, which from thousands of lungs is hourly poured upon the unhappy beings exposed to its poison; whole families living in but one room, night and day, in crowded alleys, where not a breath of pure, good atmospheric air can find entrance for years; when at last a fever breaks out, and then, when death carries off some of the victims, these localities are cleansed."

"But it does not always require a fever to make death a swift messenger; for consumption is as often found among these victims to bad air as typhus fever. The atmosphere is constituted so as to afford life and health, and it possesses the properties of refraction and reflection of light; it is also the great reservoir of the rain, snow, and dew. It is the agitated atmosphere, or wind, which is the great preserver of health, and by means of which vessels are propelled in the pathless ocean."

"The atmosphere is also the medium of sound, and wanting which, we should never be able to converse, or, in fact, keep up any intercourse whatever. We should be deprived of all music, and the sweet songs of birds. Neither should we inhale the sweet smell of flowers. In short, the wonders I have yet to describe to you forbid further enlargement upon any subject but itself, and another day we will enter more fully upon these many mercies."

(To be continued.)

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B.—*Is it possible to be justified, but at the same time not to have the heart clean in the sight of God?*

Yes. Justification is a single act of God, by which the penitent believer is accepted in the sight of God, and accounted righteous through the merits of Jesus Christ. But inasmuch as he is constantly guilty of fresh sins, the heart is again polluted, and needs to be as constantly cleansed. In this sense no man possesses a clean heart. Read John xiii. 10.

E. B.—*Can we receive forgiveness of sins through the*

blood of Christ, and not have the indwelling of the Holy Ghost?

No. The faith which is the condition of forgiveness is itself the work of the Spirit, and the sure evidence of his indwelling in the heart.

E. B.—*Is it possible to be a child of God, and an heir of the promises, and yet to be without the abiding witness of the Spirit?*

Yes. Adoption, which involves heirship, is God's act. The abiding witness of the Spirit is his testimony within us, and is therefore liable to be clouded and obscured by the weakness of our own faith, or the consciousness of sin. Sometimes, also, it pleases God, in his mysterious providence, to withdraw the sensible tokens of his gracious presence and love. There is such a thing as fearing the Lord, and yet having to walk in darkness without light (Isa. l. 10).

A YOUNG INQUIRER.—*"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath: therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath."*—Mark ii. 27, 28. It is often suggested that this passage does away with the obligation to observe the Sabbath. Is it so?

Unquestionably not. On the contrary, it strengthens the obligation. Jesus Christ asserts that the Sabbath-day is his, and he claims the prerogative of using it according to his will for his own glory, and the temporal and eternal welfare of man. The Lord's day is the means to an end. Man was not made for it, but it was made for man; an ordinance appointed subsequently to man's creation, and with explicit reference to those wants and necessities of his nature which the all-seeing mind of God comprehended from the beginning. It was made for "man;" not for one man to the disadvantage of another; not for the master only, but also for the servant. Its design was twofold: to give that rest to the body, which is an absolute physical necessity; and to supply that food for the soul, without which it will starve and perish. Men abuse the Divine appointment when they neglect either of these purposes. Labour contravenes the one; rambling, sight-seeing, and conviviality contravenes the other. The fourth commandment was a positive obligation, enshrined in the law, and neither in word or act did the Lord abrogate it.

IGNORANCE.—*How do you reconcile "Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, unto the third and to the fourth generation" (Exod. xxxiv. 7), with "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father" (Ezek. xviii. 20)?*

Every man must bear the burden of his own sin. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." But though in the judgment none will be eternally condemned, except for sins of which they have been personally guilty, yet in this life it is constantly occurring that children suffer, as the consequence of their parents' misconduct; and this misconduct is, alas! in innumerable instances the cause of ignorance, vice, and irreligion in the children, and leads to everlasting death.

T. H.—*"There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour. This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God."*—Eccles. ii. 24. Be good enough to explain this.

The things of this world tend to vanity and disappointment. It is, therefore, true wisdom, instead of fretting anxiously about things which are beyond our own control, contentedly and cheerfully to use the gifts of God which are bestowed on our toil, and intended by him to minister to our comfort and enjoyment.

MANCHESTER.—*How is it that we have two genealogies of the Lord Jesus Christ—Matt. i. and Luke iii. 23—38?*

It is not always possible for us to say why God spoke or acted as we know him to have done in specific instances. In the present case it may be observed that the Evangelists have given the *real* and the *legal* genealogies of our Lord. St. Matthew, who wrote for the Jews, traces the pedigree down from Abraham—to whom the promise was given of the seed in which "all the nations of the earth should be blessed" (Gen. xii. 3)—to Joseph, the husband of Mary, and the reputed or *legal* father of our Lord. St. Luke, who wrote for the Gentiles, carries the time upwards, from Mary, through her father, to Adam, "which was the son of God," the immediate creation of the Divine hand.

J. O.—*"God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran."*—Hab. iii. 3. What is meant by this passage?

The visible display of the Divine Majesty on Mount Sinai, when God gave the law to Moses. Teman and Paran were the names of the country around Sinai. The latter name is still preserved as a designation of the valley of the Lower Sinai.

M. B.—*In Judges iv. 11 Hobab is called the father-in-law of Moses; and in Numb. x. 29, the son of Raguel, Moses' father-in-law. How is this explained?*

The Hebrew word which is translated "father-in-law" in these passages is rendered "son-in-law" in Gen. xix. 14, and appears to be a general term indicating relationship by marriage. Raguel, or Reuel, may have been the grandfather-in-law of Moses, as it is not at all unusual in Scripture to call a grandfather father, and a granddaughter or grandson daughter or son. Hobab is believed to be another name of Jethro.

M. B.—*"When they had rowed about five-and-twenty or thirty furlongs."*—John vi. 19. Why is the distance spoken of doubtfully, as though the inspired writer did not know it?

The answer to this question will meet many similar inquiries. Had it been necessary for the purpose of instruction, the exact distance would have been revealed to the Evangelist. It was unnecessary, and therefore, according to a very common mode of speech, an indefinite phrase is employed.

H. I. P.—*"Faith is the gift of God."*—Eph. ii. 8. *"Without faith it is impossible to please God."*—Heb. xi. 6. Am I therefore responsible for not pleasing God, if he please to withhold that gift without which it is impossible to please him?

This question opens up the old difficulty of reconciling man's moral inability with his responsibility—two things which are both true, but the reconciliation of which is among those "secret things which belong to the Lord our God." Suppose we meet it by an illustration. We read in Matt. xii. 10—13, the narrative of the restoration of a man's withered hand, that the Lord Jesus Christ

said to the man, "Stretch forth thy hand." What if the man had said, "You do but mock my misery, in commanding me now to do what I have been wishing to do for years, but have found impossible." He would have remained uncured. But instead of arguing he obeyed, and, in the impulse of a simple faith in Christ's power, made the effort. Instantly the stagnant life's blood coursed through his veins, and his arm was restored whole as the other. Faith is God's gift, and therefore it is one of the things included in the precious promise—"Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find."

"THOU MAINTAINEST MY LOT."

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wished might always be,
Accepting what they looked for only,
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may thy own beloved, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
Bear loss of all they love save Thee—
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may thy happy children cease
From restless wishes prone to sin,
And in thine own exceeding peace,
Yield to thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,
As air we breathe, as light we see;
It draws us to thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

A. L. W.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY AUSTYN GRAHAM.

CHAPTER XV.

WHO PLEADS FOR THE PRISONER?

THE spring assizes came on. Redstone was alive with excitement; for every hotel and inn in the place was crammed with the officers and dispenders of legal justice, and their retainers. The Town Hall was crowded both inside and out on the day that Daniel Pearson, the homicide, was to stand upon his trial.

The prisoner was much emaciated by his long confinement to the boundaries of the gaol; but there was a gentle resignation in his appearance which would seem to acquit him of so ruffianly a crime as murder, if the evidence were not too strong against him.

And now the important question, "Who will plead for the prisoner?" must be decided. What was the astonishment of all when Lawyer Sharpe quietly announced his intention of undertaking Pearson's cause—the defence of the destroyer of his daughter's lover, if rumour spoke truly!

"He must be mad!" cried one. "What! that keen-witted man take up a cause so weak? for

there is not the slightest evidence to criminate any one else!" "And there are such strong proofs of Pearson's guilt!" argued another. "Ah! we shall see what we shall see!" muttered a wiser head. "Sharpe knows something we don't, take my word for it!" and so the excitement became more intense at this piece of apparently voluntary good nature on the part of the usually cunning man of law.

It was also observed that the prisoner gave a grateful look of recognition at the attorney upon being placed in the dock, from which it was conjectured that Sharpe had visited him in the precincts of the gaol, and made him aware of his design. The trial lasted three days; and the following is a summary of the most important evidence adduced:—

Richard Forman and Robert Pearson (examined by Mr. Rust, counsel for the prosecution): The prisoner left the "Red Lion" at eleven o'clock. Could not say that he was sober; confessed by Forman to be quite drunk; admitted to have used threats against his late master, and spoken of a mysterious revenge. In what words? Well, he had sworn he'd have vengeance on Farmer Sandford for all, and soon, if he swung for it. No; he was not an ill-tempered man except when in liquor; were not aware that he had ever done harm to any one. Could not deny that he had quarrelled with O'Connor that night, and that blows had been struck. Could not say positively who struck the first. O'Connor had provoked Pearson; he was considered by his companions the worst man of the two, by far.

James Ffrench, labourer, examined: I met the prisoner on the night in question. He was very drunk, and staggered as he walked. It was on the upper road only, just out of the town. I was returning from H— Pair. It was late; but I had supped with friends there, and then missed the train. I said "Good night" to the prisoner; but he was muttering, and did not heed me. Yes; I did hear what he said (reluctantly); and as I am on my oath I suppose I must tell; but I should be loth to hang a fellow-creature, and one, I believe, innocent. He said, "Bang the masters! He'd be the death o' some o' them, or theirs, before long!" Could not say if he turned off the road on to the gravel-pit path. Did not watch, and if he had, it was too dark to see.

Thomas Bennett, surgeon, examined: I saw the deceased on the night of his death, and the next morning he was a corpse. I was just leaving my house to attend a case to which I had been summoned in High Street, when the deceased passed. It was about half-past eleven. He appeared very intoxicated, was singing and hiccups loudly, every now and then catching at the railings to steady himself. Have often seen him so in the town of an evening. Did not take any notice of him; but met Mr. John soon after in Queen Street, and said, "You'd better go after your brother, and see him safe home; for he passed my door just now quite drunk." He laughed, as if it was not unusual, but said nothing. I think he turned into the "Blue Lion," but am not certain. Yes; a man whose legs and head were unsteady with liquor might fall into the gravel-pit off the narrow path; but the corpse bore tokens of a violent death. The wound was such as might have been made by a common clasp knife, such as every labourer uses.

A description of the nature of the injuries deceased had received closed the evidence of this witness.

Charles Sandford deposed that his brother was addicted to habits of intoxication; he had seen him just before he started for Mr. Sharpe's. He was much elated, but quite sober then; he rarely did return home sober. Both his brothers were out that night. John had gone into Redstone on business for their father. He sat up for them. John came in first, it was about midnight. He said, "Isn't Roger home?" and seemed surprised. He then said, "He won't be long, for Bennett saw him drunk in the town just now; so he has left Sharpe's." I said I wondered he had not overtaken him, and he replied, "I thought I should have done; but perhaps he took the cut by the gravel-pits." I expressed a fear lest he should have fallen down them; but he shook his head, and said, "He's too knowing a card for that, and has been the way too often." At one a.m. we went to bed, thinking Roger had fallen in with bad company, and wouldn't come home till daybreak. I got up at six, and found he had not returned home, so, feeling uneasy, I went to John's room. "What! isn't he back yet?" he said, and got up directly, when I proposed we should go and seek him. He wished to keep the upper road, and ask in the town first; but something impelled me to insist on looking into the gravel-pits. There we saw my brother Roger lying dead. I thought at first he had been killed by the fall; but on examining the corpse saw the marks of violence Mr. Bennett has described to you. John trembled all over, and was so much overcome that I was obliged to run for the doctor and two men, and then we carried my brother's body home. I know no one who owes us a grudge except my father's discharged labourer, Daniel Pearson, and I never thought him an evil-disposed man. He was very much otherwise until he took to drinking. My father and brother John are quite unequal to appear in court; the latter has never recovered the shock the murder of the deceased caused him.

The prisoner, who had appeared much agitated during Charles Sandford's evidence, now expressed an earnest wish to be allowed to say a few words. There was a slight demur, but his request was finally granted.

Prisoner (bowing to the judge, and then addressing himself entirely to the son of his late employer): "Gentlemen, I thank you for letting me have my say now, for I shouldn't like you, Master Charles, to leave this court, as you may do afore the trial is over, thinking me guilty o' the blood o' Master Roger. I said, when placed at this bar, 'Not Guilty'; I said it, not as many do, poor wretches! as a mere form, but with a conviction of its truth. It's my belief as I'm guilty o' nothin' worse nor a deadly love o' that cursed liquor—which, God helping me through this great trouble, I'll never touch again—and a speakin' rashly o' revenge which I never meant to carry out. It'll not help my cause much to say as I was drunk, madly drunk that night. How I got home I don't know; but it's truth—and if my hours are numbered, it would ill become me not to speak it; and it's my belief as I kep' the road all the way, not turnin' off once, nor speakin' to no man. My wife, poor body! whose word you won't take in a court o' law, I'm

told, 'till take her oath as I was a-bed alongside her and the child'un afore half-past eleven, when Master Bennett tells yer he see young Master Roger—"

Here the prisoner's privilege was pronounced at an end. The judge had frowned—the jury looked impatient, and the criminal was desired to stand down, and leave his case in the hands of the counsel for his defence.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE NARROW ESCAPE.—THE VERDICT.

THERE was much more evidence given against the prisoner than we have thought necessary to transcribe, for the trial occupied three days; but it was an open question in the minds of many whether the testimony collected would be sufficient for the jury to find a verdict of "Guilty," when a keen-eyed young barrister, named Simson, who had been holding a whispered consultation with Lawyer Sharpe for some minutes, with a composure which augured that he considered the case far from lost, rose to his feet. As he did so, there was an audible whisper in one part of the court, "Sharpe would get the devil himself acquitted if he'd a mind!" whereupon the lawyer turned with a grave bow in that direction, not unaccompanied by a twinkle of the eye, as if acknowledging the compliment.

Then bowing to the Bench, the young pleader spoke as follows, with ease and fluency:—

"My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury.—There are some here who may smile at my rising to defend a cause in which the prisoner himself attempts no vindication; you will smile still more when I express my perfect conviction of that prisoner's innocence of the crime of which he stands charged, and that that conviction is further increased by the honesty with which he confesses his incapability to account for his actions upon the night of the murder. He does not even, as a guilty man would endeavour to do, positively affirm that he kept the upper road, instead of diverging by the gravel-pits. The prisoner has borne a good character for many years, and has never been accused of any vice, except that dangerous one of drunkenness, which, to my belief, will, if you convict him, bring him to an untimely and unmerited end. It appears to me that a very important point in the evidence has been overlooked by the counsel for the prosecution; and that another light has been thrown on the case—another implicated in this murder. By your leave, I will examine two witnesses whom I see in court; and if their evidence is sufficient, I charge John Morton Sandford with the commission of the crime for which the prisoner at the bar stands wrongfully accused."

There was a murmur through the court of "No, no!" "Shame, shame!" "False charge, poor man!" and many eyes looked round to perceive, with relief, that Charles Sandford had left the hall.

When the slight tumult was stilled, it was found that Joseph Miles, landlord of the "Blue Lion," was in the witness-box. Upon examination, he deposed that John Sandford left the "Blue Lion" about twenty minutes to twelve on the night of the murder. That he had drunk more deeply than usual. He was in the habit of taking a glass of ale there—sometimes grog—but never to excess. On this night he had taken two tumbler of brandy-

and-water, very strong, and had gone away much excited. There was a large clasp-knife on the counter by him, with which he had been eating bread-and-cheese; after wiping it, he examined it carefully, and sharpened it on his boot; then he put it in his pocket, and went away. Should I know the knife again? Yes, I should; it had a white handle—not like the ordinary horn-handled knives the men use hereabouts; and I fancied it had two letters on it.

Barrister: "Was it like this?" (holding up one much discoloured and soiled.)

The witness expressed a wish to examine it. He held it in his hand a few moments, looking at it closely, then returned it, saying deliberately, "Yes; that is the knife. I can take my oath of it."

Barrister: "You may stand down. Henry Holingford Curtis, come forward."

The young clerk ascended the witness-box.

Barrister: "Now state how you came by this knife, which you placed in Mr. Sharpe's possession three days since."

Witness: "On Saturday afternoon, being a half-holiday, I went for a walk, and took with me my rough terrier, Snap. Coming home, I scrambled down into the gravel-pits to see if there were still any traces of the murder. While I was looking about, I heard Snap scratching up the gravel and sniffing. Suspecting he had found something, I encouraged him, and watched, when presently up he digs a bloody handkerchief, and that knife wrapped in it. They were buried in the gravel. I took them home, and gave them to my master."

Mr. Sharpe produced the handkerchief, wrapped in paper, which upon investigation was proved to bear the same initials as the knife. "J. M. S." were upon both.

Barrister: "If, my Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury, after this evidence, you do not see fit to acquit Daniel Pearson, and let John Morton Sandford take his trial for murder, I have no more powerful defence to make for the present prisoner."

After a very short deliberation, and without quitting the box, the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." The judge then addressed Daniel Pearson, the poor fellow standing with clasped hands, and apparently much impressed by the solemn warning which fell from his lordship's lips:—

"Daniel Pearson, you are acquitted of all part and participation in the murder of Roger William Sandford. You go from this court uninjured in reputation, unstained in character as regards this murder; but I cannot let you leave this dock without warning you how differently this trial might have terminated but for the interposition of Divine Providence, what fearful peril you have passed through, and cautioning you to guard for the future against that vice which has been your bane in life, and has nearly brought you to your death. Go home, and ponder upon words more powerful than those spoken in any court of justice—'Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night till wine inflame them.' Had you heeded that warning before, you would not have been standing here now. Let the lesson you have received work for your good in this world and the next."

(To be continued in our next.)

Literary Notices.

Married Life; or, the History of Philip and Edith. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE, Author of "The Wife's Trials and Triumphs." London: Christian World Office, Paternoster Row.

HAPPY are the families that can learn nothing from this book, and wise are the persons who, while conscious that the work describes their own domestic discomfort, and portrays their own infirmities, are resolved to practise those lessons of every-day wisdom upon which the comfort of a home so often depends.

Edith, the heroine of the tale, is about to be married, and a very sensible elderly lady offers to her young friend some useful advice. Believing as we do that the comfort of life is made up of little things, we will let this lady speak for herself.

"Now, my dear," said Miss Wilson, "though I have never been married myself, I have seen a good deal of married life; and there are one or two things I should like to say, if I might take the liberty. May I?"

"Certainly you may, and I am sure advice from you will be worth having."

"My dear, I don't dignify it by the name of advice; I have only a few hints to offer. In the first place, when your domestic concerns plague you, as they will some time or other, more or less, keep the plague to yourself, and don't pour out your troubles in your husband's ears when he comes in to meals, or sits down at night, when business is over. He has had his perplexities, you may be sure, and he wants rest and not worry. Mind, I do not mean that you are to have secrets from him—nothing engenders misery in the marriage state so certainly as want of confidence; but there is no reason why you should entertain him with a catalogue of culinary disasters, or the misdemeanours of your maid-of-all-work. Don't give him a graphic description of the state in which you found your saucepans; don't repeat verbatim the interesting dialogue between yourself and Sally, in consequence of fluë under the best bed; and don't make an exact calculation of the quantity of cinders thrown unridled into the dust-heap, for his benefit. Keep your petty housekeeping troubles to yourself, if you wish to keep your husband affectionate and good-tempered in his own house; and don't relieve your mind by unsettling him; and don't make him the instrument of your wrath when Sally's negligence or perverseness reaches a climax. And, by-the-bye, my dear, if Sally is very saucy, just examine yourself, and see whether you have not been a little provoking. We must always remember how much is required of servants, and how little they have been taught to reason or to control their feelings and tempers. I think a really good mistress may always succeed in finding and keeping good servants."

"I do not think, Miss Wilson, I ever shall be so foolish as to tease Philip about little matters that are essentially woman's work; but I am much obliged to you, for I never thought of the subject before. Have you ever known wives tormenting their husbands after this fashion?"

"Alas! child, yes. I have heard silly women begin pouring out their little troubles as soon as their husband enters the room. I never knew such a woman command her husband's respect for any length of time, and I never knew her make a happy home for her children as they grew up. Always meet your husband with a smile, and study his taste in dress, and keep your room neat and cheerful. And one thing, Edith—have your fire bright and clear, and your hearth swept up when he comes in in winter time; and remember to have his slippers warming at night. A man who has to rough it with the world all day, thinks a great deal of such little attentions from his wife. Last of all, dear, avoid the first quarrel, and remember that there is one, or rather there are two things that men never overlook—viz., buttonless shirts and stringless or buttonless collars."

This little book will repay for the trouble of reading, and its lessons of wisdom are worth retaining.

The Two Orphans. A Tale for the Young. By EMMA LESLIE. London: Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row. A PRETTY tale, with a very pleasing introduction from the pen of the Rev. C. F. S. Money, M.A., Incumbent of St. John's, Deptford. This little story is designed to show "the effect of example, the sad consequences of the least departure from truth, and the charm of sincerity. Those who have much to do with watching and training the minds of the young, know how important it is to give them very early a love for all that constitutes an artless, truth-loving, self-controlled character." This story may not be without its lesson for those who have the care of children. Discipline without gentleness, or gentleness without firmness, or both without prayer, will tend to form a wayward and selfish character.

As we have reason to believe that this pretty little story is well calculated to do good to both parents and children, and that it was written to promote a most benevolent and praiseworthy object, we hope that the book will meet with the demand which it deserves.

New and Comprehensive Scripture Catechism. Designed for the use of Schools, Bible Classes, and Private Families. By CHARLES BRIDGMAN. London: Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row.

THERE is one part of this book we do not admire—namely, the announcement that it is "to assist teachers and pupils in preparing for anniversaries." Information that is crammed into a youth merely to carry him with applause through the ordeal of a display day, may deceive the auditory, and obtain more credit for the teacher and the taught than they justly merit; but such undigested knowledge can render no real service to the possessor, and is likely to fill him with false notions of his own powers; and therefore such aids are to be condemned. A useful book like this Scripture Catechism needs no such allurements to secure a sale.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Sunset Thoughts; or, Bible Narratives for the Aged. By the Author of "New Tracts for Working Men." [London: Knight and Son.]—*Friends of the Friendless.* By Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR. With Illustrations. [London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.]—*Buy your own Cherries.* Founded on Fact. By JOHN WILLIAM KIRTON. [London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.]—*Truth frae 'mang the Heather; or, Is the Bible True?* By WILLIAM M'CAW, Shepherd. [London: Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.]—*The Practical Consequences of Teaching any Future Restoration of the Race.* [London: Houlston and Wright.]—*The Child's Commentator.* By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. [London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.]—*The Plank will Bear.* A Ballad for Seamen.—*The Losings Bank and Savings Bank; or, a Pledge for a Pledge.*—*What happened to Joe Barker.*—*Young Susan's First Place.* [Partridge, Paternoster Row.]—*Autobiography of a Reformed Thief.* [Partridge, Paternoster Row.]—*Searchings of Scripture and its Teachings.* Commended to Christians generally, but more especially to the Young. By a Layman. [London: Nisbet and Co.]—*The New Sunday-School Hymn-Book.* Edited by EDWIN HODDER. [London: Jackson and Co.]

NOT DEAD YET.

A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," "OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK," "LIVE IT DOWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

His little ward's interests took Mr. Rupert Smith to a ladies' dress warehouse in Regent Street, where on the preceding day, as he was loitering about in search of diversion, and settling in his benevolent mind whether he should pay any attention to Mrs. Mutimer's application for "advice," he had seen an unusually attractive display of silks and muslins, bonnets and mantles, and light summer dresses, ready and made up for immediate use. Having at the time no very urgent piece of idleness on hand, he had amused himself for several minutes with critically examining the articles of costume so exhibited, and with deciding what wearers—having due respect to their ages, styles of beauty, complexions, and callings—would most appropriately purchase the variously coloured fabrics. A rich broadened silk he had assigned to a dowager, eating her dinner in Mayfair; a bridal bonnet he had marked out for the bride of a modest wedding and inexpensive trousseau; of an amber satin dress he had remarked, "that would make a striking 'get up' for a *passée* belle, with good eyes, still bent on holding her own by candle-light;" of two sober-looking muslin robes, white, with green sprigs, he had observed, "They ought to go to two sisters, of good figures, rather faint complexions, light brown eyes, and plentiful hair; yes, the two sisters, sitting at work in the morning room of a suburban villa, would look very fresh, and prim, and crisp in those dresses—the green of them according with the green of the garden, visible through the open windows of their breakfast-room;" and of a certain tasteful but cheap pink muslin-de-laine he had actually remarked, "There; that sort of thing would suit a merry-eyed brunette; such a child as my dear Mrs. Mutimer's grand-daughter wouldn't look amiss in it." With which words Mr. Rupert Smith had strolled onwards, to eat an ice at Verrey's, and then discover some other diversion for his do-nothing humour.

He had not inquired the price of the pink muslin-de-laine. He had not even entered the shop: although it was that particular dress which he imagined himself to have bought, together with certain other pieces of finery, when he informed Kitty, on the previous evening, that he had purchased her a new outfit, and ordered the tradesman to send the present to Bristol Street on the following day.

"It was a fib," thought Mr. Rupert Smith, as he stood for a second time admiring the display in the windows of the ladies' warehouse, and mused on his misstatement of the previous evening, "but it was a fib dictated by pure anxiety to confer pleasure and avoid giving pain. She's a sensitive little monkey; and if I had told her I would buy her new things and fit her out like a young lady, she would have set down the courteous intention to the disapprobation with which I

was at that time regarding her unquestionably seedy attire, and then she'd have been ready to cry her eyes out from fancying I didn't think her fit to be seen. It was far better to spare her feelings, and, at the expense of a little bit of truth, give her the pleasure of thinking I had spent money about her—without having witnessed how sadly her wardrobe stood in need of renewal. People—at least, educated people—shouldn't take narrow views about truth. As to positive truth, such a thing, in all probability, doesn't exist. The truth which the world makes so much fuss about is nothing more than a social arrangement (more or less imperfectly fulfilled) that persons should state, as accurately as they can, the impressions of their minds—said minds being, in nine cases out of ten, anything but sane minds, and being mainly dependent for instruction on the bodily senses, which senses are, in their turn, mainly dependent on that tetchy, shifty, uncontrollable part of man, the stomach. The object of this arrangement is social convenience; the great argument in its favour is the consideration that without it society at large would be greatly disturbed, and individuals would suffer a great deal of unnecessary pain. The rule is a good one, but, like every good rule, it is open to exceptions; and whenever an educated man sees that he can give pleasure by a slight deviation from the rule, without causing any particular person inconvenience, and without setting a pernicious example to the unlettered multitude, why, it is clearly his bounden duty to make that slight deviation."

It is observable that Mr. Rupert Smith applied this method of reasoning to other matters in the domain of morals besides truth, and that he thought humble and ignorant people—people to whom he would generally allude as the "uninstructed masses," or "unenlightened lower orders"—ought to regulate their lives by the strict rule of moral and religious teachings, whilst men of his own high culture and exquisite refinement might safely pay just as much or little respect to God's laws as suited their convenience; indeed might, on occasions of emergency, altogether set aside Christian principles, substituting in place thereof the rules of "good taste." It may also be remarked that the "good taste," for which Mr. Rupert Smith had such high reverence, on being subjected to analysis and microscopic examination, not seldom turned out to be the very worst of "bad taste."

Having thus satisfied his conscience with regard to his "slight deviation from truth," Mr. Rupert Smith entered the shop, and approaching the nearest man of a line of attendants, who stood behind the counter, begged his attention.

"This is a ladies' warehouse, sir; we don't supply gentlemen," said the attendant, who was a young man just up from the country, and unaccustomed to sell ladies' wearing apparel to male customers.

"Exactly," answered Mr. Rupert Smith, languidly; "and for the time being I am a lady. Be good enough to regard me as a young lady, with a clear nut-brown complexion, dark eyes, dark hair, and generally well-looking. You'll oblige me by doing so."

"Certainly, sir," answered the young attendant, with a smile of awkward surprise.

"If you question your ability to do so," continued Mr. Rupert, with grave politeness, "send for one of the

young ladies from the show-room upstairs. Any one of them will do. Any one of them will know how to serve me, and fit me too."

"I can wait on you, sir," returned the young attendant, in a less civil tone; for he began to suspect that the gentleman was making fun of him. "What do you want?"

"I want to look at that pink dress, which is in the window, there," returned the customer. "I want also to look at your mantles, bonnets, ribands, and a few other trifles; but the pink dress first. Be quick, or take your time, as you like; I'm in no hurry."

"Shan't I attend to you, sir?" inquired a more experienced shopman, coming to the relief of the novice. "Allow me."

"By no means," answered Mr. Rupert; "that young man will do. It is clear he's just up from the country, and I like teaching young men who are just up from the country."

But the experienced attendant was not to be so repulsed; and calling on the novice to assist him, he was speedily at work, laying out before the eccentric customer whatever he deemed most likely to strike the fancy of a pretty brunette.

And very much surprised and not a little displeased were the experienced attendant and the novice at finding that the young fop, whom they served in the way of business, whilst he laughed at them in the way of fun, knew quite as much about millinery as they did themselves. The shop was one which did business in cheap goods, and dear ones also; in genuine articles, and sham, tricky fabrics: and in revenge for their customer's impertinent airs, the salesmen tried to pass off upon him inferior goods as articles of the best quality. But their attempts were signally unsuccessful. Assuming that they were acting in ignorance, Mr. Rupert Smith blandly explained to them the artifices of manufacturers, and the wily ways of dishonest seamstresses, pointing out how cotton threads were intermixed with silk in one piece, showing how they might know the colours of another wouldn't stand, demonstrating how unsound work had been put into one mantle, and the wrong sort of stitching into another. Then he whisked away airy folds of fine muslin, coquettishly and playfully, just as a pretty brunette with dainty airs and a silly head might have done. Then he stood up, and having quilled a width of light barege, draped the textile upon his own figure, and throwing his head a little backwards, judged what the effect of the pattern would be, when it should be made up. The infuriated attendants wondered when the gentleman would come to the end of his antics; and well they might wonder, for on resuming his seat, Mr. Rupert Smith proceeded ostentatiously to measure widths, calculate quantities, allow for waste, and discourse learnedly on the comparative merits of real and false flounces. Very graceful and gentleman-like he was with all this absurdity; not at all noisy, as a fast man would have been; neither raising his voice above a gentle under-tone, nor uttering a single expression of jocosse slang. But though he made no row in the shop, he caused great sensation in every part of it. Ladies sitting at the counter, and making purchases, exchanged smiles of amusement, and their amusement

encouraged the young man to persevere in his drollery. The attendants were beside themselves with rage; and their displeasure only stimulated their tormentor to amuse himself still further at their expense.

Eventually, however, Mr. Rupert Smith gave them a good order—a bonnet and parasol, the ready-made pink dress already mentioned, a piece of silk for another dress, a mantle, sundry pairs of gloves, and divers minor items, in the way of lining and trimming; and having paid for the things so selected, he ordered them to be sent without delay to Miss Catherine Kent, No. —, Bristol Street, Tottenham-court Road.

Then Mr. Rupert Smith took courteous leave of the angry attendants, and, crossing the thoroughfare, sauntered up a by-street on the east side of the Regent's Quadrant, till he came to "Mons. Bertrand's Academy for French."

At the door of which academy Mr. Rupert Smith inquired of a dirty, slipshod serving-girl if Monsieur Bertrand was at home; and on being answered in the affirmative, he said he should have much pleasure in holding a few minutes' conversation with the learned professor.

Whereupon he was conducted by the slipshod maid-of-all-work up a wide but very dirty and quite carpetless staircase, to a back room on the third floor, where he was received with a profound bow by one of those extremely demonstrative and inordinately polite little Frenchmen, who were very common thirty years since, but unfortunately are, now-a-days, becoming great rarities.

"Monsieur Bertrand, I presume?" asked Mr. Rupert Smith, returning the little Frenchman's bow with a corresponding movement.

"Most true—exactly true," replied Mons. Bertrand. "Monsieur Bertrand has the honour to stand in the presence of monsieur, whom I would welcome to a chair in my poor apartment."

"You teach French?"

"Surely, in default of a better occupation. I am a professor of French, my native tongue, at monsieur's commands."

"I stand in need of your services."

"You do me much honour, monsieur."

"But first, may I ask your terms?"

The little Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and a slight blush covered his face, as he answered—"A mere trifle, a mere trifle. If monsieur would join my classes, it would be but six shillings for the month; but monsieur would scarcely like to join my classes, for my pupils who attend them are not of monsieur's manifest degree."

"True, Monsieur Bertrand. I should require your services in private, and not at your academy. What would you charge for an hour's lesson, three times a week, at a private house about a mile distant from this place?"

"It would produce me great delight to wait on monsieur at his residence, for the remuneration of two shillings," replied the professor, bowing again.

"Two shillings!" returned Mr. Rupert Smith.

"Your demand is modest."

"Oh, sare," responded the little Frenchman, pathetically, but not as if he wished to rouse his visitor's

commiseration, "an exile in a foreign land soon acquires modesty."

"True, true," was Mr. Rupert's sentimental reply; "but we are all more or less exiles, Monsieur Bertrand. Who of us is not exiled from some land of feeling—of sentiment—where he would fain be? Still," continued the sympathetic speaker, "that is not our present affair. I will keep to business, and accept your services, on the understanding that you will allow me to pay you three half-crowns weekly for the three lessons."

Mons. Bertrand embraced the munificent proposal.

"Your visits will be paid to No. —, Bristol Street, Tottenham-court Road."

"Exactly. And when would monsieur like to begin?"

Mr. Rupert Smith smiled as he explained, in fluent French, of correct Parisian accent, that he did not need Professor Bertrand's services for himself, but for a young friend in whose welfare he was interested.

Monsieur Bertrand was beside himself with astonishment. Monsieur Bertrand offered ten thousand apologies for his mistake. Monsieur Bertrand was ravished by the purity of his visitor's French. Was not monsieur a Frenchman? It was utterly impossible that monsieur could be an Englishman. It was supremely ridiculous to imagine it for an instant. It was impossible for a native of England to acquire the accent of the French tongue with such perfection. Moreover, monsieur had the French style.

Resuming the use of his native language, Mr. Rupert Smith assured the astonished professor that he was an Englishman, and went on to explain for what purpose he required the services of a French master.

"You see, sir," explained Mr. Rupert, "I am a guardian. You understand me?"

"Precisely—exactly," exclaimed the little Frenchman, enthusiastically throwing up both his hands. "That makes it all clear: it accounts for the purity of monsieur's French. Good! Monsieur's a guardian."

"I have a ward," continued Mr. Rupert, with secret enjoyment, seeing that his companion was not very correctly informed as to the nature of a guardian's office.

"Surely," assented Monsieur Bertrand, "nothing can be more evident. Monsieur has a ward. It is clear."

"And I require you to teach French to my ward."

"Ah, pardon me, sare," responded the professor, completely posed. "You have a ward: that is well, very well. But you say you want me to teach your ward French. Is a ward a little boy?"

Explanation was clearly needed. A ward might be anything; a Scotch terrier, a set of fire-irons, a basket of strawberries. In any one of which cases how could Monsieur Bertrand teach it French?

Mr. Rupert Smith promptly explained, saying, "No, my ward is not a little boy, but a young lady."

"Charming! A little mees, one darling ma'm'selle. Good, and you would have me teach her? Charming!"

"She is sixteen years of age."

"Delightful age!"

"At present she knows nothing of French. You must begin from the beginning: but she is very clever."

"All the little meeses of your country, sare, are clever—enormously clever."

Not caring to lower Professor Bertrand's high estimate of Britain's "little meeses," Mr. Rupert confined himself to business, and observed, "Then, will you begin on the day after to-morrow, Friday?"

"It is an unlucky day, monsieur, on which to begin," responded the professor.

"What, are you superstitious?"

Monsieur Bertrand shrugged his shoulders contemptuously at the suggestion, as he answered quickly, "No, no, vare little of that, but ladies are."

"True, true," was Mr. Rupert's answer, "the ladies are, and we must consider them. We are not narrow-minded, but we live in a narrow-minded world. Then let us say—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—at four o'clock in the afternoon. Shall we arrange it so?"

And having so arranged it, and, having seen that the professor made a correct note of the engagement in his diary, and having moreover gladdened the professor with payment in advance for a month's tuition, Mr. Rupert Smith took his leave, and strolled down to the Rhododendron to read the papers and pick up the chat of the day.

Having read the papers and picked up the chat, Mr. Rupert Smith adjourned to the billiard room with a friend who was as idle as himself, and won a few games and as many half-crowns at the scientific game, in which he took great delight.

After which games, he re-arranged his dress and hair in the washing-room of the Rhododendron, and went out to make calls.

At six o'clock p.m. he dined at his club.

At eight o'clock p.m. he knocked again at Mrs. Mutimer's door.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEW INMATE.

In the best of good spirits did Mr. Rupert Smith find Mrs. Mutimer and her grand-daughter.

The professor's widow beamed with animation and affability when she received her visitor, assuring him that he had moved a heavy burden from her mind, and restored to her the power of enjoying existence. It was marvellous what a capability for relishing life remained in the poor lady, in spite of her unmanageable heart, failing health, importunate creditors, and narrow circumstances. The paroxysm of taxes disposed of, she had risen from her bed shortly before mid-day with a delicious sense of freedom from embarrassment, and sallying forth in her best clothes, and with fifteen pounds in her purse, had paid visits to her butcher and baker, and having mollified them with small payments on account, and intimations that they might look for further instalments in the course of a few days, had returned home, cheered by the bright sun of Heaven that shone cheerily above, and warmed by the not less genial sun of prosperity, in the fiercest rays of which planet she believed herself to be basking.

Scarcely had she re-entered the whilom School of Medicine, when another piece of good fortune befell her.

Attracted by the familiar but not strictly grammatical announcement, "Furnished Apartments to Let," which figured in Mrs. Mutimer's drawing-room

windows, a gentleman called, had an interview with the widow, listened attentively to her statement of Professor Mutimer's services to science, inspected the drawing-room floor, extolled the comfort and cleanliness of the furniture, and finally hired the vacant rooms for one guinea per week, intimating, as he closed the bargain, that he should in all probability require them for many months, very probably for a year, possibly for a still longer term. Of this gentleman, who will play an important part in this story, no more will be said in the present sentence, save that in many respects he fulfilled Mrs. Mutimer's ideal of a "desirable inmate;" inasmuch as he expressed his intention never to "dine at home," represented himself as a person of quiet and studious habits (which representation, by the way, did not exactly accord with his costume and general outward effect), and repudiated a cautiously conveyed suspicion that he would cause much trouble in the house, frankly declaring that his ordinary demands for attendance would not go beyond a liberal supply of hot water, one pair of clean boots a-day, and a moderate amount of bell-answering. Let it be observed, in addition, that he expressed a strong natural repugnance to looks and keys, and asked Mrs. Mutimer if he might rely on her goodness to supply him with groceries from her own tradespeople.

Mrs. Mutimer was delighted.

To have let the drawing-room floor under any circumstances would have been a relief.

To have let it to a lodger of such liberal and enlightened views was a stroke of rare good fortune.

Mrs. Mutimer felt that she had acquired a comfortable provision for the rest of her days. "My house is full," she meditated, complacently, "and I have room for no more inmates. There are the two persons upstairs, who go to work early and return late—swarthy sons of toil, unquestionably belonging to the lower orders, but punctual in their payments, respectful, I may say reverential, to myself, and bound to "do for themselves" in every particular, even to the matter of hot water; there is the quiet inmate in the third-floor front, who is always in bed by ten o'clock, and very rarely has callers; and now the drawing-rooms are off my hands. If Professor Mutimer still takes cognisance of earthly affairs, he is well pleased. I see before me a haven of permanent tranquillity, a prospect of dignified repose." Readers feeling interest in Mrs. Mutimer's domestic affairs may here take note that the "two persons upstairs" were the reverse of swarthy—the one being a lean, cadaverous, blue-eyed journeyman hatter, and the other being a white, pasty-faced waiter at an hotel in Oxford Street. In describing them as "swarthy sons of toil," Mrs. Mutimer had merely exercised her agreeable faculty of putting things pictorially. Be it also remarked, that the quiet inmate of the third-floor front (Mrs. Mutimer usually spoke of her lodgers as "inmates"), was a grave, middle-aged accountant to a glass warehouse in Soho Square.

Having before her "a haven of permanent tranquillity and a prospect of dignified repose," Mrs. Mutimer, regardless alike of her aching ankles and palpitating heart, had arrayed herself, for the second time, in her best walking attire, and bringing her triumphant face and

imposing figure to a Servants' Register Office of good repute in the vicinity of Bristol Street, had then and there hired a young Irish girl as her second maid. It was Mrs. Mutimer's rule to do with one maid (her servants, by-the-by, were always Irish, and never stayed with her for an entire year) when her drawing-room floor was unoccupied; and, very naturally, when her staff of retainers was reduced to one, she lived under a depressing consciousness of social degradation. No sooner, therefore, had she secured her "new inmate," than she set about recovering her position as a lady, employing two servants—a position which, owing to a long run of ill-luck, she had forfeited for more than five months. The visit to the Register Office was most satisfactory. The keeper of the office treated her with marked respect, and it was clear to Mrs. Mutimer that the young Irish girl whom she had selected for admission to her household was deeply impressed by the honour conferred on her.

"And now," remarked Mrs. Mutimer, when she had laid before Mr. Rupert Smith the events of the day, "a weight of care has been taken from my mind, which was well-nigh crushed by ponderous rocks of affliction. Once more I taste the sweets of inward serenity; the dark clouds of adversity have been penetrated by the sun of brighter circumstances, and the cheerless atmosphere of penury no longer obscures my vision and dries the fountains of ever-gushing hope; confidence in my pecuniary resources prevails in Tottenham-court Road, and I am no longer a mark for the scornful insinuations of commercial distrust. With my cook, my personal attendant, my eligible inmate in the rooms above us, and the revivifying reflection that, as Professor Mutimer's widow, I have never lowered the dignity of science, I take to my once harassed breast the dove of grateful resignation. But, my dear friend, never, while the streams of vitality course through the veins of Professor Mutimer's widow, will she forget the services you have so nobly rendered her. The time is not far distant when she asked for your 'advice,' and you responded with a promptitude and munificence on which she cannot reflect without emotion."

Already had Mrs. Mutimer thrown her recent paroxysm of taxes into historic perspective. It was an affair of the past.

Nor was the change which had come over Mrs. Mutimer's grand-daughter less remarkable.

A light of intense happiness covered the girl's face as she thanked her benefactor for his gifts, extolled the taste displayed in their selection, and told him her plans for making up the "splendid new silk." Already she had made some judicious alterations in the fitting of the pink muslin robe, which she then wore in compliment to the giver, and in which she looked even better than Mr. Rupert Smith had expected her to look; for though Kitty, in her passionate declaration of her own helplessness and utter inability to do anything useful, had, on the previous evening, avowed she couldn't even mend children's clothes, she was a clever hand with a needle, and, for purposes of personal adornment, could turn odds and ends to account with marvellous ingenuity. How she had acquired the rudiments of the mantle-making art, it would be hard to say; certainly

she was not indebted for the knowledge to the example of her grandmamma, who made it a point of conscience never to use needle and thread, "because by doing so she would be curtailing, for her own selfish advantage, a field of industry wisely assigned to women of the lower orders." As some men are born poets, so some women are born milliners. Possibly Mrs. Mutimer's grand-daughter was designed by Nature for a dress-maker. If so, the purpose of Nature in calling her into existence was not eventually frustrated.

Kitty flourished about in her new finery, prancing and stepping out like a young carriage horse, proud of its new harness; and very much amused was Mr. Rupert Smith with her airs, and giddy coquetties, and wild talk.

"If she goes on in that way," he observed to Mrs. Mutimer, as he rose to go away, after informing Kitty that Mons. Bertrand would call on her in the course of the next afternoon, "we shall have her picking up a husband before she has learnt to conjugate *aimer*."

"Good Mr. Guardian," exclaimed Kitty, who had already begun to call Mr. Rupert her guardian, half jocosely and half seriously; "put the right sort of gentleman in my way, and I'll soon pick him up. I should uncommonly like to be married, with a house, and servants, and lots of money."

"Then you must have a gentleman for your husband?" inquired the guardian.

"Why," retorted the girl quickly, with more of genuine indignation than merry impudence in her manner, "you don't suppose I'd marry a man who wasn't a gentleman? You told me I was rather a pretty girl, last night; and I don't mind confessing to you that a friend of mine, who lives up-stairs in a mahogany frame, and has a broad, shiny face, told me the same thing before you. And pretty girls can always marry gentlemen; ask the novels about that."

"But you wouldn't know what to do with a rich husband, if you got one," objected Mr. Rupert.

"Possibly not," answered the child, saucily, nodding her head with arch significance; "but I should know what to do with his money."

Whereat Mr. Rupert Smith laughed heartily.

"I have no fear for my darling's settlement," interposed Mrs. Mutimer, grandly, raising her eyes from her mittens. "Women may be redundant in this country, but ladies will never be so; and a lady will never have to look in vain for a sympathising participator in her tenderest emotions."

"There are a good many penniless girls though, Mrs. Mutimer," rejoined Mr. Rupert, "who have spent some time vainly looking for the right sort of sympathising participators."

"Penniless girls, may be! But I was speaking of ladies, my dear friend; and I need not remind you of the vast difference between mere girls and British gentlewomen," replied Mrs. Mutimer, with increasing oftiness of tone; "neither is it necessary for Professor Mutimer's widow to assure you that she places no narrow or illiberal construction on that noblest of all earthly titles—a British gentlewoman. I understand by that term a lady of our glorious Anglo-Saxon race, who is thoroughly convinced she is a lady, and who,

from earliest bud of childhood to the mature blossom of womanly grace, has been educated to regard herself as divided from the plebeian herd by a barrier which no suffering, no adverse circumstances, can hurl down. Thank Heaven, my conscience assures me that, in this most important respect, I have not neglected my darling's education."

"Quite right, dear," broke in Kitty, with laughter in her merry eyes; "your conscience may go to sleep and rest easy on that point, granny."

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so," responded Mrs. Mutimer, unctuously. "Mr. Rupert, you hear her guileless testimony. Such is my adequate reward for having instilled into her confiding nature a lively sense of what is due to herself, as the daughter of a gentleman of ancient West Indian descent, the grand-daughter of a man of science, the great-grand-daughter of an Anglican divine, whose noble and fervid pamphlet on negro slavery enchaind the appreciative eye of his sovereign. With such principles, a girl may look forward hopefully to the future. Her bark will never run on rock or quicksand. It is true, Kitty will have no large fortune; possibly it might have been otherwise if my dear professor had been less devoted to the comparatively unremunerative fields of science, and more imbued with the foresight, prudence, and worldly knowledge which descended to me from my sainted mother—Catherine Tinker—Miss Tinker, of Wapshot Court, in the county of Wiltshire; our best blood comes to us through the Tinkers—a most ancient family. But it is doubtless best as it is. Leave Kitty alone. I have no fears for her. She has her gentle descent, her consciousness of native superiority, her not ungenerous pity for her inferiors; and at some possibly remote date she will have my point-lace."

At this allusion to her point-lace, Mrs. Mutimer's voice quavered with emotion.

Six strips of far from elegant, and still farther from clean-looking lace, did Mrs. Mutimer possess, stored away in the most secret recess of her peculiar wardrobe. Very patchy, attenuated, old night-cap strings they were to the uninitiated eye; very dirty and discoloured (as though with repeated steepings in weak coffee) to any eye; but Mrs. Mutimer knew them to be pieces of point-lace, heirlooms from her gentlest line of female ancestry, and she regarded them with tearful affection and profound awe. Miss Tinker had received them from her mother, who was a Miss Biggleswade; to Miss Biggleswade they had descended from her mother, who was a Miss Chaffinch; they had come to Miss Chaffinch from her mother, who was a Hornblower; the Hornblowers had borne them off in triumph from the darkness of the feudal ages. From these sacred relics Mrs. Mutimer derived comfort in moments of sternest trial. During her sharpest paroxysms of taxes she gazed upon them, and was strengthened to endure "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." So firmly believed that she could any day sell them to lace-merchants for vast hoards of wealth; but no necessity could have induced her to turn them into money. "No," she observed resolutely, on more than one occasion, when she was sorely tempted to exchange them for untold and untellable gold, "I will never give them up, so long as

I live. When I am gone, they will, at the worst, save Kitty from absolute want."

"Mrs. Mutimer has educated you so thoroughly, Kitty," said Mr. Rupert Smith, playfully turning the conversation, "that I have really nothing left me to do. You see you are armed at all points; so lose no time; be quick. Perhaps the new lodger will do for you. Have you seen him?"

"Seen him!" exclaimed Kitty, rising up in her glee, and dancing across the room in a fashion not ill-suited to a merry child, but quite unbecoming a young lady of finished education, with a reversionary interest in six pieces of point-lace—"ay, that I have; and I have had a bow from him, too, as I passed him on the staircase—such a bow! He'll be such fun. He is such a savage!"

"A savage!"

"Why, that's his name," responded Kitty, with another laugh, gesticulating with intensely comical effect as she went on with her description of the new inmate. "Haven't you heard that yet? Mr. Nathaniel Savage! Ugh, what a name! And he is such a big mountain of a savage to look at. He is as tall as the Monument: I am sure his head will knock against the ceiling when he stands upright in the drawing-room. Then he's well nigh as broad as he's tall. You should just see his shoulders! a precious long tape the tailor must have who measures them! Then he has a great, unctuous, fat face; it wouldn't be so bad-looking if it was not so fat, and hadn't those enormous sandy-brown whiskers, that fly away from his cheeks—just so; and if it hadn't a pair of still more yellowy-brown moustachios, that come down—just so. And he dresses—oh! goodness me, how the savage dresses! rough blue pea-coat, just like a boatman's; coloured shirt front and collars, peppered all over with death's heads and earwigs; and blucher shoes of the rummiest fashion. And amongst his valuables, he has brought in with him nearly a dozen walking-sticks—I mean bludgeons, for they weren't decent, civilised walking-sticks—as thick as your arm, and every one of them with a ferocious, ugly knob at the top. In point of fact, Mr. Rupert, granny's 'new inmate' is a queer fellow, and no mistake about it."

"He must be, from your description."

"Somehow or other he looks a good, amiable sort of savage," continued Kitty; "but he isn't a gentleman."

"My dear child," observed Mrs. Mutimer, in a tone of grand-maternal reproof, "Mr. Nathaniel Savage is an aspirant for admission into your grandpapa's noble profession, and has recently acceded to a modest fortune on the death of a distant relation, whom he had never seen. He told me so himself, with the open communicativeness which is the most fascinating characteristic of ingenuous youth. I only wish that my dear professor were alive, in order that he might direct his studies."

"In other words, Mr. Rupert," explained Kitty, "he's an M.S. of the rough and ready sort; you take me? M.S.—medical student. Now you know all about him."

"But if he has money, he may do for you, Kitty. You can polish him up."

"I dare say I shall have a little fun out of him. He'll

just do for me to practise on, till something better turns up."

"Take care, take care, Kitty," answered the guardian, gravely, "that he does not turn the tables on you. These great, rough giants are dangerous fellows to deal with. Don't fall in love with him, and then let him run away and laugh at you."

"No fear of that," answered the girl, gaily; and then she added, in a tone of menace, which was in sudden and startling contrast to her previous merry voice, "I should like to see the man who'd dare to win my love, and then laugh at it. He'd live to rue his insolence."

"Bravo! bravo! little actress," laughed Mr. Rupert. "I'm not acting; I mean what I say," exclaimed the girl, fiercely, clinching her little fist, and making an earnest gesticulation with it, as she turned two flashing eyes up at the young man who stood over her. "I would follow him through the world for the sake of my revenge."

"Vengeance wouldn't mend your broken heart, child."

"Perhaps not; but it would comfort it."

"Indeed!"

"Vengeance is sweet, Mr. Rupert," added the girl.

A strangely jarring sentiment from the lips of a child.

"Forgiveness is sweeter," rejoined Mr. Rupert Smith, speaking in a gentle, solemn voice. He could be very solemn when it suited his purpose.

"Pekah!" laughed the child, making a comical grimace; "you talk like a clergyman. I can't help laughing at you."

"And when you had caught your false wooer," inquired Mr. Rupert, throwing aside solemnity, "what would you do to him, little tigress?"

"Try me, Mr. Rupert, and you'll find out," answered Kitty, curtsying low to the ground.

"An admirable curtsy!" exclaimed Mr. Rupert Smith; "but you rose too quickly. Give me another; look up at me when you are at your lowest, and don't rise till I have counted three. Now."

The girl obeyed, as a girl might obey her dancing-master.

"Good, very good!" observed Mr. Rupert Smith, critically surveying the performance; "quite the right smile! Now—one—two—three! Well done! There, Kitty, I have given you my first lesson."

"But it won't be your last," said the child, in pleading tone.

"No, it shan't be my last lesson," was the reply.

Whereupon Mr. Rupert Smith took up his hat and departed.

As he walked down Bristol Street he said to himself, "I declare that little gipsy has caught firm hold of my fancy."

(To be continued.)

COTTON FAMINE.—ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTION.

Amount previously acknowledged	6 s. d.
J. S. B., Edina	704 13 4
	0 2 6

Total 704 15 10

THE GOD OF THE UNIVERSE IS JEHOVAH.

PART II.

WE come to a third attribute of Jehovah declared in the sacred writings—namely, God is *unchangeable*, “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” If this be the teaching of revelation, it is no less the teaching of science. It is the fact that God is unchangeable that gives to the human mind the power to rise upward, through the works of Nature, to the source of all power and truth. It would not have been more difficult for the infinite Creator to have governed the universe, to have upheld its worlds, to have sustained the mechanism of matter, and the existence of life, without regard to any order, or without the dominion of any specific laws.

We do not sufficiently consider this important truth. The will of the Almighty is manifested according to modes which change not. Look, for example, at the admirable uniformity of the rotation of our earth on its axis; look at the beautiful precision which marks the revolution of the planetary orbs: while there is infinite variation, there is never for one moment a relaxation of any of the supreme laws according to which God has chosen to manifest his being and presence. In every atom he reigns supreme. Let man attempt to imitate this attribute of the Deity; let him apply his power to give uniformity to the rotation of the simplest machine, how soon does he discover that his own will, though never so carefully guarded, is ever varying, his efforts are ever relaxing or augmenting, and he soon yields in utter despair of attaining uniform results even for a single hour. But the will of the Supreme moves the universe, while no stretch of scientific research has ever yet detected the slightest variation or shadow of turning—ever perfect, ever Divine.

In tracing the relative positions of the sun, moon, and earth, we have been able to penetrate the past, backward three thousand years. Their relative movements have been scanned, the earth's rotation on its axis, the moon's revolution in its orbit, the earth's annual circuit about the sun. These are so linked together that any change, ever so minute, is within the grasp of the powers of science.

In one instance, indeed, it seemed that the law by which the power of God is ordinarily displayed must be modified in those remote ages of the world. The moon seemed to be slowly breaking away from its orbit. There was an

evident augmentation of her mean velocity from century to century, and her present position appeared to be at least three times her own diameter in advance of her computed place. The cause of this startling phenomenon was long and earnestly sought. Was it, indeed, true that one of the elements of equilibrium was slowly wasting away? Should this be demonstrated, what terrible consequences did it involve? Nothing less than final decay and death of the entire system; slowly, indeed, but surely, one by one, the planets must sink into the blazing sun, and the space which once flashed with their living light must become once again the domain of darkness and of death.

But faith sustained the research. As God cannot change, so the laws of his manifestation are, in like manner, immutable; this apparent deviation was finally traced to its origin, and revealed one of the most astonishing phenomena in the universe of God.

The moon's acceleration was found to be due to a gradual change in the figure of the earth's orbit, accomplished in a vast period of thousands of years by the combined influence of all the planets. It is now, and has been, expanding for thousands of years, and will so continue to expand, until its figure shall become circular, when the same power will reverse its action, and the circular is again slowly reduced to the elliptical orbit. So long as the circuit of the earth's orbit is on the increase, so long will the moon's mean motion be accelerated; but when this shall have reached its limit, and contraction begins, then will the moon's motion lose, by slow degrees, the velocity it had gained, and once more, at the close of many years, return to its primitive condition.

This is not a solitary example of these wondrous exhibitions of the invariability of the manifestations of God's power. Not an element in all the planetary orbits is absolutely fixed—all is changing, yet ever in accordance with God's great law. The source of power is eternal, the law of its manifestation everlasting, and the decree has gone forth throughout the universe: thus far shall your mighty fluctuations go, but no farther; the limits of vibration are fixed and immutable as the pillars of heaven.

We now proceed to the consideration of the *omnipresence* of God. “He filleth immensity,” is the declaration of the sacred volume. How grand the idea! how sublime the conception!

Could an unaided, uninspired mind have risen to so wonderful a thought?

If we have been successful in presenting conclusive evidence of the being of a God; if this Supreme Intelligence is, indeed, the living spirit of the universe; if at his bidding the sun pours forth its ceaseless floods of light and heat; if by his Almighty arm the worlds are projected and guided in their orbits—then, indeed, so far as creation extends, to the very outermost confines of inhabitable space, God dwelleth by his Spirit, exercising a positive, direct, immediate control over the works of his hands. As the spirit of man pervades every particle of his bodily frame, enduing it with life, and energy, and power, so must the Spirit of God pervade every atom of created matter. Should he for one moment withdraw his sustaining power, not only would chaos come, but even matter itself would cease to be.

But let us examine for one moment how far we are warranted in the use of the sublime expression, His presence filleth immensity. Once our knowledge of the universe was limited to a region of space so minute, that when compared with what has since been revealed, it seems but an inferior corner in the empire of God. Had this been all, had the stars which are visible to the naked eye constituted the entire universe, it would have been possible to have pierced far beyond these limits, and to have demonstrated that creation was finite. It is true that even the boundaries of such a kingdom are immense. It is computed, from data not to be questioned, that the eye has the power of discerning single stars at so great a distance, that their light can not pass in it less than a hundred years, though flying in every minute of time twelve millions of miles; and yet, compared with the now visible boundaries of creation, this incredible and incomprehensible distance shrinks to an almost insensible point!

We need not here undertake to explain how it is that the telescope enables the eye to penetrate space. That this power belongs to this magic instrument no one can doubt who has ever seen a small, feeble star converted by optical power into a magnificent orb, forty times more extensive than the moon's surface, as viewed by unaided vision. Who could have divined the nature of the revelations which would be made by an instrument giving to the eye a depth of penetration a thousand-fold greater than it possessed by Nature? If, indeed, the Creator is Infinite, if his august presence filleth immensity, then we had a right to anticipate that, no matter how deep the eye of man might pierce the domain of space, a point never could be reached wherein the evidences of God's presence would not appear. Such has been the result of the application of the telescope to sounding the mighty depths of the

universe. Every augmentation of power has served to reveal new wonders; every increased depth to which the eye has penetrated has evoked from the viewless depths of space millions on millions of shining orbs, until the imagination is overwhelmed as well by the teeming numbers as by the mighty distances to which these island universes are removed. Conceive, if it be possible, an object so remote that its light, flashing with a speed which no mind can comprehend, should still occupy a million of years in passing the mighty interval by which it is removed! and yet there is evidence that we now behold with the most powerful tubes objects even ten, twenty, or thirty times more remote! We yield the point, and, in humble adoration, repeat the language of the sacred book:—He inhabiteth eternity, his presence filleth immensity, and of his kingdom there is no end!

Such, indeed, is the effect produced by the telescopic explorations of the universe, that man has ceased to doubt the infinitude of God's empire, and now limits his ambition to a deeper penetration into his grandeur, without ever indulging the thought that he shall by any power pierce beyond its mighty limits. Lo! these are a part of his ways, but the thunder of his power who can understand? No one can rise to a full comprehension of the majesty of the universe of God, who has not had some opportunity of employing in his researches high optical power. Language is inadequate to convey any just idea of the splendours which burst on the sight as the silent stars by millions go trooping across the field of vision. Space is not by any means equally populous in all directions. There are regions occasionally presenting themselves in which not a ray of light illumines the gloom of what would seem eternal night, while on the very confines of these starless patches bright and dazzling regions burst upon the vision.

After penetrating beyond the zone of the Milky Way (a universe of itself), other objects are descried which, to any but the highest optical power, are but faint clouds of light, but under the focus of the great telescopes reveal their composition, exhibiting aggregations of innumerable stars, so remote that only their combined light can penetrate the enormous distance. These cannot be otherwise interpreted. Their magnitude must be beyond measurement, while the number of their objects is beyond computation.

These islands of light are already counted by thousands—each, doubtless, a universe vast and populous as that with which our own central orb is specifically allied. Every accession of optical power transforms their hazy masses into figures of the most astonishing complexity. Some are seen under the form of enormous spiral shells, with convolution on convolution,

with dense central masses glowing with splendour, each convolution streaked with brilliant patches, gradually developing a train of astonishing grandeur. Several of these scroll-shaped universes have been revealed, and it has been surmised, with much appearance of truth, that even our own Milky Way, if it could be seen in a direction perpendicular to its broadest extent, would exhibit a figure of like character. What these stupendous spiral forms may indicate is yet beyond the grasp of human intelligence.

Other clusters are found which present the globular figure with evident condensation at the centre; others, again, assume the figure of rings of hazy light, while in others there is no appearance of definite organisation. This, in many instances, is no doubt due to the fact that no optical power, however great, has thus far been sufficient to reveal the true forms of objects sunk in space to such immeasurable depths. If we are amazed with the magnificence of these objects, if by them we are taught the vastness of God's empire, we are no less overwhelmed when we consider the number of individual objects which claim the special guardianship of Jehovah.

It is reckoned that not less than one hundred millions of stars are now visible within the limits of the Milky Way. In case we admit that each of these stars is a sun, and that each is the centre of surrounding planets, we are forced to admit the existence of a thousand millions of worlds, within the limits of one single aggregation, one great and populous cluster. Shall we say that but one of these thousand millions of worlds is filled with life and intelligence, and that one among the most insignificant? This would surely be utter madness. People, then, these millions of worlds and inhabitants, proportioned to their extent of surface, and how amazing is the number of the population of the empire of God!

We have, however, here only considered a single province. Multiply again by a thousand all we have said or seen, and we shall even then fail to reach the limit of actual telescopic revelation. Well may we exclaim, "The heavens declare the glory of God," while "the firmament sheweth forth his handy-work."

Thus do we find abundant evidence that the presence of the Most High filleth immensity.

(To be continued.)

A CHASTENING FATHER.

WHAT'ER thy lot, where'er thou be,
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake;
His wounds to heal.

Department for Young People.

ZOOLOGICAL FACTS AND ANECDOTES.

MONKEYS.

Destructive, on the upland sugar groves,
The monkey nation prays; from rocky heights
In silent parties, they descend by night,
And, posting watchful sentinels, to warn
When hostile steps approach, with gambols they
Pour o'er the cane-grove. Luckless he to whom
The land pertains!

This is no poetical licence, but literally true. The Ursine Cape baboons descend from the mountains into the plains to pillage gardens, and then place sentinels to guard against surprise. The Chinese monkeys station one of their body on some adjacent tree, while they plunder the sugar-canes. He screams if a person is approaching; and then, each grasping as many canes as he can under one arm, runs off on three legs. The four-fingered monkeys and pigmy apes also plunder together, and place a sentinel.

Scarcely is it possible for those who have only seen monkeys in a state of confinement to form an idea of these agile, nimble creatures in their native woods, actively swinging and leaping from bough to bough. It is indeed cruel to make prisoners of such restless and mercurial animals, to whose existence balmy fresh air, constant change of place, and unlimited exercise, seem absolutely necessary. They seldom live long in confinement, and who can wonder? Le Vaillant, the great African traveller and naturalist, has well depicted the antics of the monkey tribe, as he saw them in vast numbers flocking among the forest trees and mountains, and occasionally playing their antics upon himself. He was accompanied in his travels by an ape, which he describes in the most entertaining manner. Kees—for that was the name given the animal—was very familiar, and much attached to his master, who made him his taster; fruits, seeds, or roots which he rejected being infallibly unwholesome. His extreme vigilance rendered him an invaluable safeguard both day and night; the approach of danger roused him in an instant, and before the dogs suspected the enemy was at hand, this faithful guardian, by his cries and frightened gestures, gave due warning. Le Vaillant says, "I often took him shooting with me. What gambols! what expressions of delight as he leaped upon and caressed me! During our journey, he would amuse himself with climbing the trees to search for gum, which he was very fond of; sometimes he discovered honey in the crevices of the rocks, or in hollow trees. At other times he would dig for roots, and seemed particularly fond of a kind which I also found extremely good, and persisted in sharing with him. Kees was artful; and if he happened to find any of this root when I was at a distance from him, in order to prevent my coming in for a share, he would eat it up with the greatest eagerness, fixing, at the same time, his eyes ardently on me, and seeming to calculate, by the distance I was at, the time I should be getting to him; I observed his haste was ever in proportion to the danger he supposed he ran of losing part of his prize, and, in general, he was too quick for me.

"He had a very ingenious method of coming at these roots, which used to amuse me extremely. He took the tuft of leaves between his teeth, then, bearing upon his paws, forced back his head, and

generally drew out the root to which they adhered. When this means failed, he again took hold of it closer to the earth, and giving a sudden spring, never failed to draw it up with him. In our walks, when he found himself fatigued, he would mount upon the back of one or other of my dogs, who usually had the complaisance to carry him, even for hours together. But there was one among them bigger and stronger than the rest, and who ought rather to have offered his services on these occasions, that had a droll method of getting rid of his burden. The moment he felt Kees upon his shoulders, he became immovable, and suffered me to proceed with the rest of the dogs, without stirring from the spot. Kees, rather obstinate on his part, would usually maintain his seat, till I had almost got out of sight, when, fearful of being left behind, he was constrained to alight, and then both monkey and dog used to set off full speed to rejoin us; but I observed that the dog always let Kees keep ahead, taking care that he should not surprise him a second time. He had acquired over the rest of my pack an ascendancy that was doubtless owing to the superiority of his instinct; for with animals, as among men, it is frequently observable that address subdues strength."

The forests of various parts of India abound in these animals. They subsist on vegetables and fruits, and are sometimes dangerously fierce if irritated. M. Tavernier informs us that as he was travelling in the East Indies, in company with the English president, several large apes were observed among the trees around them. The president was so much struck with the animals, that he desired the carriage might be stopped, and one of them shot. The attendants, who were principally natives, and well acquainted with the habits of the animals, begged him to desist, lest those who escaped might do them some injury in revenge for the death of a companion. These representations were not attended to, and, consequently, a shot was fired, which killed a female. She fell among the branches, letting her little ones, that were clinging round her neck, fall to the ground. In an instant all the remaining apes, to the number of sixty or upwards, descended in fury, and as many as could leaped upon the president's coach, where they would soon have strangled him, had not the blinds been immediately closed, and the number of attendants so great as, though not without difficulty, to drive them off. They, however, contrived to run after the servants for at least three miles from the place where their companion was slain.

Some curious tales have been told of the interest and sympathy evinced by wild monkeys for such of their brethren as have been made captive, and it should be said in their favour, that they appear to have, under all circumstances, strong fellow-feeling. A pleasing story in point is told by Miss Roberts:—A civilian, accompanied by his family, in the tour of his district, took possession of a beautiful spot in the neighbourhood of Monghyr. According to the Eastern custom, he was attended by a numerous train of dependants, whose establishments, together with his own, occupied a considerable space of ground. Among the domestic pets belonging to his family was a grey, black-faced monkey, with long arms and a long tail, which, on account of his mischievous propensities, was always kept chained to a post, on which

the hut which defended him from the inclemency of the weather was erected. One morning the wife of the civilian, who frequently amused herself with watching the antics of this animal, observed another monkey of the same species playing with the prisoner; she instantly sent round to the people in the camp to inquire whose monkeys (for there are frequently several attached to one household) had got loose, and to desire that it might be instantly chained up. She was told that no one had brought a monkey with them, and that the creature which she had seen must be a stranger from the woods. An interesting scene now took place between the new acquaintances. After much jabbering and chattering, the wild monkey arose to go, and, finding that his friend did not accompany him, returned, and, taking him round the neck, urged him along. He went willingly the length of the chain, but then, prevented by stern necessity, he paused. In the course of a short time, the strange monkey seemed to comprehend the cause of his friend's detention, and, grasping the chain, endeavoured to break it. The attempt was unsuccessful, and, after several ineffectual efforts, both sat down in the attitude which the natives of India seem to have borrowed from these denizens of the woods, and making many piteous gesticulations, appeared to wring their hands, and weep in despair. Night closed upon the interview; but the next day it was renewed, and now the monkey community was increased to three. Desirous to know where these creatures came from, the lady made inquiries of the natives of the place; but they unanimously agreed in declaring that there was not, to their knowledge, a monkey belonging to the same species within a hundred miles. The most eager desire was manifested by the new-comers to release the prisoner from his bondage. At first, as upon the former occasion, the arts of persuasion were tried; force was next resorted to; and in the end, doleful exclamations, jabbering of the most pathetic description, and tears.

On the following day, four or five monkeys made their appearance, and many were the discussions which appeared to take place between them; they tried to drag the captive up a tree, but the cruel chain still interposing, they seemed completely at their wits' end, uttering piercing lamentations, or so roughly endeavouring to effect a release, as to endanger the life of their friend. Pleased with the affectionate solicitude displayed by these monkeys, and sympathising in their disappointment, the lady, after having amused herself for a considerable period by watching their manoeuvres, ordered one of the servants to let the monkey loose. The moment the party perceived that his freedom was effected, their joy was unbounded; embracing him many times, they gambolled and capered about with delight, and, finally, seizing the emancipated prisoner by the arm, ran off with him to the woods, and were never seen again, not one of the same species appearing during the time the party remained in camp, thus corroborating the evidence of the natives, who persisted in declaring that monkeys of this species were not inhabitants of the district.

Everybody knows the inimitable powers of mimicry possessed by some species of the monkey race. A most singular example of this propensity is related. In Peru, some domesticated monkeys

of large size had been admitted into the apartments of the academicians during the time they were employed in making observations in the mountains. These animals greatly excited the astonishment of the academicians by afterwards, of their own accord, going through a series of imitations. They planted the signals, ran to the pendulum, and then immediately to the table, as if for the purpose of committing to paper the observations they had made. They occasionally pointed the telescopes towards the heavens, as if to view the planets or stars, and performed numerous other feats of a similar nature.

A very amusing story is told of an orang-outang which was brought up by Père Carbasson, and became so fond of him that, wherever he went, it always seemed desirous of accompanying him; whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was under the necessity of shutting it up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where, silently mounting the sounding-board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and, overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation were unavoidably urged to laugh. The father, surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely rebuked his audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect; the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and his actions; these the ape imitated so exactly that the congregation could no longer restrain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laughter. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of this improper conduct; and such was the arch demeanor of his animal, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could command the muscles of his countenance, and keep himself apparently serious, while he ordered the servants of the church to take him away.

One more tale shall close this chapter. It is taken from Mr. Broderip's "Zoological Recreations," and must be given in his own words. "Authors generally seem to think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions; but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action. A monkey that was permitted to run free, had frequently seen the men-servants in the great country-kitchen, with its huge fire-place, take down a powder-horn that stood on the chimney-piece, and throw a few grains into the fire to amuse the maids. Pug watched his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well-filled powder-horn, perched himself very gingerly on one of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of saucepans, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinct wood fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half-way up the chimney. Before he was blown up, he was a snug, trim, well-conditioned monkey as you would wish to see on a summer's day; he came down a carbonadoed blackamore in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The *à plomb* with which he pitched upon the hot ashes, in the midst of the general flare up, aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing

for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house close-singed, begrimed, and looking terribly scared. He recovered with care, but, like some other great personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a sadder, if not a wiser monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself, and was troublesome, you had only to take down a powder-horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and clattering his jaws like a pair of castanets."

[THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.—No. IV.]

"PAPA, will you explain what would be the effect upon man if he inhaled only pure oxygen?" asked Edward, on recurring to the subject of the atmosphere.

"If we inhaled nothing but the oxygen, or vital air," said Mr. Russell, "we should find after a little that the lungs would become so excited that nature could not long sustain the unnatural stifling fulness; while, on the contrary, if we inhaled only nitrogen, we should die; for it has been ascertained by experiment that animals put into a vessel filled only with nitrogen, die instantly. With too much oxygen, we should be in perpetual excitement, and if the nitrogen prevailed, we should be continually panting, and at last faint away and die. But the air, measured and proportioned by the hand of Infinite Wisdom, affords continual enjoyment by the mere act of respiration, though this enjoyment men are for the most part insensible of, until deprived of so ordinary a blessing by some unfortunate event, like the unhappy persons who were shut up in the Black Hole of Calcutta, where so many became victims from the impure air caused by such numbers of human beings being confined closely together. If we walk through a dense fog, we are made sensible of this ordinary mercy; or if we pass some lime-kilns, we are soon made to know the value of pure atmospheric air by the painful contrast."

"Papa, is it right to have sweet flowers in a bedroom? for I saw Aunt Emma take some, the other day, to a poor, bed-ridden old woman, and she said they would do her good; but I saw them taken away in the evening by a nurse, who looked in, and who was sent by mamma to sit up with her."

Mr. Russell smiled. "Both parties were right; for plants and branches of shrubs, in water, are most useful in a sick room by day, though they are very prejudicial by night; and the nurse, by experience, knew this, though, perhaps, she could not tell you the reason, as I will do, if you like."

"Oh, indeed, I do wish to hear very much!" eagerly returned Edward.

"As I before told you," resumed his father, "trees and shrubs care nothing for the oxygen that is in the air; it is not that upon which they feed. At night, however, the vegetable demands its share of the vital air, and gives out carbon, which is injurious in a sick room, or anywhere else."

"But now I must proceed to tell you what is the second great property of the atmosphere, as the reservoir of rain and snow. But first, let us turn to 1 Kings xviii. 2-5."

Edward found the place, and read aloud the sore dearth occasioned by the want of rain, inasmuch that the cattle were perishing for lack of moisture.

"God had withheld rain as a judgment," pur-

sued Mr. Russell. "Not a cloud was to be seen. The heavens were as brass. No 'evaporation' to produce the clouds, so necessary to dissolve in fertilising rain and dew—and this for so lengthened a period as three years—must have created unparalleled affliction. We, in this country, can scarcely conceive what it must have been; though, in Australia, the people there have experienced sometimes what such an afflicting dispensation is; for if there were to be no rain from the clouds, there would soon be a desolate wilderness in our now fruitful country; and were there no evaporation, the whole earth would in time become a waste of waters. Thus, my son, you see how blessings multiply, and go hand in hand; at one time restraining the too great quantity of water falling upon the earth; and again, in giving the needed supply for the nourishment of the fruits of the ground, so as to be fit for man and beast. In all God is to be adored, for the Lord presides over the whole of Nature; and without him there would be only confusion, as that beautiful chapter in Job (xxxviii.) clearly sets forth."

"How are the clouds formed?" asked Edward. "I know they contain the rain; but how does the rain form in them so as to become thick and heavy?"

"A very natural question. It is the principle of evaporation, then, that you want me to explain. Did you ever observe, after a heavy shower of rain, succeeded by a hot, bright sun, what a steam seems to rise from off the leads of your mamma's summer house? That shows you what is evaporation. For those infinitely fine particles of moisture are far lighter than the air that is close to the earth, and quickly ascend up to the clouds, which, by long continuance, form at length an amazing body of water, and by which invisible agency clouds are unceasingly supplied with water; inasmuch that it is estimated that four-fifths of the rain and snow that falls returns again to the clouds in evaporation!—a species of perpetual motion which our philosophers have sought in vain to discover."

"Is it only when the sun shines that the water is drawn up to the clouds?" asked Edward, very pertinently.

"Not wholly," returned Mr. Russell; "though the sun's rays beaming through the atmosphere detect the principle of evaporation, which, however, had been going on all around, even though not observed or considered. The next blessing connected with the atmosphere which I shall now direct you to, my son, is the power of refraction, by which is meant, that the rays of light come to us within forty-five or fifty miles of our earth, in a bent, or arched line, which makes the heavenly bodies always to appear to us some degrees more elevated than they really are, except those immediately over our heads, and which causes us to see the sun long after it is set, and the same of the other heavenly bodies. Thus, at the time of the full moon, we see the sun after it has gone down, and the moon before it rises!"

"Is the atmosphere no higher than forty-five or fifty miles?" asked Edward. "I wonder how they know all this?"

"The atmosphere may possibly extend in an exceedingly rarefied state, even beyond fifty miles in height; but," continued Mr. Russell, "it will not refract the rays of light beyond that limit."

(To be continued.)

The Student's Column.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—XXIII.

"I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel."—Ps. xvi. 7. AND have not I reason to bless him?

For his counsel has been among the most precious tokens of his love.

When I was dead in trespasses and sins he gave me counsel—

To convince me of my misery, Rev. iii. 17, 18.

To turn me from the paths of destruction, Prov. i. 24—26; Ezek. xviii. 30—32.

To invite me to my Saviour, Isa. lv. 1; Matt. xi. 28.

When I had forsaken the path of peace he gave me counsel—

To rebuke my wanderings, Jer. ii. 18, 31.

To guide me to the way of return, Jer. xxxi. 21.

To excite me to a more tender walk, Ps. lxxxv. 8; Jer. iii. 4; John v. 14.

When through grace I am walking in the light, he gives me counsel—

To direct my way, Isa. xxx. 21; Jer. x. 23.

To maintain my confidence, Isa. xxx. 15.

To excite to watchfulness, Luke xii. 35—37.

And I may expect this counsel to be given according to my need—

In time of worldly prosperity, Deut. viii. 10—16.

In time of worldly trouble, Prov. iii. 11; Micah vi. 9.

In time of spiritual distress, Isa. i. 10.

He speaks to me—

By his providence, Numb. xxii. 22, 32; 1 Sam. xxv. 32.

By the still small voice of his Spirit to my heart, Neh. ix. 20.

By the checks and admonitions of my conscience, 1 Sam. xxiv. 5.

By the sure and unerring directions of his Word, Ps. cxix. 24; Isa. viii. 20.

And what effect should the counsel of the Lord, thus graciously vouchsafed, have upon me?

Lively gratitude, "I will bless the Lord."

Diligent improvement of it, Ps. cxix. 67.

Habitual listening and waiting for it, Ps. lxxxv. 8.

Encouragement to future hope, Ps. lxxiii. 24.

BISHOP HENSHAW ON REDEMPTION.

WE owe more to God for redeeming us than for making us. His word made us; but when he came to redeem us, that word must be made flesh, and that flesh must suffer. In our creation he gave us ourselves, but in our redemption he gave us himself, and by giving himself for us, gave us ourselves again that were lost, so that we owe ourselves and all that we have twice told; and now what shall we give unto thee, O thou Preserver of men, for ourselves thus given and redeemed? If we could give ourselves a thousand times over, yet what are we to God? And yet if we do give ourselves to him and his service, such as we are, and such as we can, he accepts it, and will reward it. I will never grudge God his own. I have nothing that is not his, and if I give it to him he will restore it again with interest. Never any man was a loser by God.

THE SUFFERINGS OF A MORMON FAMILY.

A TRUE HISTORY.

MORMONISM has been so fully exposed, and its evils are so glaring, that it may appear almost unnecessary to allude to them. But as it is a sorrowful fact that the number of its converts are very numerous, and are still increasing, we have felt that the publication of this short narrative, which, embodies the real experience of a young man and his wife, might be useful, now that men are discussing the merits of Mormonism, and may serve to deter other persons from submitting to so wicked and immoral a system.

The dialogue form in the narrative is preserved.

I asked, says our correspondent, Wherein lies the attraction of Mormonism? The answer was:—

The bait lies in this, that the advocates preach very fully the doctrine of repentance, and faith, and baptism for the remission of sins. In this country they hold the inspiration of the Bible, but maintain that, as the great God in patriarchal days appeared unto his people, so in these last days has he appeared to Joseph Smith, who was his prophet, and that the Book of Mormon is a later revelation from God. In connection with this bold assertion there is much kindness and apparent unity amongst them, very much surpassing what is ordinarily found amongst Christians.

Persuaded by the Mormonite preacher, my wife and I, said the infatuated man, sold off all our household furniture, and converted everything into cash, simply carrying with us our clothing and other necessary things suitable to our undertaking.

We embarked on board the George Washington—a noble ship—chartered for the voyage. The first few days all was confusion and bustle. But when things were a little in order, one of the twelve apostles, named Benson, who was known by us, having preached in England, addressed us. He was handsomely dressed, and adorned with various articles of costly jewellery.

"Well, now, saints," he said, "your Mormon life from this time begins. You are indeed a highly-favoured people. You have on board with you one of the best of men that ever lived—the President Parks. And if you obey counsel, and walk in wisdom" (to abstain from drinking, smoking, &c.), "a death shall not happen on board this ship; but you shall all arrive safely at your destination. All you have to do is to obey counsel—that is the very essence of Mormonism—then you shall rise and become of importance in the church—you shall become as I am."

"Brother," said the speaker, addressing one of the passengers, "to whom have you been in the habit of praying?"

"To God, my Creator," said the man.

"Ah, well, you must not do so now. Your only God henceforward is Brigham Young, and the Word of God to you is that of your spiritual superior. You must obey him in everything; you are not to use your own judgment; you are to obey."

"And you, sister," continued Benson, addressing the same man's wife, "to whom do you pray?"

"Like my husband, sir, to my Creator."

"Ah, you are wrong. If your husband is a good man, he will save you; you need not pray at all."

Such things as these sounded strange in my ears. I looked at my wife. This was very different doctrine to what the same man had taught in England. But it must be remembered we were on board ship now, and had no alternative but to go on; so that though we began to lose confidence, we hoped things would improve as we proceeded.

We were told that on the next Sunday the good man—that best of men, President Parks—would preach to us betwixt decks. "Well," I thought, "now we shall do better—we shall have things now that used to be so nice in England." So I went down early, and obtained good places, seating my wife comfortably on some boxes, and stowing myself away amongst other things. I quite anticipated a pleasure.

Soon after President Parks thus addressed us, in a drawing tone:—

"I wonder what you all know of Mormonism—just nothing at all. I have had sister after sister coming to me, and in answer to my inquiry, they all say they know what Mormonism is; but I tell you, you know just nothing at all. Mormonism is to obey counsel; if you do that you will rise in the church, but if you fail you must not be surprised to have your tails cut off thus" (as he spoke he extended his forefinger, and passed it across his throat, from ear to ear), "and yet it will still be Mormonism."

This very good man I soon after found was carrying on some design in a berth near to ours; and as I sat idling, from time to time, I could see him frequently walk to the head of the hatchway and look over to see if a young female was below; and, on other occasions, as he came down he would catch my eye and seemed annoyed. I felt confused to appear to be watching him; but I could not well avoid seeing him. This man had a wife at the Great Salt Lake City; but this young woman, I suppose, he designed for another.

We very soon found things to be quite different to what we anticipated. Every wickedness and profanity was indulged in. There was no attempt to hide it.

This so-called "good man," President Parks, in one of his harangues, said: "Do you think it possible for me to read a man's thoughts? I can. They are borne to my ears on the wind as I pass."

He looked hard at me, and I felt uncomfortable, as I was sure to what he referred.

Oaths were quite general even with the apostles. This "good man" the president would swear on all occasions. Once when I asked him some questions about the course of the ship, he swore at me, and told me not to worry him.

Our eyes—mine and my wife's—were now open. We saw and felt we had been deceived; but many of our fellow-passengers hoped it would prove better as we went farther. And although we had pretty well made up our minds to leave them and return to England at the first opportunity, still we were obliged to conceal our intentions; it would have been dangerous to do otherwise.

On one occasion one of the elders said, "All of you, no doubt, think you love your brothers and sisters; but do you love them so really, that rather than they should apostatize from the true church, you would draw a knife across their throats, so as to save their souls? That is Mormonism."

These were fearful warnings.

Everything convinced us, as, indeed, our orators told us, that "Mormonism in the Old Country, and as it really is, are quite different things."

At last we reached Boston, and glad enough we were to touch land again. But, oh, how much that was wicked had we seen on board ship! how changed had our views of Mormonism become! We found there was no religion, but that it was a scheme to gain money. Money is all the cry. The advocates and leaders rob you by wholesale, under one plea or another. It is a system of wretchedness and degradation to both men and women. If you become really one with them in their iniquities, then you may share in the booty.

Now, Boston was not a place where a man could be sure of constant and profitable work; so that, although we had determined to leave the Mormons, we could not do so here; but we considered that we had better proceed yet farther with them, as I required to earn enough to pay our way back. With this view my wife and I entered the cars for the Jarvay City, near to which are the camping plains of the saints. They encamp there as they arrive until the proper season returns for them to cross the 800 miles of plains and Rocky Mountains which lie between Jarvay and Zion, or the Great Salt Lake City. These plains are literally strewn with torn Bibles and religious books. In England we are exhorted to bring with us all the good books we can, because they will be such a comfort to us while crossing the plains. But when folks reach the camps, they are peremptorily ordered to open their boxes and to throw out all such rubbish, for each person is only allowed to carry so much luggage. They then make no further attempt to conceal their real principles. The wicked for a short time thrive, and the good become their victims.

We were speedily borne along in the cars, almost without stopping, for four days. The fatigue was most distressing. We gladly laid down on the bare boards of the carriages to rest ourselves. Women and children died on the journey; and it was truly heart-touching to find the train stopped as these deaths occurred, either at some intermediate station, or perhaps at a little village, and the dead would be brought out and laid down, being left altogether at the mercy of the inhabitants. But the Americans are very good in this respect, and always have these dead bodies properly buried. No sooner, however, are the dead lifted out, than the cars whirl away at a great speed, often at a much greater speed than is usual in England. At some of the stations there would be crowds of persons waiting to see the train of Mormons, and they would call out to us, "Be persuaded—don't go on—get out here—it is all a deception."

When the cars reached the junction, at which point the passengers could either proceed direct to Jarvay and the camping plains, or diverge to St. Louis, we decided to go to the latter place, where I believed I could obtain employment. But the elders did not approve of our doing so, and they refused to give up the larger proportion of our luggage which was in the van. However, my wife and I were resolved to break from them here, even if we lost our property. But a young man who was with us, and, although he saw through the deception, had determined to proceed to Jarvay,

kindly promised to look after our trunks, and, if possible, dispatch them to us at St. Louis. Strange to say, after a length of time, they all reached us safely, some by rail, and some by packet, with no other direction upon them than the words "Dickenson, St. Louis," scrawled on them in chalk.

Well, we reached St. Louis, and, as we passed from the cars, I carrying two carpet bags, and my wife carrying a large water can, a man came out of a house, and tapping me on the shoulder, said,

"Are you from the Old Country?"

"Yes," said I.

"Come in here, then," said the man.

He took us into his house, and very kindly placed refreshment before us. You may be sure we were glad of it. We shortly found out that he was a Mormon, and he believed us to be so too. But he told us he could not accommodate us for the night, as his house was full, and he feared we should have great difficulty in getting any lodging, the town being very crowded. Still, as we belonged to "the saints," he would advise us to go to their chapel, where the Apostle Snow lived—I think he called him Erastus Snow—for he would help us.

We went. The chapel is a large building, divided into two sections, above and below. After making myself heard, I inquired for Brother Snow. I said "brother;" but I found that brotherhood only belonged to England—authority and submission prevailed in this city, which was one of the stakes of Zion, and enjoyed all the privileges and immunities belonging to the Great Salt Lake City, or Zion itself.

I found they would know of no "Brother" Snow.

At length the apostle, seeing me, came forward, and asked me what I wanted.

I told him I was directed to a person named Snow, who it was thought might tell me where I could meet with a lodging.

"Are you a Mormon?" said Snow.

"I have just come out in one of their ships."

"Ah! but do you really believe in Mormonism?" said Snow.

I saw he eyed me suspiciously. He evidently doubted my orthodoxy.

"You have no business here at all," he said;

"why did you not go on to Jarvay? How much money have you?"

I told him.

After again eyeing us steadily a little time, he broke out, "The word of the Lord unto you is, that you go immediately to St. Joseph."

This was a distance of 400 miles.

"Is that really the word of the Lord to me?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "that is really the word of the Lord to you."

"But it's impossible," continued I; "why, I have only just arrived here from the Old Country. We have only just left the cars; I have not even had time to wash myself."

"That is no matter, you must obey."

"But my wife is sick. Look at her. We have had no rest for four nights."

"The word of the Lord to you is, Go—go at once."

"Well, but I must first put on clean linen."

But the apostle was inexorable.

So I grumbled and grumbled, and walked away; but you may be sure I did not go to St. Joseph.

Again we walked about and tried everywhere for a lodging; but there was not a room vacant, either furnished or unfurnished; the place was so crowded.

But we recollected that we had an address which we brought with us from England of one of "the saints." We went to him, but he could not accommodate us. I could have found a lodging for myself at one of the boarding houses; but they did not admit husband and wife. However, at last, we were permitted to occupy the meeting room of the ward, with its tables and chairs. So we had my bed brought, and were very glad to have a roof over our heads.

We had an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings at one of these meetings. It was a special meeting of the ward, and the several members were summoned for remission and non-payment of their subscriptions. Believing me to be one of the saints, they allowed me to remain, and my wife withdrew to the verandah. They have large verandahs in that hot country.

As the time drew near, the bishop of the ward, as he is styled, came in and sat down at a small deal table. He walked in with a loose kind of air, whistling. St. Louis being what the Mormons term one of the stakes of Zion, it is divided into wards, each ward having its bishop, like Zion, or the Great Salt Lake City, itself. This man's name was Bishop Low. After sitting awhile, he said, addressing some young women present, "Can't one of you girls sing us a song?" They sang *songs* instead of psalm or hymn.

By-and-by the members began to assemble. One man, apparently very shy, went to the extreme corner of the room. The bishop, observing it, said, "Brother —, I can judge how much of the Spirit you possess, by the distance you keep from the priesthood."

Business now began.

"Well, Brother —," said the bishop, "what do you think of Mormonism?"

"To tell you the truth," replied the man, with a rather disconcerted look, but which soon settled down into an air of determination, "to tell you the truth, I don't think much of it; I think it very much of a sham; indeed, I think it a downright fraud."

"Oh, indeed!" said the bishop, looking surprised and chagrined, "that is your opinion, is it? Just open the door, Brother —, will you, and let this man depart. We will hand him over to Satan."

He then began to pronounce on the man their curse upon apostates. It is an awful curse. Calling down the malediction of the Almighty; that the man may be handed over to the devil, to be buffeted by him night and day; that he may find no rest, and be accursed in everything.

I will just mention here, by way of parenthesis, that I met with this same man some months afterwards, and he said their curse, awful as it sounded, had been the best thing that had happened to him all his days, for he had prospered — prospered amazingly — ever since. In fact, he had been quite surprised at the blessing which had followed him from that time.

When this man had departed, the bishop addressed another.

"And now, Brother —, what have you to say for not keeping up your payments?"

"Why, as you know, my wife has left the church; and when husband and wife are not of one mind, then difficulties will arise."

"Oh, that's it, is it? The word of the Lord to you is, that you leave your wife, and that you go at once to Zion, where you will meet with young women from whom you can take a more suitable helpmate."

"But, Brother —, what have you to say for yourself?"

One of the elders here jumped up, and said —

"Allow me, I can say why. The other day I just looked into this brother's house, and I found it full of devils — literally stuffed full. I was horrified."

"Oh," said the bishop. "The word of the Lord unto you, Brother —, is, that you quit that house immediately."

"Now, Brother —, what is your excuse?" continued the bishop, addressing another man present.

"I have been very ill," said the man.

"Ill?" said the bishop; "it is all a deception. I tell you, all of you, you need not send to me any more when you think you are ill, that I may anoint you with oil, or lay my hands on you, or pray with you. I tell you it is not illness; you are full of the devil; that's what it is, you are full of the devil; and if you want me to do anything for you, it must be to cast the devil out of you."

At this moment one of the sisters began to speak with tongues — that is, in an unknown tongue.

When she had finished, the bishop said, "Can any of you interpret what our sister has just spoken by the Spirit of God?"

There was a general silence.

The bishop continued: "Well, then, I can, and that, too, by the same Spirit. It is all about myself. The word of the Lord to me is, that I leave this place, where I have endured such labour and trials, and that I go at once to Zion, where I shall meet with that recompense and honour which my arduous services deserve; that some of the brethren shall accompany me, so that if I fall by the way they shall bear me safely home."

Thus the meeting terminated. A subscription was forthwith set on foot to enable the bishop to do as he had said. I afterwards heard that he started, and that several of the brethren accompanied him; but that, as he fell ill on the way, they left him, and he was obliged to send to the saints at St. Louis to afford him means to return to them. Thus his prophecy was frustrated.

(To be concluded.)

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY AUSTIN GRAHAM.

CHAPTER XVII.

INSIDE THE GAOL.

On the same day on which the trial of Daniel Pearson had terminated in his acquittal, the officers of justice arrested John Sandford on a charge of wilful murder; and, after an examination before the magistrates, he was committed to Redstone Gaol to await his trial at the next assizes. When arraigned, the miserable man confessed all,

and could not be induced to withdraw the plea of "Guilty," though he gave no evidence of true contrition for his heinous offence against God and man. The judge, who had earnestly advised him to re-consider his plea, at length, turning to the wretched criminal, said solemnly:—

"John Morton Sandford, you stand convicted, on your own confession, of the crime of wilful murder—a crime of appalling magnitude; and the atrocity of the deed was increased from the fact that your victim was your own brother, and your offence is heightened in its atrocity by your willingness to permit an innocent man to suffer for your wicked act. My duty is, therefore, to pass upon you the utmost sentence of the law."

While his awful doom was being pronounced, the fratrie buried his face in his hands; and as the judge ceased to speak, the prisoner fell heavily forward, and was carried out of the court in a state of insensibility.

A few days after the conviction of John Sandford, Mr. St. Aubyn was informed by Mr. Leigh, the chaplain of the gaol, that the wretched young man had expressed a wish to see him. The rector at once went to visit the prison, and found that, in the opinion of the doctor, the prisoner was in a rapid and fatal decline, while the chaplain pronounced him to be in a most deplorable frame of mind.

Mr. St. Aubyn found the guilty man a very different being from the bluff, athletic youth he remembered at Redstone Farm. The doctor was evidently correct; and the rector may be pardoned for humanely hoping that the criminal would die a natural death, and not be summoned to meet his doom upon the scaffold.

The murderer rose from the trestle bed on which he was half reclining as the clergyman entered; but he did not raise his eyes to the rector's face, nor could the latter so far overcome his horror of the blood-stained hand as to offer his own unsullied palm to its contact.

St. Aubyn was the first to speak.

"I am here, John Sandford, at your particular request. I can scarcely think that you need my clerical aid with so kind and able a spiritual adviser at hand as Mr. Leigh; but if you have any confession which you prefer making to me as a friend of your family, any last wishes to communicate to them through me, I am ready and willing to give you my best attention."

"I wonder you're not afraid of trusting yourself alone with 'a murderer'—that's what they call me, isn't it?" said the wretched youth, with a gloomy smile.

"I hope I'm afraid of nothing, John Sandford, except offending God. Even murderers do not commit murder, if sane, with the simple desire for bloodshed. You would gain nothing by killing me; you bear me no ill-will, nor I you; besides that, in a contest of force, the disadvantage would be on your side. You look very ill. But all this is idle talk. I am here. With what object did you send for me?"

"Neither my father nor that young cub, Charles, have had natural feeling enough to come near me; and I wanted to see some familiar face."

"That was not all, John Sandford. For what other reason?"

"Well, I thought I'd die with my mind easier if

I told some one what led me to do that devil's deed," said Sandford, desperately.

"I think you are right, and I am ready to listen to whatever you have to communicate; but I must first remark, upon your allusion to your relations' absence, that you are evidently not aware that your father is dying of shame and grief, and your young brother is scarcely likely to seek one who has brought disgrace and death thus into the family, and who, for aught he knows, might strike him down as——"

"Oh, I shouldn't hurt the lad," with a jeering laugh; "but let him keep away! Who wants him? The young Pharisee!"

"John Sandford, if you only sent for me to hear you abuse your younger brother, who has as noble a heart and manly a spirit as exists on earth, I shall wish you good morning," said the rector, rising. "I regret to find one so near his end in so unfit a state of mind to meet it."

"Don't go, sir!" cried Sandford, in alarm, "if I'm near my end, as you say. And I feel it!" he cried, looking wildly round. "Have patience with a dying man, and one driven well nigh desperate by the fiends that have taken possession of his conscience. Sit down again, and, for pity's sake, let me make full and free confession while the mood is on me."

"So I am a murderer, am I? I suppose so; but, Mr. St. Aubyn, do you think I could have slain my brother, as Cain slew Abel, in cold blood? Not I! I was first of all maddened by jealousy, and then I nerved my arm with drink. Eh, sir, you don't know what a devil that is; a rare powerful one! He'll make you do anything; he does it for you. It was not I who killed my brother Roger; it was drink, I tell you, and directly the deed was done, I was sobered. Bah! the sight o' the blood sobered me! I couldn't have done it again if it had been to do. I stole down to the gravel pit after his body fell; I felt his heart to see if he lived, and I tried to stanch the blood with my handkerchief. When I found he was dead, I trembled all over, buried the knife and handkerchief as quick as I could, and then I only thought of myself—how I should avoid detection. I walked home as usual, and ere I reached it had half persuaded myself it was all a dreadful dream, and hadn't happened."

"But what impelled you to such a frightful crime? Had you any quarrel with your brother?"

"Ay, my word! that had I! He was the most aggravating chap that ever lived, specially when in liquor, and it was seldom he wasn't after the sun had gone down. And when I found that he'd set his fancy on the very lass as I had my eye on, 'twas more than I could stand. He was also very close about it; but I'd watched him and found him out. I'd made up my mind to go to Lawyer Sharpe's the very next day, and put him on their scent, when Roger knocked me all of a heap by saying as Sharpe had asked him to dine there. 'I suspect you're looking after the bird in the cage,' said I. He laughed, 'And a pretty one, too, that sings well. Isn't it?' answered he. 'But you won't get her,' I continued. 'Won't I?' said he. 'You'll see, old fellow.' I was in a dreadful rage, and I stormed and swore to myself he never should have her."

"I'd no intention to take my brother's life

that night; but I felt desperate with rage and jealousy that a drunken, wild fellow should get in before me, and secure the very girl that I had determined to try and win some day. As I say, that night I was maddened; I'd never loved drink as Roger did, but on this occasion I took double what I ever did before, to try and drown my wretchedness. I had just left the 'Travellers' Joy' when I met Bennett, who told me to go and look after my brother, reeling home in his usual state. Then the devil whispered me, 'If he has won the prize from thee, strike him down, and—' But of the future I did not think, sir. I turned into the 'Blue Lion,' and asked for a bit of bread and cheese and a stiff glass of brandy-and-water—the former to dispel suspicion; for men don't often eat a plate of bread and cheese before they go forth to commit a murder, nor did I; but I engaged their attention in talk (there were only two there besides myself and the landlord), and I gave it nearly all to a hungry sheep-dog that was with one of the men. And to think that this very precaution should have helped to hang me!" mused he.

"Well, sir, I went forth; I overtook my brother just before he turned on to the gravel-pit path. 'Are you going to marry that girl, you drunken brute?' said I, fiercely, as I led him along by the arm. 'Bad as I was, I was steadier on my legs than he. 'Holloa! Do you want her yourself?' hiccaped he. 'If I did, neither you nor any other man should take her from me,' I retorted. The fellow had the hardihood to laugh. 'But you're a day too late, my boy,' he jeered. 'You're a good fellow, but a slow one, brother John. In this case the hare has beat the tortoise. Congratulate me, and content yourself with having the fair Evelyn for a sister.' 'You're drunk, and you lie!' shouted I. 'Do I?' he replied. 'You'll see. A couple of thousand pounds down on the wedding-day! Ah, Johnnie, my boy, you should have been quicker!'

"Was not this enough to provoke a man whose veins were filled with brandy, as mine were? I seized him by the throat, and threw him down. 'Will you give her up?' said I. 'No!' cried he, and began to shout for help. Then I made short work of it; my brain danced round. I believe I strangled him with one hand, and stabbed him with the other; nor did I feel like anything human till I'd kicked him down into the precipice below.

"At the heavy sound of the body falling upon the earth beneath, the evil spirit went out of me. There, I've told all now. Is there any hope for such a wretch in the next world?"

"Not without far more sense of contrition than your present manner exhibits, I fear," replied the rector. "Is it possible, John Sandford, that you, whom I saw so recently working joyously in the harvest-fields with your brothers, glorying in your youth and strength, can be thus all at once dead to feeling and remorse?"

"The harvest fields," repeated the young man, dreamily; "ay, how beautiful they were! What crops we had last year, to be sure. And now—I shall never see another harvest."

His chest heaved; he turned his head away, and the rector knew he was weeping. Glad to have aroused unction upon any topic, Mr. St. Aubyn forbore to interrupt the tide of grief. Still intent

on turning the poor fellow's thoughts to higher channels, he said presently—

"There are brighter harvest-fields above, Sandford. Have you not heard your Maker compared to a reaper, and those who die old and honoured to the ripe corn? Think of the bright home offered you in exchange for this dull, earthly sphere."

"Offered me—me?" cried the prisoner, desperately. "Pah! God's heaven is for the good, not for such as me! Don't tell me murderers can find entrance there."

"Far be it from me to buoy you up with false hopes," replied the minister, gravely, "but I cannot leave you with a better subject for reflection than the thief on the cross, and our Saviour's words—'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' If he—that sinner—at the eleventh hour, found mercy, why should not you? You have a Bible, I see."

"Oh, yes; they put one in all the cells," said the criminal, despondingly; "but I durst not open it."

"We are to draw near to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in the time of need."

Mr. St. Aubyn opened the holy book, pointed out these words, and left John Sandford seated where he had found him, with his eyes fastened upon the verse he had quoted.

The rector spoke a few words to the chaplain ere he quitted the gaol, and received a cordial acquiescence to his proposition that he should visit the prisoner again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HEAVEN WORKS.

WITHIN three days of that appointed for him to meet his doom on the scaffold, John Sandford died, and was buried within the precincts of the gaol. There were few hearts in Redstone who did not secretly rejoice that the poor old farmer, so long one of its most respected inhabitants, was thus spared the climax of his family misery and disgrace.

Since his elder son's death and his second son's conviction he had never held up his head among his fellow-men as before. He slunk away as though ashamed to be seen when any of his old friends, who would have taken him cordially by the hand, came in sight, and left the superintendence of the farm entirely to his youngest son, of whose value he was now made dimly aware. But it seemed as if his heart were buried with the two boys who had broken it; and though Charlie tended him with far more love and reverence than his brothers would ever have done, with their harder natures, it failed to awaken any warmth in the old man's breast.

And so, within the year, Farmer Sandford, carefully cherished and tended by Charles and poor, humble, faithful Betsy to the last, followed his sons to the grave. It was discovered, upon opening the will, that in the event of their dying unmarried, the farmer had bequeathed his estate and fortune to his sons successively. Though the will was not of recent date, it was perfectly valid, and Charles therefore succeeded to the whole of his father's property, owing to the demise of his two brothers, as heir-at-law. There were no near of kin to

dispute his right, could they have done so with the slightest prospect of success, and most augured well for the maintenance and increase of the farm under its new landlord.

There were a few old-fashioned bigots who shook their heads, and hinted at "too much book-larnin' for a farmer," "new-fangled notions," and some others who spread a panic abroad about "tee-totalism—no harvest suppers now;" but, for the most part, the young master had made himself popular, and was well received. Besides, he had been managing man so long, that they were quite prepared for the transition which had taken place, and fell into the change easily.

Nor were these the only events which occurred worth recording during that momentous year which succeeded the gravel-pit murder.

Famous as Lawyer Sharpe had made himself by his acumen at Daniel Pearson's trial, he soon found that he must leave Redstone. His own share in the transaction might have been creditable enough, but he became aware that his daughter's fair name had suffered by being coupled with two such reprobates as the elder Sandfords. Not that any one imputed aught but indiscretion to the young belle; still, there were divers rumours abroad so distasteful to the lawyer's ears, that he determined on returning to his original sphere, London, with the girl he had so vigilantly, yet, it appeared, ineffectually, guarded.

There were other changes, too, impending, and one morning, towards the close of that eventful year, the rector was made aware that the leaven of the Redstone murder was yet working among his parishioners.

He was just leaving his house to go forth, like the apostles of old, with his Master's message to the children of men, when a voice in his ear arrested him.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I was just a-comin' to ask if you could spare me a few minutes. I won't stop you now, sir—another time 'ull do."

The speaker was Robert Pearson, landlord of the "Red Lion."

Seeing that a look of disappointment passed over the man's face as he prepared to retrace his steps, the rector, whose hand was yet on the door, reopened it.

"I can spare you a short time now, Pearson, if you please."

The publican, brightening up, followed the minister into his study.

"Be seated, Robert," said Mr. St. Anbyn, "and tell me what I can do for you."

"Well, you see, sir," replied Pearson, twirling his hat—"you see, sir, I'm in a bit of a fix, and I don't know who can advise me if you can't."

"Not got into any money troubles, I should think, Robert, driving such a business as yours—and more's the pity!" said the clergyman.

"Ay, there you've hit it!" cried the publican, quickly; "no, not the money troubles—but 'more the pity' as money should come so thick in such a trade. I declare, ever since the shockin' death o' those two young men, and my poor brother Dan's narrow shave for his life, I've felt as though I were working hand and glove wi' the old 'un! Every drop o' liquor as I sell to a chap, a voice within me seems to say, 'It's the heart's blood of a fellow-creetur as you've mixed, Bob Pearson,'

till I fairly trembles wi' horror. It never came home to me in that light afore that shockin' affair, or I'd a-never took up the calling, you may guess, sir."

"I am sure you would not, Pearson. It has always appeared to me that which you represent it—an evil traffic—by which one man gets rich upon the ruin of others. But now, what aid can I give you? I hope you are not going to ask me to soothe your awakened conscience into slumber again?" said the minister.

"Nay, sir, for I *calc'late* you thinks as I do; but I am come to ask you how a man can sacrifice his wife and family to gain peace o' mind—or how could it be gained by so doing? I'm drivin', as you say, a capital business; and if I throws it up, what's to become of us?"

"Have you no other resource? What calling did you follow in America?"

"Oh, I kept a general store—and did well, too; but my wife, she'd a hankering to see the Old Country as she'd heard me talk on, and I was nothing loth, so we came to Redstone; but many's the day I would we hadn't, and I've heard her wish herself back again."

"Why not go, then?" asked the rector.

"Well, you see, sir, there's a many more child'un now, and it takes a sight o' money getting across; and though we'd a good business at M—, it won't quite so large as this is; so you see, sir, when I hints at it, my missis aint willing."

"I suppose you want me to come and talk to your wife, Robert," said the rector, with a smile.

"But you are right to go; and shall you persuade Daniel to accompany you?"

"I've said nothing to him yet; he goes on pretty steady, and I should be loth to unsettle him. He've never showed his face in my place sin' that sad to-do, and I'm glad of it, for we're none the less friends; and he's in reg'lar work now at Farmer Greaves's, but it'll take a goodish while, sir, to retrieve his ill-luck. He'd do well in Ameriky, would Dan'l, if he'd a small sum to start with in the farming line; but, how's ever, I'm takin' up your time, sir, an' it's v'allowable; so I wish you good day. I'm more comfortable-like now I knows as you thinks I'm right; and I believe as you could work on the missis, for she counts a deal on your preachin'."

Mr. St. Anbyn had little difficulty in carrying his point with Robert Pearson's wife. He put so strongly to her the sin of opposing her husband's conscientious scruples, and his full concurrence with Robert's views, that she expressed perfect readiness to give up their present source of emolument, and return to their former occupation in America.

Daniel Pearson, however, did not accompany his relatives across the Atlantic. He firmly kept his resolution of never touching strong drink again, though often sorely tempted, not only by the craving desire for those stimulants to which he had for so long accustomed himself, but by the taunts and jeers of his former dissolute companions; and after remaining for some time in the employment of Farmer Greaves, on the intercession of Mr. St. Anbyn, he was reinstated in his former position by Mr. Sandford, and proved to be a well-conducted and trustworthy servant.

(To be continued.)

The Progress of Truth.

THE following estimate of the number of the present inhabitants of the globe has recently been prepared by M. Maris:—

Population of Europe	237 millions.
" " Asia	470 "
" " Africa	93 "
" " America	58 "
" " Oceania	34 "

Total number of inhabitants of the globe ... 927 millions.

Of this number,

130 millions are apportioned to	Protestantism.
100 " " "	Mahometanism.
100 " " "	Roman Catholicism.
64 " " "	The Greek Church.
2 " " "	Judaism.
381 " " "	Brahminism, Buddhism, Fetichism, or other superstitions, or to no religious belief.

927 millions.

The total number here given is considerably below that of some other estimates, but the proportions assigned to the different religious denominations do not widely vary in either case. It appears, then, that only about one-seventh part of the inhabitants of the globe are nominally Protestant; and, of that seventh part, what proportion are we to take as representing the real followers of Christ? A glance at these figures cannot fail to impress us with a sense of our deep responsibility in respect to the support and extension of Christian missions at home and abroad.

The humblest Christian may help the mission work by prayer, if in no other way; and any arrangement which enables pious men to unite their petitions for this and other kindred objects deserves to be commended and acted upon. The Council of the Evangelical Alliance have just addressed, for the fifth time, an invitation to all evangelical Christians to set apart the first week of the new year (the 3rd to the 10th of January, 1864) for special prayer. We propose to publish, before that date, the list of subjects suggested by the Council.

In connection with missionary work, we may mention a new discovery just made public, which, we may hope, will facilitate the circulation of the Scriptures throughout the East. Arabic books printed without vowels—the more usual practice—are almost unintelligible, and when printed with vowels are so costly, that missionaries find their operations seriously impeded; and the Arabs have hitherto been almost without a Christian literature. Three complicated lines of type have been employed in the latter form of printing, involving much labour and expense in setting up. We have before us a copy of the Gospel by Matthew, which has just been printed with the vowels, according to a simplified method invented by the Rev. Jules Ferrette, Missionary of the Irish Presbyterian Church at Damascus. Mr. Ferrette thus describes his system:—

"In Arabic printing consonants are connected together as in English handwriting; and the rules of calligraphy permit the prolongation of the

horizontal connecting line. The type by which this prolongation is effected is made, by my invention, to bear the vowel of the preceding letter, while vowels placed after unconnected or final letters are cast without connecting lines, and placed, according to the same principle, after the consonants which project over them. In this manner I am enabled to print Arabic, with all its vowel-points, by means of one line of types only, instead of three, as formerly."

In practice, however, Mr. Ferrette does not print the full system of Arabic vowelising, which is needlessly minute and cumbrous, but only so many points as are necessary to the adequate representation of the language. Instead of admitting or suppressing vowels at random, as has been very commonly done in Arabic books, he prints, according to a few simple rules which he gives, all the vowels that are pronounced. The method of orthography adopted is also regular and simple. Mr. Ferrette's invention appears to be one of great importance, and we commend it to the attention of Oriental scholars. We trust that by its means books may be printed in Arabic as rapidly and cheaply as in English. Mr. Ferrette makes the public a present of his invention, which is applicable also to other languages.

No better use could be made of Mr. Ferrette's discovery, at the present time, than by employing it to circulate the Gospel among the many thousands of Arab labourers at work on the Suez Canal. In February last Messrs. Bühler and Homm, two missionaries, who carried with them a number of religious publications in Arabic, arrived at Tusum, where some 10,000 Arab workmen were encamped. The stock of books was soon exhausted, although they were given only to persons who could read. "Many of these Arabs," observes the *Bulletin du Monde Chrétien*, "probably could not, in the first instance, appreciate the gift made to them; but one thing is certain, that when they shall have completed their term of service, the publications they have received will penetrate into every part of Egypt, and, with the Lord's blessing, they will bear fruit."

THE Sunday evening services have been resumed in four of the London theatres, and are intended to be continued through the winter. During the four previous winters 559 theatre services have been held, attended by about 865,000 persons, of whom, there is reason to believe, a large majority seldom or never enter an ordinary place of worship.

In the midst of the whirl and din of battle in America, there is a work going on which it may be useful to us to hear of—that of the "United States Christian Commission." In November, 1861, a number of delegates from Young Men's Christian Associations met in New York, and formed a society the object of which is "to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the officers and men of the United States army and navy, in co-operation with chaplains and others." The chairman is Mr. George Stuart, of Philadelphia, and the "Commission" has the sanction and support of the Government and the various public bodies in the Northern States.

"Its plan is to have at least one minister and one lay delegate to each brigade of the army, and each squadron of the navy; to preach the Gospel, hold prayer-meetings,

relieve the sick and wounded, instruct and console the dying, write to their friends at home, receive and distribute the Scriptures, books, papers, and tracts, with clothing and comforts, and accompany all with words of cheer to the men from home, and with prayer to God for his blessing upon them. Three hundred and seventy-four men have already enlisted as delegates, many of whom are still in the field and at work, whilst others, as minute men, hold themselves ready, in case of a battle, at a moment's warning, to strap on blanket and haversack, take the express train, and go forth to minister to the wounded and dying. Nearly every office and store-room of the Commission is given rent free for its use; nearly every *employé* gives his services without salary; all railroads afford their facilities either free or at half price; over the wires of twenty-five thousand miles telegraph companies transmit despatches to and from the Commission without charge, and the Government gives free transportation over all its lines."

The delegates are volunteers, and unpaid. Each one is equipped with his commission or credentials, with instructions for his journey, railway passes, memorandum-book, haversack containing food, copies of the Scriptures and other publications, blanket for a bed, basket, lantern, and candle. The labours of the commissioners are of no ordinary kind:—

"Those who have laboured in this noble cause have found that far more is to be done than talking, distributing publications, and praying. They have had to nurse, dress wounds, strip off filthy garments, wash the blood and dust of hard fights and hard marches off from helpless soldiers; cleanse them of vermin, and put upon them clean and comfortable clothing; dig graves for the dead, lift and open boxes, make wearisome visits on foot, sleep on the ground, or floor, or bags, or boxes; and often work from daylight until midnight, or all night long, with little to eat except dry bread or crackers, and meat without cooking."

The delegates do not forget that their most pressing and important work is that of pointing sinful men to the Saviour; and they find among the wounded soldiers many anxious to hear the message of the Gospel, and to be taught, some for the first time, to pray. Our best wish for these messengers of mercy is, that they may be preserved from self-righteousness—the besetting sin of earnest workers. We have seen a little publication issued by one of the delegates, in which, among much that was good, we could not but observe with regret a disposition to say more about the doings of sinners than about what the Saviour had done for them.

THE third report of the "Evangelical work of Fontainebleau" has reached us. The school, founded in 1851, for orphan girls, and girls of Catholic parents, now contains forty pupils, of whom thirteen are boarders received at 300 francs a-year. The services in the chapel are well attended, and it is hoped that the Government will shortly recognise the little church—a formality necessary to entitle Fontainebleau to a resident pastor. Last year it became desirable to purchase the school-house, at a cost of 18,000 francs. The house was secured, and the donations of friends, chiefly in this country, have reduced the debt to 8,500 francs, which must be paid by the 13th of September, 1865.

ANOTHER institution, somewhat similar in character, is the Spiddal Orphan Home, Galway. This latter, however, is strictly an orphan home, receiving destitute children of both sexes free of charge. It was originally opened to shelter famine orphans, and those having been provided for, others have taken their place. We read in the last report:—"The usual number of children in the institution is forty-eight; but it is almost impossible to procure the necessary funds for their maintenance; and this last year, owing to money having been expended on necessary building and repairs, the large balance of £61 remains due. Without greatly-increased subscriptions, the institution cannot be carried on, at least with so large a number of children." We observe, by a letter from the treasurer (Miss C. Coddington, 6, Mespil Parade, Dublin), that since the issue of the report, this balance has only been reduced by about £10, and extensive repairs are needed to make the house comfortable for the winter. Miss Coddington writes:—"I am most particular in insisting on a rigid economy, but we are obliged to vary the children's diet, and to give them broth and meat occasionally, to keep them in health." The accounts bear testimony to this economy, for the sum set down for a year's provisions for these forty-eight children, and the other persons in the home, is only £205 19s. 7d. The total expenditure of the home last year was £250 15s. 6d., of which £176 14s. 6d. was paid for building. How disproportionate these figures appear to the good effected! How many persons there are who might enjoy the exclusive luxury of keeping such a home, out of their redundant income. The extreme poverty of the labouring class in the west of Ireland renders an institution of this kind especially valuable in that district; and we are sorry to learn that the Spiddal Home suffers for lack of the small means asked for.

THE Royal Naval Scripture-readers' Society was established June, 1860, to provide Scripture-readers to be employed at the various naval seaports among the seamen and marines. We learn, from some papers transmitted to us, that up to the present time the Society has only been able to employ six Scripture-readers, who have visited eighty ships within twelve months. Their labours appear to have been attended with success; and we hope the Society will soon be enabled to extend its operations. At the same time, we must observe that the sixth rule of the Society, which prohibits the distribution of tracts, "or other small books of any description" by its readers, is not one calculated to commend it to public support. The oral instruction of a Scripture-reader, on board ships, may doubtless be very useful; but its effects, we conceive, are more likely to be permanent, if followed up by the gift of judiciously-selected tracts, or other religious publications, which the sailor might take with him to read at leisure during the voyage. This extraordinary prohibition is accounted for by the assertion that "naval officers have a horror of tracts." The reason for this "horror" is not very clearly stated, probably because, if there be any reason, it will hardly bear examination. The Society should pause, and consider whether they do right to acquiesce in a prejudice of this kind, without any effort to remove it.

STARCH MANUFACTURERS
TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,
USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,
AND AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL, 1862.
Sold by all Grocers, Chandlers, &c. &c.
WOTHERSPOON and CO., GLASGOW AND LONDON. [1]

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER
Is used by thousands of Families, for raising Bread, with half the trouble and in a quarter the time required with Yeast, and for rendering Puddings and Pastry light and wholesome.
Dr. HASSALL remarks,
"The ingredients of which it is composed are pure and good, and none of them are in the least degree injurious."
The Queen's Private Baker says,
"It is a most useful invention."
Capt. ALLEN YOUNG, of the Arctic Yacht "Fox," states that
"It keeps well and answers admirably."
E. HAMILTON, Esq., M.D., F.S.A., observes that
"It is much better for raising Bread than Yeast, and much more wholesome."

THE PATENT OZONIZED COD LIVER OIL
Conveys artificially to the lungs of the delicate and consumptive, OZONE, the vital principle in oxygen, without the effort of inhalation, and has the wonderful effect of reducing the pulse to its proper standard, while it strengthens and invigorates the system—restoring the consumptive to health, unless in the last stage. The highest Medical authorities pronounce it the nearest approach to a specific for that most dreadful of all maladies yet discovered—in fact, it will restore to health when all other remedies fail. See *Lancet*, March 9, 1861.
Sold by all Chemists, in 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 9s. Bottles. Wholesale by G. BORWICK, Sole Licensee, 21, Little Moorfields, London. [2]

THE PATENT CAZELINE OIL,
SAFE, ECONOMICAL, AND BRILLIANT,
FREE FROM ANY OFFENSIVE SMELL.
Adapted to burn in the Patent Cazeline Lamps, or in any Paraffin or Mineral Oil Lamp.
The PATENT CAZELINE OIL possesses all the requisites which have so long been desired as a means of powerful artificial light. It is warranted non-explosive, and therefore perfectly safe in use; it is free from any objectionable smell, and produces a most brilliant light. It is admirably adapted for use in the drawing-rooms and parlours of the affluent; while, in point of economy, it is equally suitable for the cottages of the people. By its use a bright and cheerful light can be obtained at a cost not more than that of a common tallow candle.
The homes of the people may receive a new attraction by the introduction of such a light.
Agents are being specially appointed throughout the United Kingdom for its sale.
For terms of Agency apply to
CASSELL, SMITH, & Co.,
80, FENCIBLE STREET, LONDON. [3]

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. — GOOD DIGESTION. —
Holloway's Pills are universally acknowledged to be the safest, speediest, and best corrective for indigestion. Loss of appetite, acidity, flatulency, and nausea, are a few of the inconveniences which are remedied with ease by these purifying Pills. They strike at the root of all abdominal ailments: they excite in the stomach a proper secretion of gastric juice, and regulate the action of the liver, promoting in that organ a copious supply of pure wholesome bile so necessary for digestion. These Pills remove all distention and obstruction, and, from their harmless composition are peculiarly well adapted for delicate persons and young children; whilst casting out impurities, these excellent Pills strengthen the system, and give muscular tone. [4]

MARSHALL'S
TOOTHACHE AND TIC-DOLOUREUX PILLS,
Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.
Prepared by G. Marshall, Chemist, Accrington.
These Pills are TONIC in their properties, and are applicable to all cases of nervous and general debility, or in those affections which arise from a want of nervous power in the system; such as **Ague, Atrophy or Wasting, Cramp, Fits, Headache arising from Weakness, Irritability, Lumbago, Nervousness, Rheumatism in the Head, Face, or Limbs, Sciatica, St. Vitus' Dance, Tic-Doloureux, and Toothache;** also in **Poverty of the Blood,** which they enrich and purify. They are also of great service in supporting the system when there is **Abscess, Cancer, White Swelling, &c.**
"Napier Street, Accrington, August 6th, 1859.
"Sir,—I have every reason to speak very highly of your Tic and Toothache Pills, for after suffering ELEVEN WEEKS from Tic, with hardly any rest, taking one box quite cured me."
EVERY SUFFERER WITH TIC SHOULD TAKE THEM!
A Box sent free for 15, 30, or 50 Stamps, by
G. MARSHALL, ACCRINGTON. [14]

CASSELL'S
ILLUSTRATED BIBLE DICTIONARY,
IN MONTHLY PARTS AT SIXPENCE EACH, AND IN
HALF-YEARLY DIVISIONS AT THREE SHILLINGS.
To be completed in about 28 Parts.
First Half-Yearly Division now Ready.

THIS Work furnishes the best information attainable on Biblical Subjects, and is published at a price which will place such information, for the first time, within the reach of the masses of the community. While the price fixed is as low as possible, no effort is spared to render the Work one of the highest excellence.

Now Ready, price 6s., the Seventh Volume of
CASSELL'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND,
COMPRISING THAT
MOST INTERESTING PERIOD OF ENGLISH HISTORY
FROM THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE IV. TO THE
IRISH FAMINE IN 1847.

CASSELL'S
FAMILY PICTURE BOOKS.
Now ready, in Ornamental Boards, price 3s. 6d.,
THE FIRST VOLUME, ENTITLED,
INSTRUCTIVE STORIES.
BY MARY HOWITT.
CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.
TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.
Just Published, price One Penny,

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF PRAISE.
By the Rev. CHARLES VINCE.
Schools supplied at 6s. per 100.
Birmingham: H. Barclay. London: Virtue Brothers, Amen Corner. [5]

FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.
J. THOMPSON'S
KALYDOR SOAP,
Combining all the qualities of Cosmetics, for Softening the Skin and beautifying the complexion. In hot or cold climates this soap is invaluable. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet.
J. THOMPSON,
6, KING ST., HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.,
Maker of Mallow, Mella-Rose, Windsor, Honey, Glycerine, and all kinds of Fancy Soaps. Wholesale and for Exportation. [11]

KEATING'S COD LIVER OIL,
THE FINEST IMPORTED THIS SEASON.
THE PALE NEWFOUNDLAND, pure and tasteless; the LIGHT BROWN, cheaper and of good quality. The demand for these Oils, most highly recommended for their medicinal properties, has so greatly increased, that Mr. KEATING, being anxious to bring them within the reach of all classes, now imports direct, the Pale from Newfoundland, and the Brown from the Norwegian Islands. The Pale may be had in half-pints, 1s. 9d.; pints, 3s.; quarts, 5s. 6d. The Light Brown in pints, 2s.; quarts, 3s. 6d.—At 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. [12]
COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION ARE
EFFECTUALLY CURED BY
KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES,
WHICH are daily recommended by the Faculty, Testimonials from the most eminent of whom may be inspected, as the most effectual, safe, speedy, and convenient remedy for Cough, and all Disorders of the Lungs, Chest, and Throat. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d.; tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.—T. KEATING, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Sold retail by all Druggists, &c. [13]

**HORNIMAN'S
PURE TEA**

**CHEMISTS & AGENTS
IN EVERY TOWN**

The **STRONGEST** BECAUSE
it consists exclusively of the *choicest*
growths that abound in *rich* essential
properties.

The **CHEAPEST** BECAUSE it is
supplied at low rates, *direct* from the
Importers to the Agents; this saves
consumers, all intermediate profits and
insures good value, as the price is printed
on *each packet*.

The **BEST** BECAUSE it is **GOOD**
as well as **CHEAP**, hence the great de-
mand for HORNIMAN'S TEA.

 See list of *Agents*
in local Papers.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE

TRADE MARK

100% GUARANTEED

BRYANT & MAY'S

FAIRFIELD PATENT LONDON

SAFETY MATCHES & VESTAS

Ignite only on the Box

SOLD EVERYWHERE

BRYANT & MAY
Are also Manufacturers of all other kinds of
MATCHES, WAX VESTAS, & CIGAR LIGHTS.
LONDON.

Now Ready, price Sixpence,
THE SECOND EDITION OF
CASELL'S
ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK
FOR 1884.
 IN ILLUMINATED WRAPPER.

"MESSRS. CASSELL, PETER, and GALPIN are betimes with their pretty and useful Almanack for 1864. The hunting scenes in it are very spirited: it is crammed full of useful information."—*Lloyd's Weekly News*.

* * * Intending Subscribers, who have not yet secured copies, would do well to order from their Booksellers immediately, before the Almanack is out of print.

CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE
WITH THE BEST ARTICLES AT
DEANE'S
Ironmongery & Furnishing
WAREHOUSES.

A Priced Furnishing List sent Post-free.

DEANE & CO., LONDON BRIDGE.
Established A.D. 1700.

REWARD TICKETS FOR SCHOOLS

GLEANINGS FOR LITTLE ONES, No. 1		144 Tickets on the Sheet.
No. 2		179
SHORT TEXTS FOR CHILDREN		182
Left— <i>Natural, Spiritual, and Eternal</i>		60
Death— <i>Natural, Spiritual, and Eternal</i>		60
THE PROMISES		60
THE LAW		60
HAPPINESS AND TUNING		64
THE SABBATH		56
SACRED POETRY		48
GOLDEN WORDS, No. 1		56
No. 2		80
THE CONTRAST		80
		49

Price 2d. per Sheet; also in Boxes, 2 Sheets in Box, Price 4d.;
and Packets. 20 Cards in Packet. Assorted, 6d.

SELECT HYMNS, &c., Plain.

HYMNS No. 1	6 Tickets on Sheet,	24, 32 in Packet,	6d.
" No. 2	16 "	24, 48 "	3d.
" No. 3	12 "	24, 42 "	6d.
" No. 4	12 "	24, 50 "	6d.
" No. 5	12 "	24, 45 "	6d.
HEAVENLY WISDOM	18 "	24, 50 "	6d.
REWARD CARDS, GOOD CONDUCT, &c.	12 "	24, 34 "	6d.
SELECTIONS FOR THE YOUNG			
No. 1	30 "	24, 40 "	3d.
No. 2	30 "	24, 40 "	3d.
No. 3	40 "	24, 50 "	3d.
MERIT CARDS	200 "	200 "	6d.

SELECT HYMNS, &c., Illuminated.

HYMNS No. 4	13	Tickets on Sheet, 4d.	24	in Packet, 6
No. 5	12			
WORDS OF TRUTH	49		4d.	32
SELECTIONS, No. 3	40		4d.	28
REWARD CARDS	12		4d.	18
THE SEASONS, (<i>Richly Illuminated</i>), 12			6d.	12
CHRISTMAS CAROLS				15
HYMNS No. 1				25
LOVE'S PRAYER				20
THE VOICES OF THE FLOWERS				15

EMBOSSSED CARDS.

HYMNS, 12 and 16 in Packet.....	6
" 12 in Packet, with Oil Prints.....	6
HEAVENLY WISDOM, 12 in Packet.....	6
PRIZE CARDS—GOOD CONDUCT, &c, 12 in Packet.....	6
LORD'S PRAYER.....	18
MERIT CARDS, in Separate Packets, comprising "Good Conduct," "Regular Attendance," "Diligence," &c., 140 in Packet.....	6
<hr/>	
"SCRIPTURE ALPHABET," Richly Illuminated, Bound in Cloth.....	4
" " Plain, Stitched.....	4
"SURE OF GOING TO BE WITH JESUS," 32mo., Stitched (Pictures).....	2
TEACHER'S ROLL BOOK, for one year.....	2

PUBLISHED BY CAMPBELL & TUDHOPE, GLASGOW.

LONDON: ELLIOT STOCK; H. J. TRESIDDER; JOHN F. SHAW & CO.; KNIGHT & SON.
EDINBURGH: PATON & RITCHIE; OLIVER & BOYD; THE RELIGIOUS TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY.